

COMIC.

THE FIVE CENT

203

# WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

No. 461.

{ COMPLETE. }

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 20 ROSE STREET, N. Y.  
NEW YORK, November 7, 1881.

ISSUED EVERY MONDAY.

{ PRICE  
5 CENTS. }

Vol. I

## THE SHORTYS' TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

BY PETER PAD.

HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS WORTH.



There was a picture for you! Kerchunk! Ker-rip! Ker-wish! came the echoed result as one after another went out of sight beneath the surface of the water.



The subscription price for THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY for the year 1881 will be \$2.50 per year; \$1.25 per 6 months, post paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 20 Rose Street, New York. Box 2730.

# THE SHORTYS' TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

BY PETER PAD,

Author of "Shorty in Search of His Dad," "Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For?" "Ebenezer Crow," "Stump; or, Little, but Oh, My!" "Chips and Chin Chin," "Stuttering Sam," "Tommy Bounce," "Tom, Dick, and the ———," "Shorty; or, Kicked into Good Luck," "Tommy Dodd," "Trumbling Tim," "The Shortys Married and Settled Down," etc., etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

### AND INTRODUCTION.

"FUN? well, I should just say so. Bushels, bags, hunks of it. Why, I tell yer, Peter, we've had a racket ever since we started ter go 'round der world, an' I'll tell ye all 'bout it. Can't do it at one inning, though. It'll take me a month ter chip in all der snaps an' rackets we've had since I seen yer last."

Thus wrote my little friend, Shorty, with whom the boys of the whole country are so well acquainted.

It was on the occasion of our first exchange of letters after his absence, during which time he and his father and son had nearly made a journey around the world, in search of pleasure and adventure, having nothing else to do.

It is hardly necessary, however, for me to write an introduction of these three characters for the readers of THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY, since many of them have known them since Shorty made his first appearance, years ago, and are of course acquainted with his comical doings, not only in connection with his father and son, but many others.

But the excuse for doing so is that the circulation of our library has greatly increased since Shorty first became a favorite with its readers. In fact, there are ten read it now where one read it then, and possibly the new ones do not remember how the jolly little dwarf made his first appearance.

Shorty is now about forty years of age; about three feet in height; short, duck legs, but still rather good-looking, and naturally as full of fun, mischief, and practical jokes as an egg is full of meat; and "age cannot wither or custom stale his infinite variety."

He made his first public appearance as a foundling, or, rather, he was left on the doorstep of the overseer of the poor, and was by him taken in, and brought up as "a rarity, caroty, charity child."

But the mischief that was in him soon began to show itself, and at the age of about ten the poor-master was glad enough to get rid of him by binding him out to a neighboring farmer to bring up for what he could get out of him, which he soon found wasn't much that he wanted.

After living with the farmer for a few years, he finally ran away from him and made his way to New York, and the farmer was so delighted at getting rid of his bargain that he never made an attempt to regain possession of him. He got all the Shorty he wanted.

He never grew in height after he was twelve years of age, but "filled out," and learned more deviltry.

In New York he was bounced and hustled around pretty lively in struggling for an existence, and had quite a number of sensational and comical adventures before he fell in with a friend who taught him to dance and play the banjo.

Becoming an expert in these things, and hitting upon several original pieces of minstrel business, he joined a company of minstrels, and soon worked his way into popularity by his stage pranks, and into notoriety by the many practical jokes he was forever playing, both on the members of the company and outsiders.

From a poor tramp he soon arose to plenty, and a plenty of fun, which he liked quite as well, and in a few years he had a company of his own, from which he put up many a "bar'l" of money, and knew enough to take care of it.

During this time he got roped into something like a marriage, and the result was that he was presented with a chip of the old block, in the person of the "Kid," and a chip he proved to be, not growing to be so large as his father, but inheriting all his ability and mischief.

Shorty was christened "Shorty" by his friends, and was never called anything else, perhaps because he didn't know of anything else to be called; and the youngster was called the "Kid" from the day of his birth, and will probably continue to be called that as long as he lives.

Well, they continued in the show business until at length Shorty concluded that he had all the money he wanted, and so he and his son retired to private life,

and passed their time in having all the amusement they could squeeze out of everybody and everything with whom they came in contact.

But this life became distasteful to him after awhile, and he longed to go upon the road again.

Finally a new idea entered his mug. He began to wonder if he had a dad anywhere in the land of the living, and this finally worked on his mind to such an extent, that he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to solving the problem, and finding out whether he had a name other than Shorty or not.

With this end in view, he organized a traveling variety show, composed of the best talent he could procure for money, and started out in the show business again, bound to have all the fun he could, make all the money he could, and search for his dad while doing so.

What comical adventures he had in all parts of the land while searching for a parent he did not know he had, and how, after nearly a year, he actually did find him in the person of a wealthy California recluse, name Burwick, has been told in the story of "Shorty in search of his Dad," published in No. 434 of THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY.

The old fellow proved to be something of a "Shorty" himself, and after satisfying his mind regarding the identity of his son, he gave up his retired life in California and came East, with his two "chips," where they lived in elegant retirement until this last freak possessed Shorty to make a trip around the world.

The old man is devotedly attached to both of his children, and is enough of a joker and fun-maker to show that they came honestly by it, and heaps of fun the three of them have had with each other, although I am sorry to say that the majority of the rackets are played at the expense of the old grandpapa. But he frequently gives them both as good as they send.

True, they traveled considerably, going from place to place, as the whim took them, but there wasn't excitement enough in it to satisfy Shorty, who had always been on the go ever since he was large enough to budge at all.

As I stated before, Shorty, since his return, has given me the history of their remarkable journey, and as the majority of my readers have, from time to time, ever since it became known that he was going abroad, requested that this history be given them, I have undertaken the pleasant task.

So much by way of an introduction, and now that the reader can read understandingly, I will proceed to business, using the characters in the first and second persons, and relating to the reader as it has been related to me.

### HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

The three Shortys were seated in the parlor of their hotel one morning, having only recently returned from Newport, where they had been for a week's pleasure.

The old man was reading his morning paper and gleaning the news; Shorty was yawning and wishing the bottom would fall out of something for the sake of some excitement, while the Kid was carressing his little pug dog, and thinking what fun he could have with the little cuss, if he only belonged to somebody else.

Shorty hated this dog, and gave it the name of Liver, on account of its color, and like all the names he gave, this one stuck to the koodle as close as a flea. But nothing could turn the Kid against his Liver, and if they geyed him about it, he would say that he liked the pug because he looked so much like his grandpapa.

"I say, fellers, I'm tired of this," said Shorty, putting in another yawn, during which his fat little fist shot out and knocked the Kid's poodle sprawling.

"Well, then, drop off, why don't yer?" demanded the Kid, as he reached angrily to recover Liver.

"What der yer soy?"

"Take a tumble."

"Tumble! I's tumbled off at a good many places, but they're N. G. any more. I's sourin' on every-thing," replied Shorty.

"Yer sour on my purp, I see."

"Bah! I never did like Liver. Best thing yer can do

is ter feed him on bacon an' then fry him. Ter'll find plenty of big English duffers that'll eat him, for they're dead fond of liver an' bacon. See?"

"Oh, yer go shoot yerself."

"Dat's just what I'm goin' ter do if somethin' don't turn up with fun in it afore long," replied Shorty, waddling to the window.

"I say, dad, want ter see somethin' funny turn up?" asked the Kid.

"Yes."

"Waal, go take a walk, an' turn up ther next street," said the little fellow, laughing.

Shorty chuckled as he gazed upon the busy street, but made no reply. The truth was, he was very ill at ease. He had traveled all over the country, and seen nearly everything that he cared to see, and having no employment he was deucedly bored, and longed continually for some new excitement.

Money does not always bring happiness, and Shorty without any would really have been happier than he was with it. He often wished that he had his "pile" to get over again, for he found much more fun in making it than he did in the enjoyment of it after it was made.

"I want 'citement," he finally muttered.

"All right. Go out and pick somebody's pocket," said the Kid, "or get up a dog fight."

"I'll buy a dog if yer'll let Liver fight him," replied Shorty, quickly.

"If I did, I'm 'fraild he wouldn't be a liver very long."

"If he was, I'd kill my dog, sure. I say, dad," he added, addressing the old man.

The old fellow looked up from his paper.

"What's der noose?"

"Yer'll find out some day," said the Kid, mimicking a hanging.

"Oh, there isn't much news," replied the old man, resuming his reading, while Shorty turned again to the window.

There was nothing said during the next five minutes, except by the Kid, who was trying to teach his dog some trick or other. Finally, Shorty turned again to his father:

"I say, dad, how's yer liver?"

"All right."

"Kidneys, too?"

"What do you want of a kidney stew after just finishing your breakfast?" asked the old man, smiling at his own pun.

"Well, I'm done," replied Shorty.

"I say, dad, my kidneys are all hupk, but my liver's torpid," said the Kid, after trying in vain to teach his dog a trick.

"I should say so. Give him a dose of Paris green. They say that's bully for a torpid liver, an' I guess it'll cure yours."

"Oh, you be blamed. What's der matter wid this dog?" demanded the Kid, savagely.

"Nothin', only he lives."

"Waal, he's a-goin' ter keep on livin', an' don't yer forget it. Man offered me fifty cases for dat dorg yesterday."

"An' yer didn't offer him anything ter take him off yer hands?"

"Nix. He said he was der handsomest pug he ever seen. What's der matter wid him, I'd like ter know? Look at der white spots on him," he said, pointing with indignant pride.

"Yes, an' dat proves I didn't name him right," Shorty replied, with a grin.

"Why not?"

"He oughter to be called *Liver an' Lights*."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Kid; and, taking up his dog, he went from the room.

"Why don't you let that boy alone about his dog?" asked the old man.

"Waal, I got ter worry somebody, or I'll get ter worryin' myself."

"Can't you keep quiet?"

"No; I'm dyin' for somethin' ter do. I'm tired of loafin'."



"Why not go down to Coney Island?"

"Oh, I'm sick of it—been dere so much. Guess I'll go to der devil."

"All right," replied the old man, again taking up his paper.

Shorty went down to the bar-room and got a drink, and bought a cigar to change his breath, after which he took a short walk. But, being still restless, he soon returned to the parlor again.

"Seems ter me yer find somethin' very interestin' in dat ole paper blanket. Guess yer must have struck a sermon," said he.

"No, I'm reading an account of General Grant's trip around the world," replied his dad.

"Wish I was with him."

"So do I, my son."

"No! Do you, though?"

"I do. Nothing would please me more than to go around the world."

"Me, too. Sally, what der yer say ter it?"

"It! What?"

"Why, a trip around the world."

"When?"

"Right off. Ter-morrer I'm ready."

"I'll go; but we can't get ready so quick as that," replied the old man.

"Why not?"

"Think of the outfit we'll have to get."

"Nonsense! Get each of us a divin' suit, an' it'll last us till we get back; besides, it'll keep out der skeeters an' flies."

"Say we start next Monday."

"All right. I'll do it."

At that moment the Kid returned, leading his Liver by a chain.

"I say, kiddy," said Shorty.

"Say what?"

"We've struck it."

"Where 'bouts?"

"Got der racket."

"What is she?"

"Around der world."

"Oh, yer allus tryin' ter get around somethin'. Les go up an' have some fun wid der moon."

"That's all right. We are goin' ter start next Monday, sure pop."

"Is dat so, pop?"

"Yes, but yer can't take dat chunk er Liver 'long with yer," said Shorty, quickly.

"I can't!"

"No, my boy, leave the dog at home. Only think how much trouble he'd be," said the old man, kindly.

"Then I don't go," replied the Kid, firmly.

"Yer won't! I'll stow yer inter my travelin' bag and take yer 'long," said Shorty.

"All right, and I'll put Liver in my pocket afore yer do so."

"Then I'll keep yer both in there till yer smothered."

"Don't think of taking him, sowny," put in the old man.

"Oh, I must. Besides s'posin' we should lose yer somewhere, we'd have Liver with us, an' he looks so much like yer that we'd hardly mind losin' yer."

One laugh for the Kid.

"Oh, let him take him along," said Shorty. "There'll be any number of chances to kill ther little cuss afore we get round der world."

"Dat's all right now," said the Kid.

"An' if it arn't all right now, we'll make it all right bimeby."

"I'll bet yer don't," replied the shortest Shorty of the lot, as he jealously shortened the chain which held his beloved Liver.

But it was decided to undertake the big trip, and a good part of the day was spent in selecting a route to go by.

It was finally agreed that an opposite route to that taken by General Grant would be the best. He went east, and they decided to go west.

Then in all seriousness they began to make preparations and to purchase outfits for the long journey, and to get most compact and convenient trunks to carry them in.

Of course, that of the Kid was not much larger than a match-box, while that of his father was as many sizes larger as he was himself, and the old man's was nearly regulation size.

Then the matter of passports had to be looked after, and this alone took more than a day, owing to so much official red tape, all of which put Shorty out very much.

"Say," said he, "wonder if we couldn't all go in glass cases and save the bother of passports?"

"Or put us in an iron cage and take us round on wheels," suggested the old man.

But, of course, all these legal and international formalities had to be observed, for it isn't every foreign country that a traveler can go through without some voucher regarding who he is and what business he is on.

The next day was devoted to calling on friends and saying good-bye to them.

About the first one whom Shorty met was his old friend and former companion in many a racket, as doubtless those who read "Shorty in Search of his Dad" will remember, the renowned Gus Williams. Gus had been away with a company of his own, playing "Our German Senator," and they had not met in several months. Of course, the greeting between them was very cordial, each inquiring about the other's health and present prospects.

"Top glad I met you, Gus," said Shorty, reaching up to grasp his hand.

"And I'm bottom and top—clear through—glad to see you, Shorty. Tell me all about yourself in a minute," said Gus, in his old way.

"Can't do it, cully."

"Oh, I see. Since Peter Pad has been writing you

up, you come out by chapters and installments. All right. What's the news?"

"Got a basketful, Gus."

"Good! Give us the top apple."

"Well, it's a tip-top one. I'm goin' abroad."

"The devil!"

"Yes. He an' der Kid an' his dog go, too."

"Show biz?"

"Nixy. Goin' ter imitate Grant."

"What, bleed for your country?"

"Yes, and several countries. Gus, we're goin' around der world!"

"Get out!"

"Yes, we're goin' ter—next Monday."

"You don't say so!"

"Fact. I'm awful tired loafin' round here, so we're goin' ter skip."

"Skip the spherical gutter, so to speak?"

"So ter word it, yes."

"Good boy! Wish I could go along with you."

"So do I, Gus. We'd have a bully time."

"Oh, you'll have a good time, any way. How long do you calculate to be gone?"

"About a year. Gus, your mustache looks dry," he added, looking serious.

"Yonder gushes a beer fountain," said Gus, pointing to a well-known saloon.

"Good 'nough! Let's dive outside of a couple of glasses," said Shorty, waddling away in the direction indicated.

They went in. They dove.

The next person whom he encountered after taking a hearty farewell of Gus, was Harry Kernell, also an old friend, and also once a member of his old variety company which he had while traveling in search of his dad.

The greeting between them was full as cordial as that between him and Gus Williams, and to him he told the same story of his intended trip around the world.

"Going around the world, eh? Well, you always was a rounder," said Harry.

"But this is all hands round—see?"

"Yes; sort of a comical trinity. But you'll get sick and throw up the snap before you get to China."

"Throw up the snap? Nixy, for I ain't goin' ter swallow it. But I s'pose I'll get sorter Jonanish."

"Yes; and you'll think you'd rather be whaled than go any further."

"Oh, ye're spoutin'!"

"But you'll blubber."

"Dat's all right now; I'll tell yer all 'bout it when I get back," replied Shorty.

"All right. Good-bye, old man. Be good to yourself and fetch us a native," said Harry, shaking his hand.

"One! I'll fetch yer a sample from every country in der world," replied Shorty, and with this they parted.

In the course of the day he met the renowned ventriloquist, Harry Kennedy, and not having met since Harry was a member of his company, the greeting was a cordial one.

There were several members of the profession present, and several glasses of beer were pledged to the little ex-showman for a pleasant journey and a safe return. In fact, it was one of those merry parties, such as are frequently seen when showmen get together on the mellow.

Shorty could not master up sentiment enough to prevent his mischief from breaking out on several occasions during that meeting.

Harry Kennedy always wears a cane, and Tony Hart a dog. Both were there with their owners, of course, and Shorty was continually puzzling his brain how to have some fun with these articles.

Harry's cane lay on a table at one end of the room, and Tony's dog sat upon the same table, eying his boss, and probably reconnoitering whether he ever would take a tumble to himself and go home or not.

He was a nice dog, was Tony's Bounce, and was generally on friendly terms with anybody who was on good terms with his master.

Bouncer and Shorty had been friends for a long time, and Shorty took advantage of this state of affairs by tying a strong string to Harry's cane and fastening the other end of said string securely around the dog's tail, after which he joined the group who stood around the bar, and asked them all to take a drink.

And he didn't have to hitch a mule to any of them to drag them up to the bar, either.

But after chatting a few minutes Harry Kennedy suddenly remembered that he had an appointment with a bank somewhere, and once more shaking hands with Shorty, he seized his cane that lay on the table and started to hurry away.

Then he didn't hurry so much, only to get out of the reach of that yelling, snarling, snapping dog, and in doing so, he ran against several people, knocking one or two of them over, and creating a deuce of a rumpus.

But that dog didn't wait to see much of it, for there was too much cane—line about him altogether just then, and after snapping and flying around for an instant, during which Shorty raised the cry of "Mad dog!" which caused a grand rush for the door, the dog darted out like a sky-rocket, dragging the cane after him, and making elegant time for somewhere—out of sight.

Tony Hart lost a dog and Harry Kennedy a cane, but Shorty didn't lose his joke.

Well, on the day agreed upon, they were all ready for the proposed trip around the world.

They had purchased through tickets to San Francisco, which were good for a month, allowing them to stop over wherever they liked along the route. All three of them were in light marching order, that is, they had just as little baggage as they could get along with, excepting the Kid, who had Liver by his chain, still determined to take him along.

The old man was rather nervous, not being so used to traveling as his sons were, and two or three hours before it was time for the train to start, he was anxious to get over to Jersey City, so as to be sure of not being late.

This gave the Kid and Shorty a chance to have considerable fun with him, and of course they never allowed any such opportunities to slip by without improving them.

But he managed to get them started an hour, at least, before they might have done so, and on arriving at the ferry, the Kid pretended to have a talk with somebody standing near the gate, and then turning quickly to his nervous grandpop, he said to him:

"I say, we're late."

"I—I told you so. These cars always go before the time they advertise," said the old man.

"Hurry up; get der tickets, dad; we've got just time ter catch der last boat," yelled Shorty, dropping to the Kid's racket.

"Oh, Lord! and only think you—"

"Will yer hurry, or we'll lose der raft."

"But let me get my change out."

"There goes ther bell!" cried the Kid, darting through the gate.

But as he did so, Liver and chain got mixed up with the little fellow's legs somehow, and the result was that they all tumbled together in a confused heap upon the floor.

Picking himself up, however, and still bound to carry out his joke on the old man, he yelled for him to come on, and started to run for the boat, closely followed by Shorty, while the old man brought up the rear, puffing like a porpoise, all three of them attracting considerable attention.

"Go it, duck legs!" yelled somebody.

"Three sizes of duck legs!" said another.

"Go it!"

"Last boat!"

"Hurry up!" cried others, laughing.

"Hold on!" cried the old man, swinging his umbrella.

"Stop der boat!" piped the Kid.

"Push back der old ark!" cried Shorty.

The situation was this: the boat had been unchained, and was just moving out of the slip as they came rushing frantically down towards her, while those standing near endeavored to warn them back.

"Jump for it!" yelled the old man, who did not comprehend the distance, as neither did Shorty or the Kid, and thinking to carry out the joke by leaving him behind—knowing there was plenty of time before the train—they leaped for the boat.

## CHAPTER II.

We left the Shortys rushing madly for the receding ferry-boat, and the job which Shorty and the Kid had put up on the old man will be remembered.

"Jump for it!" cried the old man, and as that was just what they had intended to do, for the purpose of leaving him behind (although there was a plenty of time, even to take the next boat), they did jump. In fact, they all jumped.

First the Kid and his pug dog, Liver, went flying out from the edge of the drop, then Shorty, closely followed by the old man.

It was a comic sight to behold all three of them in the air, but the sight didn't last long.

It suddenly changed, and the next instant all three of them disappeared beneath the surface of the water, while the deck hands and other belated passengers rushed wildly to the edge of the dock, shouting all sorts of suggestions.

The Kid and Liver were the first to come to the surface. Then Shorty came up, to get his hat that was floating on top of the water, perhaps, and lastly, up popped the old man, blowing like a fat porpoise, with a mouthful of salt water, but so confounded mad that he did not know he was wet.

They were all three of them mad, for that matter, for both Shorty and the Kid had received a good ducking instead of playing a good joke, although they tried hard to smile and look as though they enjoyed it.

"Bring life-preservers!" shouted some.

"Where's your boat-hooks?" asked others.

"Bring a harpoon!" cried one enthusiastic fellow, who evidently thought that that would be the surest way of getting them out.

"Lower a boat!" wheezed the old man.

"Draw off the water," suggested Shorty.

"Somebody snake me out der river! if I must perish save my Liver!" moaned the Kid, most comically.

"Can you all swim?" asked a policeman, who at that moment came upon the scene.

"Yes, we're all corks," replied Shorty.

"All right. Take it cool, then," said the officer.

"Take it cool! Only wish I could take it as cool as you do," growled the old man, after he spouted out another mouthful of salt water.

"That's all right, old man, as long as you can swim. There'll be a boat around here before long," replied the officer.

By this time one earnest fellow had somewhere secured an armful of life-preservers, and rushing down to the end of the drop he began to chuck them at the struggling Shortys with all his might, endangering their lives even more than the water did.

"Hold on there!" shouted the old man, as he ducked under water to avoid being hit on the head with one of them.

"Seize it, seize it!" shouted the man, as he chucked another at Shorty.

"Cheese it!" piped the Kid.

"Stop dat!" cried Shorty, indignantly.

"Seize it, why don't you?"

"I'd seize you wid a club if I was ashore."

"Here, little 'un, take this," and he threw one at the



Kid, knocking both him and Liver under water with his life-preservers and good intentions.

"Somebody throw that idiot inter der drink here an' let us have some fun wid him," said Shorty, savagely.

"Stop it!" yelled the officer.

"Yes, what's the use of wasting good life-preservers?" added one of the ferry hands.

"Here, swim up this way an' let me fish ye out with this boat-hook," said a big fellow, who stood ready with one.

"Not much. Yer can't prod me wid dat ole meat-hook. Swim out yerself."

"Here comes a boat!" and glancing around, they beheld a waterman rowing towards them.

"Soy, what'll yer give ter be scooped out?" he demanded, just reaching them.

"Put us back on der dock an' I'll tip yer a fiver," replied Shorty.

"Make it a ten-case note an' I'll do it."

"All right; but hurry up, for we are pickled clear through," said the old man.

That boatman was as strong as an ox, and seizing the old man by his coat collar, he whipped him into the boat as though he had been a piece of junk, and in quick succession both Shorty and the Kid were yanked in.

"What's that 'ere?" he asked, pointing to Liver, who had not yet been taken in.

"Dat's my kiddle," replied the Kid, attempting to pull him into the boat.

"No yer don't," said the boatman.

"Don't!"

"Dollar."

"What?"

"Dollar for savin' der purp or down he goes."

"What a cheek!"

"What a purp! Dollar!"

"All right," said the Kid, seeing that it was the only thing to do to save his Liver, and so they were all speedily put ashore, fully five minutes before the next boat left, and even that was half an hour ahead of time for the cars.

A crowd gathered around them, of course, among which was a young fellow who knew Shorty and the Kid, and he at once called for three cheers for them; but he was the only person in the crowd who cheered, the others evidently not seeing the thing in the same light.

"Cheers!" said Shorty; "I'd like ter dive through a wringin' machine. Where's dat bloomin' idiot dat chucked life-preservers at us? I'd like ter fondle him a minute."

But that earnest individual did not come forward to receive a fondling, for most likely it had occurred to him by this time that he was a little too fresh.

"This is all on your account, you little dog-goned rascal!" said the old man, addressing the Kid.

"How'd I know?"

"You said it was the last boat, and now I find that we have half an hour to spare before the cars go."

"Waal, how'd I know der duffer wasn't a givin' it ter me straight?"

"You don't know much, anyway," replied the old man, as he stood dripping and trembling.

"I knew we all got inter a heavy dew," said the little rascal, laughing.

"Yes, and all on your account."

"Of course; but I wouldn't care if it had only drowned that purp," said Shorty.

"Now we have got to go back to the hotel and get some dry clothes, for I'm sure that I shall have the rheumatics dreadfully on account of this," whined the old man.

"Waal, 'taint likely I wanted ter go in," growled the Kid, as he followed the other two towards the carriage which was to take them back again.

They jawed and talked back all the way, each endeavoring to lay the blame upon the other, although they finally concluded that the fault was all the old man's, owing to his wanting to get over to Jersey City so much ahead of time.

But it is needless to say that he did not agree to this, and Shorty finally whacked up with him by laying all the blame on Liver.

Well, this wasn't much of a send off, was it? But after getting on dry clothes, and taking a little brandy to take the taste of the salt water out of his mouth, the old man began to feel a trifle better, in spite of the laugh his acquaintances gave him, and to take consolation in the old saying, that a bad beginning makes a good ending.

But bet your pile that he didn't allow any nonsense the next day, for his back was away up big, and when it came near time to go for the train, he engaged a coachman to take them right over to the depot in Jersey City. No more rushing for ferryboats for him.

And so at length the cars moved out of the depot, and they had actually commenced their trip around the world!

For an hour or so little or nothing was said by either of them. The old man was busy reading an afternoon paper, and wondering how he should ever get along for a year without having one every night. The Kid was carrying his Liver, and assuring him that he was undoubtedly the best-looking dog in the world, notwithstanding what other people might say, while Shorty was trying to think of some new racket that he had never yet played upon anybody. That was what he was thinking about nine times out of ten.

"Got ter goin' at last," said the Kid to his father, after riding awhile.

"Yes, an' it's agoin' to last, yer bet," replied Shorty, quickly.

"Der ole man's all right ag'in, eh?"

"Yes, he's dry now. But no more of yer big rackets for me. Yer allus puts yer foot in it."

"Foot? I guess we all put more den a foot in it," replied the Kid, laughing.

"Yes, so much for follerin' you."

"Well, didn't I go der whole hog? Didn't I go der whole citizen of Cincinnati? Didn't I give yer all yer wanted?"

"Yes, an' a cussed sight more. But it was high fun anyway."

"High daddy fun."

"Yes—yes. Oh, we'll have gobs more of it afore we get back, but not dat kind—oh, no."

At that moment a train boy came in with an armful of papers, and began calling them out.

"Got der Boys of New York?" asked Shorty.

"You bet! Got 'THE BOYS' and Shorty on the same train," replied the boy, recognizing him.

"Oh, Shorty's no good. Give us der Boys," replied Shorty, modestly.

"Here you are," said he, producing the paper.

"An' here's yer nickel."

"Not a cent."

"What der yer say?"

"I could give yer fifty papers, and then owe yer money for the fun I've had reading about yer. How's Peter Pad?"

"Got a radish on his nose."

"Thought it was a tube rose."

"No, it rose from something else. Here, take dat, an' keep it till I see you some more," he added, handing him a gold dollar.

"What! I'll pickle it," said the lad, who was delighted to have something real to remember Shorty by, and placing it in his pocket, he continued about his business, but with a grin on his face so big that it made his hat too small for him.

But he took particular pains to tell all his friends that the renowned Shorty, his dad, and the Kid were on the train.

Shorty read until it was quite dark, and then threw aside his favorite paper when the conductor announced at a station that ten minutes would be given for refreshments, for he felt just like snatching something bodily on account of his stomach, as did both the Kid and the old man.

Soon after their return to the car, and after it had started again, the porter began to make up the "sleeper"—that is, he began transforming what seemed to be an ordinary passenger car into a thing of compartments and berths.

Now, in one of the sections there happened to be a sour old maid, who had never been in a "sleeper" before, and she was utterly astonished at the change that was going on; and, seeing Shorty in the opposite section, she asked him what that sort of business meant.

"I dunno, ma'am. First time I was ever in a railroad car. But I've heard say dat when they come ter water, they fix the cars up this way, an' make steamboats of 'em," replied Shorty, soberly.

"Steamboats! You don't tell me so?" she exclaimed, with open eyes.

"So I've heard tell."

"Run them right into the water?"

"So I've heard tell, mum."

"Is it safe?"

"I dunno."

"Well, I don't like the idea; and it's pitch dark, too," said she, gazing out of the window.

After she had thought the matter over for a few minutes, the porter came along and asked her to allow him to make up the section.

"Are we coming to water?" she asked, placing her hand on his arm.

"Well, I guess so, after awhile," replied the porter, not knowing what she meant.

"And are you about to turn this car into a steamboat?"

"Guess not, madame. We don't run any steamboat on this route; this is all land we are going on," said he, smiling.

"But what are you doing?"

"Making up the berths so that passengers can go to bed."

"Go to bed!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Right in the car?"

"Certainly. Of course, we don't ask our passengers to go to bed on the outside of the car."

"Right before everybody?"

"Yes, ma'am. Please allow me to make up your section," he added.

"No, sir. Nothing of the sort," said she, bracing back in her seat and looking savage.

"But I must do it, ma'am."

"No, sir; you'll do nothing of the sort."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. If you think I am not a respectable woman, you had better say so and done with it."

"Really, madame, I don't see what this has to do with your respectability."

"You don't, you black, impudent thing? You don't see what my undressing and going to bed before a whole car full of people has to do with my respectability! Well, probably you don't, but I do, and I shall do nothing of the sort."

"But you are not the only person who occupies this section, madame, and—"

"And that's all the more reason why I should look out for myself."

"You are quite mistaken. You will have a berth all to yourself, and these three gentlemen will occupy the others."

"Not if I know it. This seat is good enough for me," and she nestled into it closer yet.

"Madame, I shall be obliged to use force if you do not allow me peaceably to make up this section of my car."

"You had better try it."

The porter hesitated a moment, and then took her by the arm, when she arose suddenly and swatted him over the head with her bag, knocking him sprawling over on top of Liver, who sat in the Kid's lap.

"Take that, you impudent black puppy," she fairly shrieked, and it was instantly evident that the porter had met his match.

Some of the passengers went to his rescue, and tried to explain matters to the irate maiden, but she was too mad to listen, evidently thinking that she was to be imposed upon; and this, mixed with Liver's barking, and his frantic endeavors to sample the porter, made quite a lively time.

Finally the conductor came, and with the assistance of two ladies, the maiden was induced to let the porter make up the section, and she was not long in getting behind the curtain and into her berth when it was done.

But she refused to remove her clothing with the exception of her hat, for she evidently thought she had fallen into bad company, and was bound to protect herself at all hazards, and do it in full uniform too.

In an hour or so everything got quieted down, and several snores could be heard above the rumble and roar of the train. But the reader may be sure that Shorty was awake.

The three of the Shortys were stacked up in as many berths; the old man in the bottom one, Shorty next above, and the Kid and his dog on the top shelf, all three being directly opposite to where the old maid lay.

The lights were turned low down, and the porter sat snoozing at one end of the car, when Shorty reached out with his dad's umbrella, and with the crook thrust through the opposite curtains, he managed to reach the old maid's ankle and give it a sudden pull.

The next instant everybody in the car was startled by a series of piercing yells, and heads were thrust out from behind curtains, with white, alarmed looks, and everybody wanted to know what the mischief was the matter.

The porter flew to her berth, and tried to hush her up long enough to find out what the trouble was, but she only kicked the harder and yelled the louder, until everybody in the car began to swear, and tell her to dry up.

"I—I knew how it would be," she finally managed to say.

"Well, how is it?" asked somebody, at which there was a general laugh.

"Somebody tried to get into my berth."

"What a shame!" said a bass voice.

"How drunk he must have been!" said another; and it was very evident that there was no sympathy for her in that car.

In vain the porter tried to make her think she was mistaken; she protested that somebody grasped her "limb" most rudely.

But after awhile she was partially pacified, and the porter assured her that he would keep strict watch if she would only return to sleep.

It was quite awhile, however, before everything got quiet again, and then Shorty once more took up the old man's umbrella for some more fun in the same direction.

In the course of an hour he ventured again, and once more hooked the old gal's "limb." But this time Shorty was short-sighted, for she was awake and watching.

Catching hold of the umbrella, she yanked it away from him so quick that it made his head swim, and you bet he got out of sight suddenly, while she called for the porter, this time without creating so much of a riot.

"There; do you see that?" she demanded, holding out the umbrella.

"Yes, an umbrella," said he. "What of it?"

"It was thrust in here at me, and I seized it; that's what of it."

"That's strange," mused the porter, looking sharply at the opposite berths. "You let me keep it until we reach Buffalo, and I'll find out who has insulted you, or you shall have the umbrella."

This appeared to satisfy her at once, for the umbrella was a very nice one, and it at once occurred to her that the owner would never claim it, and so peace reigned once more.

But Shorty felt a trifle foolish. His fun was undoubtedly all up in that direction, and when the old man looked for his umbrella the next day, what would be the result? He finally got to sleep, and when he awoke, the train was in the depot at Buffalo, and the porter was waking the passengers up to get breakfast previous to the resumption of their journey West.

Finally old man Burwick began to ask and hunt for his umbrella, for he valued it very highly. But failing to find it, the maiden, who had been watching him closely, suggested that he ask the porter about it, and he did so.

This brought matters to a head at once.

"So you are the man who insulted the lady last night, are you?" he demanded.

"What in thunder do you mean, sir?" the old man belched out, and the porter explained.

"It's a confounded lie, sir. I never did an ungentlemanly thing in my life, sir."

"The evidence is against you, sir, and you must settle it with the lady."

"I'll settle nothing with anybody. Give me my umbrella, sir, or I'll report you."

"And I'll report you, sir, and have you watched by every porter between here and 'Frisco."

The old man was both mad and puzzled, but the woman, probably fearing more of a scandal than she had already made, got out of the car without demanding satisfaction or the coveted umbrella.

But the porter insisted on regarding the old fellow as a suspicious character, and although he gave up the umbrella, he took pains to warn the porter on the next stretch, and to have him "passed along" as a person who would bear watching.

Shorty enjoyed the thing hugely, of course, and he jibed the old man continually about it, certainly hav-



ing the laugh on him for his supposed attempt to impose upon the old maid. And how it nettled the old rooster!

Tired from riding all night, they concluded to remain over at Buffalo until the afternoon train, for Shorty had several friends there that he wished to see. So they went to a hotel and took things easy.

The train was to leave for the West at three o'clock, and nearly an hour before that time all three of the Shortys were at the depot, and, as a natural consequence, Shorty began looking around for some fun, while the old man got his nose into a Buffalo daily paper, and the Kid was trying to teach his purp to stand on his head and wink at people.

In one of the waiting-rooms of the depot Shorty discovered an old gentleman and lady sitting side by side fast asleep, having evidently ridden all night on some train, and now very sleepy.

It was a comical sight, as both had their heads thrown back and their mouths wide open, and were snoring away, most likely as they sang together at home—one in bass, and the other in treble, and Shorty enjoyed it very much.

Finally, while listening to them, he heard a hand-organ in the street, just outside, and a bright idea at once hit him. So he paddled right out to where the son of Italy was making people swear at his music, and the street gamins were having some fun with his monkey, by throwing him a penny that had a string attached to it, which enabled them to pull it away just as he was about to scoop it in for the good of his firm.

"Come an' earn half a dollar?" asked Shorty.

"I lika to," replied the music-raker.

"All right. I want yer ter come over ter der depot an' play a half dollar's worth for my poor old pap and mam. Dey are asleep, an' yer can do 'em lots of good. Come on—here's yer half," he added, handing it to him.

That Italian was so delighted that he mentally promised his monkey a peanut, and he walked so fast that Shorty had all he could do to keep up with him back to the depot.

"There they be," said he, pointing to the sleepers. "Alla rigta," replied the Italian; and at it he went in all seriousness, starting off with: "Still So Gently O'er Me Stealing," while Shorty still so gently stole out of the room.

After grinding this with all its kinks and variations without disturbing them in the least, although it drew a crowd of grinning spectators into the room, he started: "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," after which he rasped a moment on: "My Pretty Jane," and stirred up "Old Dog Tray," and then began to kick the stuffing out of "My Johanna," and take a turn or two out of "The Mulligan Guards."

By this time, however, the monkey began to think that it was time for him to get in his financial work, and as his master was only thinking about the nice pudding he had got in that half a dollar, he did not notice what his partner was up to.

But Mr. Monkey had received many lessons in money affairs, and so he pulled off his hat, and began to go among the crowd for the usual collection which, owing to the novelty of the situation, was quite a good one. Then he went to the old sleeping couple, and began to nudge them regarding their duty in the matter. "Be quiet, will yer, Jane! All ther time a-kickin' an' a pinchin'," growled the old man, partially awakened by the monkey.

"Shut up, John; yer allus growlin'," said she, at which there was a smothered laugh among the spectators.

This and the organ, in connection with the monkey, who now began to climb over them, aroused the sleepers.

"Oh! ah! wa!" yelled the old man, as he opened his eyes, and beheld the monkey.

"Oh, John—oh, John! What is it?" the old lady cried, leaping to her feet, and giving the monkey a bang with her big umbrella.

"Take it off! Murder!"

"Take off the cat!" cried she, striking at it again, but banging her husband's Sunday hat all out of shape, while the musician ceased his grinding, and was trying to get his partner out of the bad scrape he was in.

"Lordy massy! what does it mean?" demanded the old lady, holding up her hands.

"It means yer've smashed my best hat, confound yer pacter!" said the old man.

"What's the trouble here?" demanded the depot watchman, who just then showed up.

"Consarn my pacter if I know, but when we woke up from a little nap we saw that chap grindin' some sort of a tune, an' his cat clawin' on us," replied the old fellow.

"What are you doing here?" thundered the watchman, turning upon the Italian.

"Mana hirea me play," said he.

"Git out of this!"

"Me alla rigta," he protested, as he got out backwards, so as to avoid a kick.

"Well, you *won't* be if you don't skip."

"Therea mana hirea me," said he, as he discovered Shorty, who was just stepping on board the train, now all ready to move.

"Good-bye, Macaroni. Ta-ta! Go play 'em 'Wake up, William Riley.' By-by, poppy and mammy. Only thought I'd get some music ter take der ragged edge off yer snore. Tra-la-lee!" cried Shorty, lifting his hat with mock politeness.

"You good for nothin' little runt!" cried the old man, shaking his fist at him. "If I had yer, I'd—"

"Tra-la-lee, pop! Be good ter yerself," said Shorty, as the train began to move out of the depot, leaving a laughing crowd and a very mad old couple behind.

## CHAPTER III.

SHORTY never felt happier in his life than he did as the cars bore him out of the depot at Buffalo, for just before leaving he had started just such a racket as he delighted in, and left the victims and a gaping, laughing crowd behind.

It was now decided to go through to Chicago before stopping off again, and so they settled themselves for an afternoon and all-night ride.

But they had not proceeded many miles when it became evident that the sleeping-car porter on the New York division of the road had kept his word regarding Shorty's dad, Mr. Burwick, and his supposed insult with his umbrella to the old maid in the opposite berth, for he not only watched him very close, but was rather uncivil to him from the start.

Both Shorty and the Kid noticed this, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at it, although the old man was as wild as a short-tailed bull in fly-time, knowing himself to be innocent.

"You young rapsallion!" said he, to Shorty. "I think you know all about that snap, and put it on me."

"Oh, that's too thin, dad! Yer only mad because yer got caught, that's all," replied Shorty, commencing his chaff again.

"Caught how? What do you mean, sir?" he demanded, savagely.

"What yer hunchin' yer shirt up for?"

"Well, who wouldn't get mad, I'd like to know? you'd provoke a saint."

"Don't know 'bout dat; never tried one. But if yer get histy yerself, how der yer blame der ole dame for der same thing?"

"Oh, bah! If anybody prodded her with my umbrella, it was you, and I know it."

"That's right, lay everything ter me!"

"So I ought. But if that nigger gives me any more of his lip, I'll break him in two!" replied the old man, getting behind his newspaper.

Shorty and the Kid exchanged winks.

Nothing was said or done, however, at that time, and presently the Kid dropped off into a snooze, and the old man was about half-and-half so.

Both Shorty and the Kid had traveled over this road many times, and of course there was scarcely anything to attract their attention, although it was a splendid country they were passing through, and attracts the stranger very closely.

It was one of those lazy, dusty afternoons in which everybody had as much as he or she could attend to to keep comfortable, and when no one felt like being bored or scarcely moving out of their tracks for anything uncommon.

Shorty himself began to get dozy after awhile, and for the time being felt no desire to play tricks on anybody; in fact, felt much more like going to sleep in his seat than doing anything else.

This condition of affairs appeared to prevail with everybody in the car, and there is no knowing how long it might have continued with Shorty had he not been aroused by one of those social bores whom we are liable to meet anywhere.

He was just nodding into a snooze with his hat tipped over his face until it rested on his nose, when one of those self-constituted missionaries, one of those fellows who may be a thief or a gambler coming the pious dodge for a "cap," or who may be in earnest without knowing that they are bores and nuisances, came along with an armful of tracts and nudged him to awake.

Shorty snorted in a comical way, and looked up.

"Will you have a tract, my friend?" asked the colporteur, handing him one.

"Track? No, I'm on one now," replied Shorty.

"I mean a tract to read. Take one?"

"Good story?"

"The best you ever read."

"Good's der Boss library?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"What! Don't yer know der Boss library? der WIDE AWAKE? Waal, yer must be a duff."

"This is not a story, my friend."

"Oh, mine's stories—red hot, browned on both sides—flopped over every week."

"I am engaged in saving souls, and—"

"Mine's bully; bought 'em new afore I left New York. Don't want no repairs."

"You don't understand me; I mean the inward, inmost souls of people."

"Oh, mine's cork. Can't trade, old man," and Shorty knocked his hat down over his eyes again and started to resume his snooze.

"Young man, I'm afraid you are on the road to ruin," replied the long-haired, long-legged minister, after looking at him for a moment in surprise.

"On der what?" asked Shorty, tipping back his dicer and looking up at him.

"The broad gauge road to ruin."

"Nix. On der road ter 'Frisko. Yer dead plumb wrong every time, ole man. Guess yer haven't been in der business long."

"And do you know that you are in continual danger? that some accident might happen and you be dashed—"

"Yer be dashed! I'm insured. Took out a policy afore I left New York, so yer can't play any insurance biz on me, ole man."

Several passengers in the near neighborhood who were overhearing this conversation, were by this time crowding nearer and grinning as big as they could as it went on, and seeing at a glance that Shorty was an old head and more than a match for the tract distributor.

"I would like to have you take out a policy of insurance in the Heavenly company."

"Can't work it, I tell yer, I'm full."

"Ah! you would be much better if you only had religion, for then—"

"Oh! that's yer racket, eh?" asked Shorty, springing up in his seat.

"I'd like to assist you in getting it, for—"

"No use, brother, for I'm a boss member of der big-gest gospel shop in New York."

"You are!" exclaimed the man, starting back, while the spectators roared.

"Cert. Try me—give me der grip!"

"I fear you are a trifier, sir."

"Nixy Jim! But I think dat yer a snide gospel sharp yerself; a sort of a tract charmer, if yer don't give me der hallelujah grip," said Shorty, extending his hand.

The good man sighed, shook his head, and started to turn away, evidently thinking that he had cut off a bigger piece than he could swallow, while those around laughed heartily.

"But I say, Cully," he called after him.

The good man handed a tract to the Kid and then turned to hear what Shorty had to say further, for the good man had great patience.

"Well?"

"If yer in good condish, an' want ter practice on somethin' awful bad, I'll give yer a steer."

"A what?"

"I'll cap for yer."

"I don't understand such slang, sir," said the missionary, turning to leave him.

"I'll show yer a subject. See dat ole chap over dere readin' a paper?" he asked, pointing to the old man. "Waal, he's de wickedest man in New York. Go for him!"

The man smiled sadly, but looked as though he took but little stock in anything Shorty said.

"Fact. I know him. Say, see der coon over dere?"

"The porter?"

"Yes. Go ask him. I guess he'll give yer a tip or two. Brace in, now, and show some style."

The man was nettled, for nearly everybody around him was giving him the laugh, and so he walked along through the car, distributing his tracts, and finally he came to the porter and asked him about the old man.

"All I know 'bout him is that he's regarded as a bad un, and I've orders to keep my eye on him," replied the porter.

"Perhaps I can snatch him like a brand from the burning," mused the good man.

"Guess it would be a tough job, but I know he'll get snatched baldheaded if I catch him up to any of his snaps in my car."

"I'll try him, at all events," he said, and he began to balance himself for a walk through the aisle of the car towards him.

The old man had been so much taken up with his newspaper that he had neither seen nor heard anything that was going on, and as he occupied a whole seat, the colporteur slid gently in by the side of him, at which he naturally looked up.

"My dear friend and fellow sinner, will—"

"What's that you say?" the old man demanded so sharply that the chap started.

"Will you be good enough to read this little tract for me?"

"What's the matter, can't you read?"

"Oh, certainly, sir, but I would like to have you read it, for I am certain that it will do you much good."

"How so?"

"Because it will show you the error of your ways and perhaps reform you."

"Look here, Mr. What'syourname, how the devil do you know that I need any reformation?"

"Oh, for that matter, we all need it."

"Perhaps you do. In fact, in the matter of common politeness, I am certain you do, and if you have any tracts on that subject, I suggest that you go away by yourself and read them."

"But, sir, you must admit that there is a great necessity for our living better lives."

"Speak for yourself and don't bother me," said the old man, turning to his newspaper again.

"Remember what the Good Book says."

"Yes; one thing it says is, to do to others as you would have them do to you. Now would you like to have me bore you as you are boring me?"

"But you know we are commanded to go into the world and—"

"Then go. And if you don't go, I'll just give you a boost. Catch my meaning?"

"Go for him, mister, he's bad," called Shorty.

"Take a fall out-er him!" yelled the Kid, and even Liver seemed anxious to nibble the good man.

But that man who started out to pluck a "brand from the burning" never plucked a brand. He probably concluded that they were so bad that he would let them burn, and be hanged to them. As for himself, he waltzed out of that car, followed by a general laugh, and if he didn't feel very sheepish, he ought to have done so, for he had a very good occasion.

"Did you send him over to me?" asked the old man, calling to Shorty.

"No, it was der porter," replied Shorty, laughing heartily.

"Yes, he did. I saw him pointing ter yer," said the Kid.

"Well, I'll stand that coon on his head before we get to Chicago if he freshens much more," said the old man, looking savagely at him, and then resumed his reading again.

It soon became understood that the three Shortys were father, son, and grandson, and that the two latter had some sort of a snap on the old gentleman out of which they were having a good bit of fun; but what it was they, of course, knew nothing about. But the



passengers took a great fancy to the two little fellows and watched them in whatever they did.

This little sensation over, however, there appeared to be nothing further to engage attention, and quiet again took possession of those in the car.

At Cleveland the train stopped half an hour for the purpose of letting the passengers make hogs of themselves at a lunch counter and restaurant in the usual way, and at the same time give the cashier of the place a chance to beat what he could out of them by giving short change, while the brakeman or somebody else stood in with him, and shouted "all aboard."

But the Shortys were too fly to be caught by any snap of that kind, for they knew their watches were the same as the conductor's, and also knew the very moment when the train would start again. So they sat still, and went through with their knife and fork business plumb up to time, quietly winking at the cashier as they paid him, and at the foolish-looking capper who had by this time shouted everybody else back into the train again.

When they got into the car again it was made up into a sleeper, and as it was late a large portion of the passengers retired.

But there wasn't a bit of fun for Shorty, except what little he got out of the Kid and his dog, or his dad, and that didn't amount to much. In fact, he felt like pinching himself for excitement.

True, the porter kept his eye on the old man pretty closely, but do all he would, Shorty could not get up any riot between them; and when this failed him, he felt indeed like playing a joke on himself rather than go to sleep without having one on somebody.

But fate was against him and he had to content himself with going to sleep. There wasn't a bit of game in anything. It was really a sad thing for Shorty, but the best-intentioned people in the world get left now and then.

He was routed out the next morning by the porter, who was bustling through the car.

"Halloo, Johnson, what's this?"

"Chicago," replied the porter.

"Chicago, Chicago—seems ter me I've heard tell of that place some time. What State is she in?" he called again.

"Illinois, of course."

"Much of a village?" he asked, as he proceeded with his dressing.

"Village!" and the porter chuckled, then he added, with a sneer: "Guess you're green."

"No, Green arn't my name; it's Smith; I don't s'pose yer anchor here long?"

"Whole length of the depot, sir. Stop off as long as you wish to," said the porter, and as Shorty was behind the curtains while this chaffing was going on, neither he nor any of the passengers who overheard it and were laughing, knew who the questioner was, although a few shrewdly suspected that it was the little joker whom they had seen the day before.

Then the Kid took it up.

"I say, porter, what place is this?" he asked, in his piping little voice.

"Chicago," replied the porter.

"Much of a place?"

"Big city."

"Yer don't say so. Never heard of it before. Where does she live?"

"Illinois."

"Is that so? Stop here long 'nough for a chap ter get a sandwich?"

"Stop over as long as you like. This train continues west in one hour from now."

"How far is it out west?"

"Good ways. Another greehorn," added the porter, to himself.

The old man having listened to the chaffing with a huge grin on his face, and owing the fellow one anyway for his freshness, asked, in an entirely different tone of voice:

"I say, porter, halloo!"

"Well, sir."

"What place is this?"

"Chicago."

"Chicago?" he asked, indicating by the tone of his voice that he was in doubt about ever hearing of the place before. "What State is it in?"

"Illinois!" replied the porter, savagely.

"Oh, yes; I remember now of hearing somebody speak of such a place," replied the old man, amid a snicker of the passengers, who were dressing themselves.

"Going to stop here long?"

"You can stop till doomsday if you want to," replied the porter, going from the car, seeing at length that he was being chaffed badly.

At first he thought he had a large number of green passengers in his sleeping-car, but he finally tumbled and lit out. This put everybody, with the exception of himself, in good humor for the day, and as fast as the passengers got dressed they left the car, either at the end of their journey, or for the purpose of going to a hotel for breakfast before resuming it.

Now, of all the places in the world outside of New York, which delighted Shorty's heart, in was Chicago, where he had enjoyed some of the happiest hours of his life when he used to be in the show business; and here he had from the first made up his mind to stop off for a few days.

A carriage took them to the Palmer House, and during that day and the next they took the city all in, and enjoyed it as of yore; going to several places of amusement, and meeting with many old friends, with whom they celebrated.

On the third day they agreed to continue their journey as far as St. Louis before stopping over again, and so they were early at the depot to take the afternoon-Pacific express.

The Kid and Liver got along pretty well thus far, although Shorty made it interesting for the pug when-

ever he got a chance, hoping to make him so sick that he would either sell or give him away before they reached San Francisco, at all events. But the Kid had no notion of doing either. He was firmly attached to his Liver, both in a sentimental sort of way and by means of a small brass chain, which he seldom, if ever, let go of, for fear of Shorty.

At the depot, however, while the little fellow was walking up and down the platform, being ahead of time for the train, leading the pug, and following a big cigar with considerable of a smell, a poodle belonging to a lady who had just alighted from a carriage made a dive for Liver, and before you could say scat! they were rolling over and over on the floor, twisting the chains by which they both were held around and around in the worst possible manner, and in such a way that they could not be pulled apart; and such a snarling, growling, clawing, biting and chewing as followed is never seen or heard save at a well started dog-fight.

The woman danced, shouted for the police, and finally seized the Kid by the scruff of the neck, and chucked him on top of the fighting kloodles, although her dog began the riot.

Shorty seldom got nearer Heaven than he did on this occasion, for he felt certain that Liver would get all chewed up, and so he danced and sicked them on, while the old man held back the lady, who had not yet taken satisfaction out of the Kid, and there was a lively git-up-and-git all around until an officer arrived.

Even then it took quite a while to get the dogs and other matters unsnarled, for as both the Kid and the lady held to the chains attached to their dogs, they were mixed up in the most confused manner.

But after a deal of excitement and hard language, the dogs were finally unsnarled, although they were still snarling, and the owners drew off in opposite directions, caressing their purps, and only wishing that the other had been killed.

As it was, they were both pretty well chewed up, and seemed satisfied with what they had enjoyed, although the Kid patted Liver on the back (where he wasn't bitten) and assured him that he was yet the boss purp of Chicago, the raring, snorting, king pug of the world.

Shorty was disappointed. He wasn't having any sort of luck lately—that dog of the Kid's had not yet been killed!

He made the best of it, however, and after peace had been restored all three of them were shown to the palace-car, on which they had engaged a section, and as it stood on the side track ready to be made up into the Pacific train, they at once went aboard.

They took possession of their section and found themselves the sole occupants of the car. This made the young fellows feel very lonesome, and they went into a smoking-car, where the old man got into a seat, hung up his hat, and at once thrust his nose into one of the Chicago evening papers. Shorty put on that hat without being noticed, and then he and the Kid began to nose around the car in quest of something—what they did not know, but being lonesome, they wanted to find something or do something.

Going out at one end of the car, Shorty took a look at the people who were swarming into and through the depot, going hither and yon, and presently his eye rested on a big overgrown country fellow that stood gawking around without any particular object in view, and he felt just like having some fun with him, provided he could do so safely, and he thought he could.

Just then an engine began pulling the car out for the purpose of attaching it to the train, and Shorty thought, to be sure, that the train had started, and so he began at him.

"Oh, yer big duffer! What are yer lookin' at?" he yelled at him. "Come here and let me bust yer nose off!" and he shook his fist at the astonished fellow.

"I'll fix you!" cried he, following up the car that was slowly moving up the track in the depot.

"Oh, yer will, eh? I'll jump clear through yer. Go hang yourself, yer big lubber!" replied Shorty, with his thumb to his nose as the car sped along faster and left the fellow behind.

But it only went a short distance before it was coupled with another train, and once more run back to the depot.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Shorty, as he saw himself being taken back into the presence of the fellow he had abused. "I thought the train had started. Guess I'll start," and skipping back into the car, he took the old man's hat from his own head, and placing it where it belonged, he said: "Dad, yer'll get cold an' have der snuffles agin all day ter-morrow! Keep yer dicer on."

"Well, perhaps you are right," said the old man, adjusting it to his head and then turning to his paper again.

"I know I am!" replied Shorty, rushing out of the car into another one, just as it came to a standstill again near the point where it started from, and that "duffer" stepped upon it.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THAT "duffer" whom Shorty scared up in the depot at Chicago will be remembered.

That "duffer" got upon the car when it was run back into the depot (just as Shorty got out of it), and marched straight up to where the old man sat innocently reading his newspaper and smoking.

The "duffer" thought he had the right runt. Raising his big hand, he brought it down and smashed the old man's hat over his eyes, completely hiding eyes, nose and ears.

"Oh, I'm a duffer, am I? Want to bust my nose off, do you—going to jump clear through me, are you?" he demanded, as he cuffed the old fellow and boxed him around.

"Stop! help! murder! What is it—who is it?" cried the old man, struggling to get out of his crushed dicer.

"It's me; the duffer. How do you like me, hey?" replied the fellow, giving him another.

"Help—help!" he cried, but by this time Shorty had alarmed an officer in the depot, telling him that an old man was being beaten and robbed in the smoking car.

So the result was that a rush was made for the "duffer," and before he half knew it, he was being snaked out of the car on the double quick, leaving the laugh with Shorty after all.

But how about the old man?

The disturber of his peace was out of sight, and Shorty was rushing to his assistance as though he had just found out that he was in trouble.

"I've fixed him, dad," said he.

"Fixed him! Who—who was the rascal that assaulted me?" demanded the old man, dancing around in the ecstasy of his wrath.

"It was a robber, dad, and I give him to a cop. He's got his gruel."

"No, I'll be hanged if he has—I haven't had a whack at him yet. Where is he?"

"Oh, never mind. Der cop's got him," said Shorty, in a pacific way.

"But I want to make a charge against him."

"Nonsense. Der train's just going."

"Confound the train. What has the train to do with me—who is going to pay for my ruined hat?" he asked, holding it up.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and a sudden start of the train tumbled the old man over into his seat.

But, oh! how mad he was. Never in his life had he suffered such abuse from a stranger, and he didn't feel a bit like quietly swallowing it. He fumed and tore around until the noise of the train drowned his own, and then he wanted to fight himself.

Shorty and the Kid were nearly bursting with laughter, although they were obliged to hold it in while the old man was so fearfully wrathful. But they enjoyed a big grin at his expense, and the dear old fellow never tumbled.

They soon after took seats in the palace car.

"Dat's what I calls skinnin' out," said Shorty, aside to the Kid.

"Yes, an' yer jest got out by der skin of yer teeth, too. Jimminy, what a racket! But if that duffer'd only caught you instead of der ole chief, what hunks of fun he'd had with yer. See?"

"Yes, an' I thought he did have me sure pop, but he got 'pop' instead," said Shorty.

"An' den got cop," added the Kid, laughing.

"Mum! Don't let der ole rooster s'pect we know anything 'bout it until he gets over his mad," whispered Shorty, and the two little rascals looked out of the car window, and tried as hard as they could to appear honest.

It was half an hour or more before the old man could sufficiently calm himself to resume reading his paper, and even then he would think of the assault occasionally, and snatch off his damaged dicer and take a look at it, with a frown.

Of course the other two took this all in and enjoyed it as they were apt to enjoy such things, but the old fellow gradually got over the worst of his mad, and again got interested in his paper.

Mile after mile they rode without meeting any new adventure, and finally Shorty fell asleep in his seat, as did the old man after awhile, leaving only the Kid and his dog, Liver, awake, for as yet the Shortys were the sole occupants of the car.

The little rascal looked at them both for a moment, and then he began to grin.

Taking a cork from a flask he lit a match and began to burn it, and after succeeding to his desires, he carefully proceeded to make a round black dot on the end of the old man's nose and one on each cheek.

Then he turned his attention to Shorty, and ornamented him in the same way. And then to carry out the idea that he had conjured up, he fixed his own nose and cheeks in the same manner, and capped the whole thing by making a black dot on Liver's nose and on each of his cheeks, and the pug looked more comical than either of the other three, unless it was the old man, whom he so greatly resembled.

And then he made believe to be asleep himself, so as to see how the thing would turn out; but while making believe, he actually *did* go to sleep, he and Liver playing a duet on their bugles.

The old man was the first one to wake up, and turning round toward Shorty, he saw how comical he looked, and began to laugh, feeling certain that the Kid had done it.

Shorty woke up, and seeing his dad laughing, he rubbed his eyes and then began to laugh as well.

"What have you been making up for?" asked the old man.

"What der yer say? Who's been a-makin' up a mug for you?" and he laughed heartily.

"What do you mean?"

"Look in der glass."

The old man did so, and started back.

"Now you look!"

Then they laughed at each other, and both suspecting the Kid, they turned toward him.

Then there was a perfect guffaw, and the little fellow started from his sleep.

"Who played it?" asked Shorty.

"Must have been the porter," muttered the Kid.

"I'll punch his black head for him," said the old man, who had no great love for palace-car porters anyway, and so he lost no time in hunting him up.

"Here! See that!" he demanded of the porter, at the same time pointing to his nose.

"Yes; very funny," replied the porter, who evidently didn't think so at the same time.



"Yes. Some of your funny business, eh?"  
 "Mine! I guess not."  
 "Anybody else in this car?"  
 "You three are the only passengers."  
 "And you are the only other person, eh?"  
 "Yes, sir, the only other person besides yourselves. Why?"  
 "Do you see our faces?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "An' der yer see my dorg?" asked the Kid.  
 "I do."  
 "Well, then, if you did not take advantage of our being asleep, pray who did?"  
 "That bantam with the purp," said the porter, pointing to the Kid.  
 "What?"  
 "I saw him doing it."  
 "But he is blacked as well as we."  
 "Yes, I saw him do it all," replied the porter, calmly.  
 "What a gall!" exclaimed the Kid.  
 "Yes, in you doing it. Look at the cork in his flask."  
 "How is that, you little runt?" demanded the old man, turning upon the Kid.  
 "I weaken."  
 "Yer do?"  
 "Yes. Didn't know anybody was lookin' at me," replied the youngster.  
 "But there was, though, and that same somebody will have his eye on you all the while you are in his car, and don't you forget it," said he, but looking most severely at the old man, showing that he, too, had been posted regarding that old maid and umbrella racket, and wished him to bear it in mind.  
 This made all three of them feel very foolish, and as they repaired to the washroom for the purpose of cleaning away the evidences of the funny business, both Shorty and the old man turned upon the Kid and gave it to him lively.  
 "Anoder one of yer smart snaps," sneered Shorty, as he finished washing up.  
 "Yes, you are a healthy joker, arn't you?" added the old man, trying to wipe and dance some soap-suds out of his eyes.  
 "I'm 'shamed of yer; yer no good; yer a duff, I'm tellin' yer."  
 "Oh, what's der matter?" growled the Kid, while trying hard to wash off the burnt cork from Liver's mug.  
 "Matter! Don't I shout it at yer? Yer no good. And if you attempt to play any more of your smart Allick tricks on me, I'll throw you out of the car window, dog an' all."  
 "That would be a dog-goned shame," said the Kid, grinning.  
 "Bah! dere might be some loss on der purp, but dat's all. Go crawl inter a collar box an' take a sleep," said the indignant Shorty, as he went from the washroom.  
 The Kid was left alone, trying his best to wash out the burnt cork from his dog's head, but it somehow got into his hair, where it changed his general looks and expression entirely; and besides that, he got soap in his eyes, which made him mad as blazes, causing him to snap savagely at the Kid several times and to struggle hard to get away.  
 There is no use in denying the matter, the Kid felt very foolish on account of the way his little joke had turned out, and when he went back into the car again, he took a seat by the window for a long look out of doors, while Shorty and the old man did the same thing.  
 Not a word was exchanged between them until the train stopped at Springfield, Illinois, for half an hour, to allow the passengers a chance to get supper and the porters of the "sleepers" an opportunity to make them up. Even then there wasn't much said, especially to the Kid, but refreshments made them all feel better, and on their return to the smoking department of their car, they were on much better terms, both with themselves and the world in general.  
 And besides this, they found that as many as a dozen additional passengers had taken sections in the car, several of whom were in the smoking-room, trying to make each other invisible in smoke.  
 The three Shortys balanced cigars, and proceeded to chip in with the others, and, finally, after they had got a few miles out of Springfield, two of the party began to play eucher in a quiet sort of a way, with only stake enough to make the game interesting, while the Shortys and others looked on. The two appeared to be strangers to each other, and not only that, but to be respectable business men who were simply indulging in the thing to make the time pass pleasantly.  
 The game progressed for an hour or more, the winnings being about even, when a stranger entered the car, and started back as though greatly shocked and astonished.  
 He looked like a minister, and was dressed like one, being apparently about fifty years of age. He looked at the card-players a moment with an expression of pious disgust, and then spoke:  
 "Gentlemen, I am pained to see this gambling on a public train of cars."  
 "Oh, you are, eh?" asked one of the men. "Are you a place-holder on this train?"  
 "Yes, but not in this particular car."  
 "Very well. If it is so very painful to you, suppose you go back where you belong, and then it won't pain you a cent's worth."  
 "Ah! that cannot be, for if I return, it will only be with the consciousness that gambling is going on, and that I am a passenger on the same train," replied Mr. Piety.  
 "That's too bad," said Shorty, sighing.  
 "And you, my diminutive friend, you give your countenance to such wickedness?"

"Him's der sort of a pipestem I am, ole man. I'd like ter play yer a game."  
 "No, sir, I never gamble."  
 "All right; I'll run 'em wid yer for fun."  
 "No, sir."  
 "I'll bet yer a bot yer on it!"  
 "Sir!" exclaimed the man, indignantly.  
 "Oh, don't muss yer shirt! Dis arn't der fust time Ise traveled, ole man, an' yer arn't der fust fraud I've seen wid a white choker. But if yer arn't on it, an' don't want any of der game, why don't yer get out?"  
 "Yes," said everybody else.  
 "I'd like to show you all the error of your ways."  
 "Can't do it, ole man, unless yer win heavy," replied Shorty, laughing.  
 This rather got the best of the fellow, and he didn't say anything more for some time.  
 "Oh, we're only playing for amusement," said the other player, finally.  
 "But I dislike to see money being played for under any circumstances."  
 "I don't believe it."  
 "But yet it is true."  
 "Suppose we donate our winnings to your church or Sunday-school?"  
 "Well, that certainly would be turning bad into good," said he, with some blandness.  
 "Ah, I thought so," said Shorty's dad, and the two were on the point of entering upon a big argument, when one of the players spoke.  
 "Come, now, hold on, I've got a proposition to make. We'll start a new game, or I will, and the winnings shall all go to charity or the church, and this gentleman shall take charge of them, provided he takes an interest in the game and watches it," said he, winking good-naturedly to those around.  
 This proposition met with a hearty approval, for they all wanted to see how big a fraud this clerical-looking chap was, although not one of them believed that any winnings would be given to him after all.  
 "What do you say to that?" asked the old man.  
 "I say as I said before, that I do not like to countenance gambling. But if you will insist upon doing so, and will give what is made to some good cause, why, I shall still rejoice that good is being brought out of evil," said the man, taking a seat.  
 "I thought so," sneered the old man, who was delighted at the way things were working.  
 "Start yer game," said Shorty.  
 "Well, now, I propose to do a little old-fashioned three-card monte business, for it is a quick game, and we can soon tell how far our clerical friend here is interested in it, or how much he knows about it," said the man, again winking around.  
 "I don't understand the game at all," said the man, shrugging his shoulders.  
 "Oh, it's simple as can be. Anybody can understand it."  
 "Yes, of course it is. But I object to this man's taking no risk and getting all the earnings," said the other card player.  
 "So do I," said the old man.  
 "Brace in an' take yer chances like a man," said Shorty.  
 "Yes, and when we get through playing each winner may give what he likes to the church."  
 "Yes—yes," was the general response.  
 "But I protest that I never gambled and know nothing whatever about it," said the man.  
 "You needn't touch a card. I'll do all that."  
 "Oh, in that case my objections will not be so pronounced."  
 "I thought so," muttered the old man.  
 Shorty was delighted. He knew all about the skin of three-card monte, but thinking that "Old Piety" did not, he wanted to see him go in and get plucked, for he knew by this time that the men who had been playing cards were sharps at the business, and most likely knew how to skin a sucker in short order.  
 So the cards were selected.  
 "I am not very good at this game, but I have been taken in on it several times in my life and learned it in self-defense. But I will do the best I can," said the player.  
 "Oh, I guess we are none of us professionals," said Shorty's anxious dad.  
 "I hope not," said old Piety.  
 It was a funny sight to see that game commence and old Piety watch it.  
 "Now, then, here you are," said the dealer, in commencing. "I have here three cards, called the ace of spades, queen of diamonds, and Jack of clubs. I hold them up face to you so that you can see them, and then I simply lay them backs up and change them slowly in this manner. Now I am ready to bet that there is no person in the party who can turn up the ace the first time trying."  
 A momentary silence followed, during which they all looked in each others' faces.  
 "What do you call the ace?" asked old Piety, after hesitating a while.  
 "This is the ace, this the queen, and this the Jack," said the dealer, showing them slowly, and then slowly shuffling them again. "I will bet ten dollars that no person will turn up either the ace, queen, or Jack."  
 "I believe I can turn the ace," said Piety.  
 "Well, get in and win ten dollars for a good cause, then," said the old man.  
 "I'm sure I can turn it up," he mused.  
 "Here's my ten that says you can't."  
 "And I'll chip in five dat yer can't," said Shorty, who wanted to worst him bad.  
 "And if I win I can have the whole sum?" asked the man, earnestly.  
 "Certainly," replied the dealer.  
 "Then in the name of charity I will try for it—but this isn't gambling?"  
 "No—no," said several.  
 With a great deal of nervous deliberation, he placed

his ten on top of the dealer's, and a five on top of Shorty's.

"Now go ahead."  
 The man quickly turned the ace.  
 "You win," said the dealer.  
 "I knew I could do it," replied the man, pocketing the money.  
 And the game went on for some time, first one and then another losing, although it certainly seemed as though the dealer was badly out and Piety well in on it. But as for Shorty and his dad, they were not only out considerably, but they were thoroughly disgusted at the seeming blind luck of the pious man.  
 "Now, gents, as I am out and injured at this little game, you will of course give me a chance to get square," said the dealer. "Here, I will shuffle them again, and bet one hundred dollars that no man can name the Jack," and he placed the money on the board.  
 "I can't bet so high as that," said Piety.  
 "Well, that's how I want to bet. Get some one else to go in with you," said the dealer, at the same time carelessly lifting the cards so that the pious man could see.  
 "Hold on!" said he, quickly, and then turning to Mr. Burwick, he whispered: "Did you see that?"  
 "What?" asked the old man, eagerly.  
 "I saw that Jack, as he calls it."  
 "Are you sure?"  
 "Positive. You put in fifty and I will."  
 "All right. Here it is," said the old man.  
 The money was covered—the card turned up—but it wasn't the Jack.  
 Both men were thoroughly disgusted, and Shorty didn't grin very enthusiastically.  
 "Try it again and I'll give you both a chance to get even," said the dealer.  
 They tried, and again they lost. Once more they tried, and once more they lost, and finding that the old man would bet no more, the play broke up and everybody retired, old Piety going back to his car seemingly a wiser and a sadder man, while Mr. Burwick felt both mortified and ashamed. Not that he cared for the money he had lost, but because he had lost it in trying to take the "freshness" out of old Piety.  
 The next morning they found themselves in St. Louis, and as they were going from the car a stranger spoke to the old man.  
 "Did you get roped in much last night?" he asked.  
 "Roped! What do you mean?" asked he, savagely.  
 "Why, that clerical dodge."  
 "What of it?"  
 "He's a stool pigeon; the sharpest capper for gamblers to be found between here and San Francisco. They were all in together. Good-day," and away he went, laughing.  
 The Shortys were all sick. People so sharp as they pretended to be, to be taken in in that way. No wonder they were sick, although the Kid had the best reason to laugh.  
 The next day Shorty found a party of tourists who were going through to Frisco, and he resolved to go along, believing that there would be heaps of fun in the car, as several of them were show and theatrical people.

#### CHAPTER V.

We left Shorty in St. Louis, where he enjoyed a day or two with his numerous acquaintances there, and on continuing their journey westward, managed to get a section in a Pullman palace car, the remainder of which was taken up by a theatrical troupe who were going through to San Francisco without a stop unless it was voted to do so.  
 Shorty was acquainted with several of these people, and he made up his mind that there would be fun before the end of the journey, as there were both talented men and women in the company. In fact, it was a sort of "Tourists" combination, such as we see on the stage at the present day.  
 A porter was to accompany the car right through from St. Louis to Frisco, consequently they would only meet a change of conductors at the end of every section of the road, and this, of course, was a pleasing feature, since he was to superintend the furnishing of the meals and all other refreshments.  
 Well, everything being in readiness, away they started for scenes beyond the Mississippi river, scenes which embrace everything to be met with under the sun of Heaven.  
 Nothing of especial moment came to the surface during the ride from St. Louis to Kansas City, although there was plenty of laughing, singing, joking, and story-telling, but thus far each section of the car appeared to keep by itself, while a few worried the time away by playing cards or dominoes, while a few slept or dozed.  
 Now this sort of a thing did not please our friend Shorty. He had calculated on more fun than he was having. Once or twice he had tried to start something a-going, but without much effect. Everybody seemed to be lazy.  
 At Kansas City they all got out to stretch their legs (although the Shortys didn't have much of that article to stretch), for the train waited there half an hour, for connection, refreshments, etc.  
 Shorty and the Kid—and Liver, of course—took several turns around the depot, as did other occupants of their car, and Kansas City being a red-hot, go-ahead frontier city, they found enough to interest and amuse them in and around the depot.  
 Shorty was not long in picking up something that not only amused him, but by the way he worked it he created amusement for his friends and everybody in general, as usual with him.  
 This "something" that he picked up was a spec-



men frequently met with in frontier settlements, although they are not so frequent at Kansas City as they used to be years ago; I mean the "scout," "Indian slayer," or the terrible hunter of the mountains or the plains.

This particular specimen was togged out as though dressed to play the part of hunter and scout upon the stage, his trappings and "weepons" having evidently never been used to any great extent, and still looking as though almost new. In fact, he might have passed for a dandy Texas Jack.

He wasn't over twenty-five years of age, but had evidently stained and made up his face and hands so as to look weatherbeaten, all for effect, as was his deer-skin coat and cap, his buckskin leggings and moccasins, as well as the long rifle he carried, and the two

whom were many of Shorty's friends, who had left the car for the same purpose he had.

"Boy!" sneered the great Indian slayer, at the same time turning contemptuously away as though the game was beneath him.

"If I'm a boy, yer a duffer; a no good."

"What!" the hunter almost gasped, as he placed his hand upon one of his revolvers.

"Yes," sneered Shorty.

"Stan' back, pop, an' let me set my dog on him," said the Kid, and this of course created a laugh, for more than half of those who stood around believed the fellow to be a duffer.

"Oh, it isn't worth my while ter kill toads. I'm a slayer of buffalo an' Injuns. 'Dead-Shot Bill' never wastes a shot on any smaller," said he, loftily.

"Yes, I will."

"Waal, of course yer go into this thing with yer eyes open?" asked Dead-Shot.

"Oh, yes; eyes wide open!"

"Knowin' I'm a dead shot?"

"So am I."

"What's yer weepins?"

"Revolvers," replied Sanderson, calmly pulling a huge seven-shooter.

The great Indian slayer began to weaken; but knowing that his many admirers expected blood, he braced up the best he could.

"All right. Foller me out ter ther plains, an' I'll treat ther coyotes with yer carcass," said he, starting to go.



Seating himself on the arm of one of the easy chairs, he began to sing, while the entire company crowded around to listen.

big "navy's" and hunting-knives which he wore in his belt.

Yes, he was gotten up for terrible effect, and flashed the lightning of his eye around in a most promiscuous manner, and if his killing powers had been as good as his squirting faculties, as he scattered tobacco juice about the depot, he certainly would have been a snorter.

Shorty saw at first glance that the fellow was a duffer, got up for the purpose of frightening girls and old women, and sensationalizing young fellows who had read of such characters in Indian novels. He took him right in, and salted him down at a glance.

As Shorty and the Kid approached to where he was leaning in a dramatic attitude on his rifle, creating wonder and alarm in the minds of several very inexperienced people who were standing around him, who didn't know at what instant he might forget himself in his meditations and mistake them for Indians, he let fly slightly less than a pint of tobacco juice in their direction, some of which actually did spatter upon the pants of both Shorty and his son.

This, of course, made him mad, and so, after regarding him contemptuously for a moment, he said:

"What'r yer doin', yer big duffer? If yer don't keep yer cheap plug terbacker juice nearer to yer own jaw I'll bust it."

The hunter-scout looked slowly around until his eyes rested on our diminutive hero, and then a frown gathered like a double-decked thunder cloud upon his brow.

"Did yer speak, my son?" he finally asked, in subcellar tones, which reverberated through the building, and once more caused the boys to cry: "Oh—oh!" and look around for an exit out of range.

"Yer bet I spoke, an' if yer squirt any more terbacker juice on my clothes, I'll bust yer in der snoot. Der yer understan' that?"

A crowd gathered almost instantly, of course, among

"Dead-Shot Bill! 'Chip Squirrel Ike,' I guess," retorted Shorty, whereat there was a general laugh at the bold hunter.

"Don't tork ter me that way, boy, or yer won't live ten seconds. Why, yer little runt, I've killed more Injuns than yer've got fingers un toes; I'm known all over the west."

"Yes, as a duffer. I'll bet yer never killed a coyote; don't think yer've got der nerve to shoot a jackass rabbit," said Shorty.

"This is too much—too much!" exclaimed the ferocious hunter partially drawing one of his big hunting knives.

"I should say so. Better unload."

"I say, boy, have yer got two or three friends here, men grown, who'll make good for yer?"

"Have I? I don't want anybody ter make good for me," replied Shorty, right up on the bit.

"This insult must be wiped out in blood. Yer've said too much, sonny."

"I'll make good for him," shouted the Kid. "Somebody hold my dog."

"This is another insult that will have to be sponged out with blood."

"Waal, I guess yer good on der sponge anyway," replied Shorty.

"Produce a friend or ten, I don't care how many, but somebody's got ter fight me on account of your insults. I begin to feel mad. Is ther anybody here who's a friend ter this runt?" he asked, looking all around, and most likely believing there was not. "Any person here who thinks 'nough of this little insignificant runt ter get all chawed up on his account!"

"Yes, I do," said Henry Sanderson, a tall, fierce-looking gentleman, belonging to the Pullman Palace Car Company.

This, of course, produced a sensation, and the crowd became larger and larger.

"Yer will, hey?"

"Not much. If you mean fight we can have it out right here in the freight-house."

"What der yer take me for? S'pose I'm goin' ter run ther risk of bein' 'rested for killin' yer here in town? No; come out on ther prairie, an' let me wipe out this stain."

"Here! I'll tell you how you can wipe it out. Put up yer fins," said Sanderson, putting up his hands in boxing attitude.

"Go in, Injun slayer!" shouted several.

"No, sir; I'm a true fighter, I don't know anything 'bout yer rough an' tumble fightin', 'cept with Bowle knives with b'ars and Injuns."

A derisive laugh greeted this, when Shorty sprang in front of him.

"Here, I'll fix him!" and drawing back his tough little fist, he hit the braggart a blow below the belt.

"Great Modocs! must I stan' this?" he roared.

"Here, I'll attend to you, Bill Smith!" exclaimed a policeman, pushing his way through the crowd. "I told you the other day that if I caught you around here with that toggery on again, I'd take you in; so come along," said he, snatching him. "A healthy Indian fighter you are, aren't you?" sneered the officer, as he pulled the crestfallen Dead-Shot through the crowd.

A wild shout followed him, and everybody seemed to be on the grin.

"Oh, wait till I see you again!" he shouted, turning to Shorty.

"Tra-la-la, Turkey-Gobbler Bill!"

"This is just the way. A hunter's got no show in large towns!"

"Git out!"

"Go soak your head!" and dozens of other cries escorted him to where he made his inglorious exit from the depot door, and just then the signal: "All aboard!" was given, and the passengers hastened to get on wheels.



"That's the original Shorty," cried somebody, as the little fellow scrambled up the platform.

"Then that other fellow must be the original 'Jack Hawser' in leggings," suggested another individual.

Slowly the heavy express train pulled out of Kansas City, and once more our friends were in possession of their palace car, all laughing and congratulating Shorty on his adventure with the bold, bad slayer of wild Indians, and for many a mile did they laugh over the comical affair.

In fact, this roused the whole party up from what they had previously been, and then commenced some fine selections of operatic singing by the ladies and gentlemen. In truth, nearly the entire opera of "The Bohemian Girl" was given in fine style.

This broke the ice, and in quick succession followed

"But these three runts they did resolve  
That they'd not been half whirled,  
And so concluded to revolve  
Around this great big world;  
From east to west, o'er land and sea,  
Beyond der realms of kin,  
We'll work our way so merrily,  
An' take der whole thing in.  
We are short, Shorty, shortest,  
Three of der runty kind.

"We very soon shall leave der land  
Of Yankee Doodle, oh,  
An' go where people are Jappened  
And shave each noodle, oh;

And yet it could not have been possible that they all did so, for nearly the whole night long all sorts of tricks were being played by somebody, and he was a fortunate one who escaped long enough to get anything resembling a night's sleep.

The next day found the party scattered in many directions. Shorty's dad had joined a small party who had gone a few miles back into the mountains to hunt, while Shorty and the Kid, in company with two or three others, were riding around town, seeing the sights and hearing the sounds, both of which were many and varied.

Just at that time there was great excitement throughout that part of the country, owing to the recent discoveries of gold and silver mines in the state, and everybody was tearing mad.



The old man started his donkey at a rapid pace, and in an instant the other two followed as fast as they could go.

both serious and comic songs, and one couple even went so far as to attempt a dance, but owing to the motion of the car, this did not prove an entire success.

Nat Goodwin and several members of his troupe were there, and they went in for rehearsing some of their funny business in the car, and altogether it was a most enjoyable entertainment.

In the meantime some of Shorty's friends had produced a banjo from the properties on the train, and insisted on his giving the company an old-fashioned piece of his execution.

"Waal, now, I'll tell yer how 'tis, I arn't on it worth a cent," said he, as he took the banjo and began to tune it. "Haven't fooled 'round any cat-gut for years."

"Oh, well, see what you can do," said they.

"What'll yer have?"

"Anything."

"'Old Hundred?' " asked Shorty, with a grin.

"Well, a note or two better than that."

"Whist! I'll see what I can think of as I go 'long wid this," said he, striking up a lively accompaniment.

Seating himself on the arm of one of the easy chairs, he began to sing, while the entire company crowded around to listen.

"Perhaps yer've heard of Shorty,  
In days dat's past an' gone,  
For many a racket naughty  
He's managed to be on;  
Perhaps yer've heard of Shorty's dad,  
An' likewise of der Kid,  
For one was good, the other bad  
In everything he did.  
They are short, Shorty, shortest,  
Three of the runty kind."

We'll travel an' we'll take our ease  
Wherever we may be,  
'Mongst Indians or der Portuguese  
Or long, pig-tailed Chinese.  
For we're short, Shorty, shortest,  
Three of der runty kind.

"An' when we take in all der world,  
Or get took in ourselves,  
When all our bills of sales are furled  
And we laid on der shelves,  
'Twill fill our hearts with many a joy,  
Though we are short and small,  
Dat Yankee Doodle takes der cake  
An' overtops dem all;  
For we're runt, runty, runtiest,  
Three of der Shorty kind."

As he finished singing, he was cheered and applauded to the echo. They had often heard how the little fellow could make up songs as he sung them, but never had believed it until they were convinced in this way. He was heartily congratulated, and retired upon his laurels to make room for somebody else.

The entertainment lasted until night, and after supper there were songs, stories, instrumental music, including a banjo solo by Shorty, while a few played cards and amused themselves in various ways until bed time, when the luxurious car was speedily transformed into a honeycomb of delightful berths.

It was calculated to reach Denver the next day about noon, and the question was debated among the company, whether or no they should stop over there for a few days, as a portion of them wished to enjoy a short hunt in the vicinity, where there was an abundance of game, and others wanted to view the country.

It was finally voted to stop over there two days, and with this understanding the majority of the company went to bed.

In barrooms, saloons, hotels, on the corners of the streets, everywhere—there was nothing else talked of but this and that "lead" or discovery, and the "rich" way in which some lucky fellow had "struck it."

The papers were full of it, as well as the people. And here were hundreds of strangers in Denver who either had just come in from the new mines, or were pretending to have done so, and the stories they told of Leadville, Deadwood, Black Hills, and other quarters were simply marvelous.

Even tramps and bummers took advantage of the excitement, and several of them who had been bounced out of town for worthless vagrants, with instructions never to return again, now took heart, and with newly burnished cheek once more appeared in Denver, some of them pretending to be worth millions.

One old bum, with the dust and grime of many a tramp and hay-mow bed upon him, was holding forth to a crowd of people whom he had contrived to surprise with his yarns, and who were just ripe to swallow anything. They had known him for a worthless, loafing drunkard, who had been run out of the place by the authorities on account of his natural vagabondage, and he was telling them how rich he had struck it up near Leadville.

"Yes, yer fired me onter this ere town not long ago, because I happened ter be strapped an' kinder unfortunate. But I'm glad yer did, for ter-day I return with money 'nough ter buy yer cussed city," said he.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed several; and many a man who had refused him a glass of rum or a chew of tobacco now wished they could make him forget the past and become friends.

"Why, I was offered half a million for one-third of my claim, cash down."

"Good gracious!"

"Why didn't yer sell?" asked somebody in the crowd.



"Sell? What, give away a big thing when you got it? Well, I'm not doing that sort of a thing so much as I was. What I propose ter do, gentlemen, is ter form a stock company, I to retain one-half interest, an' in less than six months' time we'll own a mine that'll knock ther Virginia Consolidated higher nor a burnt boot. I'm havin' my stock printed now, but that needn't hinder any one's givin' me a hundred dollars a share, takin' my receipt, which will entitle him to the papers just as soon as they come from the press," said he, walking along to the office of the hotel and pompously demanding writing materials.

These were quickly furnished him, and, strange as it may seem, several men began to crowd around him with the money to buy shares. The truth was, such fat rumors were flying around that people got crazy to get into these wonderful mines where a fortune was said to be made in a week.

He was just on the point of writing a receipt for the first hundred dollars which a citizen had placed before him, when a constable burst into the crowd and seized the man who was able to buy Denver.

"Here, old man, I want you!" said he.

"What for?" asked Croesus.

"You was told to keep out of Denver."

"But he has struck it rich," said a citizen.

"Rich! Well, he would have done so in a short time if I hadn't found him," said the officer.

"He has found a rich mine near Leadville!"

"Bah! He was never in Leadville in his life. Why, he only got out of the Hughes House of Correction last week, where he has been for the last six months. I know all about this old bum. Come along!" he added, almost pulling the rotten coat off of him.

"Run him!" cried several.

"Give him six months more!"

"All right. Abuse me, but yer'll regret it ter ther day yer die! I'll keep that mine for myself, an' ther fust yer know I'll come back an' buy this God-forsaken town an' give it away ter ther wust lot of Chinamen I can find," said he, as he vanished with the officer.

But even that experience and escape did not cure the people, and thousands of dollars were sponged out of them during the excitement.

The party enjoyed a pleasant time during the two days, at the end of which they returned to their car for the purpose of continuing their journey, each one with some sort of a memento of the stay. Even the Kid's pug dog, Liver, had got a new variety of fleas of a peculiarly lively nature. The old man had bought a mining claim, and had a mule step on his toe, and Shorty brought aboard a tame coon.

#### CHAPTER VI.

FROM Denver they started after a two days' stay, calculating not to stop off again until they reached Salt Lake City, the home of many wives and few husbands.

It will be rembered that Shorty had a tame coon with him when he came on board the car again, a mischievous little devil that he had bought of somebody in Denver, and it at once became a source of great worryment to the Kid, who suspected that he had got it simply to worry his pug dog with.

Poor Liver! he was already worried quite enough by the new variety of fleas that he had caught in Denver, and the thoughts of having that tame coon assist him in doing his scratching was more than the Kid could bear without kicking.

And nearly everybody else in the car had some memento of Denver, although for the most part it was game which they had killed, and handed over to the porter, to be served during the journey to San Francisco.

But all hands were jolly with the exception of Shorty's dad, on whose favorite toe a mule had rested for a short time, the result being that he was lame and in bad temper.

"Why didn't yer kill der bloody mule?" asked Shorty, while the old man was telling about his misfortune.

"Kill him, you big, overgrown galoot; kill him, and walk home? Bah!" replied he.

"Oh, dat was it, eh? Well, why didn't yer swap him wid some oder snoozer?"

"Oh, shut up!" growled the old man.

"Dat's toe bad."

"Put some to-bacco on it," suggested the Kid.

"Dry up! Isn't it bad enough to have a sore toe without being obliged to listen to your bad puns? Give your gums a rest."

"How would yer like a to-ma-to, dad?" asked Shorty, who was bound to give the old man another dig.

"Bah! one's enough. I don't want any mate-o, thank you," replied the old man, with about half a grin.

"Faix, I thought yer was fond av mate," said the Kid, with a good Irish brogue, and so they continued to chaff the old man until finally Shorty's tame coon took it into his head to make the acquaintance of Liver.

The desire for sociability, however, was all on the coon's side, for the dog was so busy with his new variety of fleas that he had no time for forming new acquaintances, and when the coon offered to help him with his biting and scratching, Liver actually resented the familiarity to the extent of biting Mr. Coon's ear.

This proceeding on the part of a mere pup dog was not to be borne for an instant, and before either of the owners were aware of it, or before they could interfere, they had closed in bloody combat and were rolling over and over upon the car floor, making a big noise and doing some tall fighting.

"Call off yer bloody dog!" shouted Shorty.

"Call in yer bloomin' coon!" yelled the Kid.

"No—no! let 'em kill each other," said the old man, forgetting his toe.

The Kid attempted to drag them apart, but he got bitten for his pains by both of them, and as the battle continued and began to spread around the car, the female portion of the company felt it incumbent upon them to scream and jump upon the seats and show what style of boots and stockings they wore.

Finally, Liver got caught by his chin in some portion of one of the chairs and became helpless, while the coon, being free, took instant advantage of the mishap and went for him with the most pious intentions.

But the Kid interfered and rescued the dog, administering a kick to the coon that sent it spinning half way across the car, and the battle was over, a decided "draw."

"Put 'em out!"

"Pull their teeth!"

"Chop off their heads so's to keep 'em quiet!" and dozens of other suggestions were offered by the company.

"Dat's a duffer of a dog. Can't fight a little coon!" said Shorty, going for his "bird."

"Keep your coon under cover if you don't want him killed," said the Kid.

"I'll bet a tenner that my coon can get away wid yer dog."

"I'll bet on the coon," said several.

"Here's my filthy," said Shorty, producing his money.

"Oh, yer better keep yer money ter bet agin gospil sharps," sneered the Kid; and this thrust went home on both Shorty and the old man.

"Learn him to be a coach dog."

"How?"

"Tie him ter der brake an' let him run under der car. We'll get broke in afore we get ter Salt Lake City."

"That's so!" said several.

"An' I'll bet it'll shake der fleas right outer him."

"Perhaps yer want a few for yer coon?"

"Nixy. Der coon is lively enough without fleas. Want ter let 'em have some more fun?"

"Nix," replied the Kid, housing his purp in a corner of his seat.

Peace was finally restored, and those in the car began to settle down to the business and amusement of a long ride, while the coon was tied under one of the chairs and finally forgotten by all save Shorty, who was trying to think how he could still have some more fun with him.

But the whole affair changed soon after on account of some singing by members of the company present, and so good was the performance that the late misunderstanding between the coon and the dog was entirely forgotten.

Songs and stories filled up quite a gap of time, and nearly every one lent his or her assistance towards making everything lovely and entertainingly agreeable.

But finally Shorty remembered his coon, and began looking for it.

It was nowhere to be found. What the deuce had become of it? The string by which it had been tied was gnawed in two, and the little rascal was at large.

This piece of information produced another panic, and once more the females screamed and gathered their skirts closely around their pedals as they stood upon the seats and implored somebody to remove that coon.

But until the animal was found it was rather a difficult matter to remove him. Where had he vanished to?

Everybody at once began searching, even looking in their pockets to see if he was there, but all to no purpose. He was a gone coon.

"Guess the dog has eaten him," suggested one of the company.

"Perhaps he got off at the last station," said another.

"Maybe he has stopped to wood and water."

"Whater'n idea?"

"Shoot him!"

"Where is he?"

"No, the man who flourished that bad pun. Shoot him!"

"Kid, where's dat coon?" asked Shorty, addressing his son, whom he suspected of playing some sort of a joke on his pet.

"Give it up," replied the Kid.

"Oh, if he'll give it up, why all right."

"Where's dat coon?" again demanded Shorty.

"Guess he's burrowed through der bottom ob der car," laughed the little rascal.

"Well, sick yer dog after him."

"Not much. My dorg's got all he wants ter do, I'm a shoutin' ter yer," and to look at the poor devil one could not help believing what he said, for those Denver fleas were making it decidedly lively for him.

But that coon was not to be found.

"What's the row about?" asked the old man, who a half an hour or so before had fallen into a forgetful slumber in his seat.

"About over, I guess," suggested a bright young actress, just then getting down from a chair in which she had been standing.

"I've lost der coon, dad," said Shorty.

"Glad of it. Has the Kid lost his dog?"

"No."

"Sorry. But stop your racket; I had just got into a sleep and forgotten all about that cussed mule and my toe, when you had to wake me up and set my toe to aching again. Confound your coon!" he growled.

"Yes, confound the coon," cried everybody.

"All right. Guess he knowed he wasn't loved much an' so lit out, or else he got some of Liver's fleas, and scratched himself ter pieces tryin' ter get der best of

'em," said Shorty, and bobbing himself into a chair, he subsided into quietude.

And everybody else appeared to do the same thing, but still the problem remained unsolved—what the dickens had become of that tame coon? The car doors had not been opened, and how could he have escaped?

The old man was really mad, for his toe was aching again as bad as ever; but had he been allowed to sleep, the pain might possibly have passed away; so he felt like clubbing something, even a two-legged "coon," if nothing better.

Finally he concluded to try what virtue there was in a flask of Denver whisky with which he had provided himself. You see he had heard that whisky was good for rattlesnake bites, and he didn't know but that he might possibly find one on the train.

He took up his traveling bag in which he carried his "medicine."

It felt heavy.

Pressing on the catch, and throwing it open, what should meet his astonished gaze but that confounded coon.

"How is this?" he asked.

"What?"

"Here's that cussed coon."

"Is that so?" and several of the company crowded around him.

"Got der coon?" asked Shorty.

"Got the devil!" the old man bawled. "How in thunder did he get into my bag?"

"Look at the hole."

Sure enough, one end of the bag was nearly all eaten out. But that was not the strangest part of the business. The little rascal had actually not only made his way into the bag as described, but he had in some way pulled the cork out of the flask, and had helped himself to the whisky to such a degree that he was now stupidly drunk and utterly incapable of moving.

"Confound you and your coon!" said the old man, seizing the helpless animal and throwing it from the car window. "That will settle his hash. You are forever getting some nuisance or other to torment people."

"Well, he's a gone coon now, anyway," mused Shorty, but he didn't care to say much to the old man just then, for he was in a towering passion on account of the ruin of his Russia leather traveling bag, and the others respected the old man's feelings to such an extent that they laughed mostly behind his back, and offered him consolation from their private flasks.

But that ended Shorty's coon racket. There was to be no more fun out of that snap, and he soon after fell into another train—a train of thought—from which he was only aroused by the porter and a waiter who brought in a fine game dinner, and spread it before the tables which had been set in the different sections of the car.

This soon restored good feeling all around, for it was a dinner worthy of a first-class hotel, and they ate it while speeding over the plains at the rate of forty miles per hour.

Shorty whispered something to the porter, and in a few minutes there was a bottle of wine standing before every couple—wine, of course, being extra—and he was ready to propose a toast.

"Ladies and gents, here's ter dat coon; let's hope he had a soft thing when he landed."

With a general laugh the toast was drunk, and several comments followed.

"Well, if he wasn't killed outright, he will probably postare among his kind as a frightful example of whisky drinking, in the future," said Nat Goodwin.

"That's so. Perhaps he will go around among the coons making temperance speeches."

"Guess he don't think much of Pullman palace car civilization," said Sanderson; and so they laughed and chatted all through their dinner.

The next day found them in Salt Lake City, where they arranged to remain two days. There was a good theatrical company playing there at the time, with many of whom our party were acquainted.

This fact, together with the general one that they all wanted to see the place, promised to make the stay an interesting one.

There they were right in the home and hot-bed of the Mormons, and this presented quite as much attraction to the Shortys as anything else. They wanted to see how the old thing worked.

The first day, Shorty and the Kid set out together to see the place, while the old man went off with another party to examine some mines a few miles back in the mountains, this being an old hobby of his, which seemed to return to him as he got near to his old home, California.

They had not walked many rods before they met an old rooster followed by five hens. In other words, a man, followed by his five wives, and they looked remarkably docile. Behind these came fifteen or twenty young ones. They had evidently been visiting, or were on the point of calling upon some unfortunate friend.

Shorty and the Kid at once wheeled about and joined in the procession, as though they too belonged to the Mormon's family. And such sanctimonious, solemn, comical mugs as they put on!

The other children laughed as much as they dared to, but people passing on the street were attracted by the comical sight, and not only laughed, but a crowd was soon following, although the old rooster and his hens marched solemnly along and didn't appear to suspect anything wrong.

Shorty was leading the Kid by the hand, and he in turn was leading Liver.

But after they had walked a block or two, the laugh along the line became so loud that the Mormon parents became aroused, and so stopped to see his family march along under the lead of their various mothers.



while he inquired into the cause of the strange merri-ment, and he was not long in finding it.

"What are you doing here?" the old rooster de-manded of Shorty.

"Walking," whined Shorty.

"What for?"

"Ter get ahead."

"What are you doing with my children?"

"Nuffin."

"But what are the people laughing for?"

"'Cos we're poor orphans, I s'pose."

"I don't believe it."

"Yes, we be."

"You are a rascally little Gentile, sir," said the old Mormon, going threateningly towards him.

"No, boss; we're Yankees."

"But why are you walking with us?"

"We wants ter be taken in an' 'dopted."

"I guess you want to be taken into the lock-up, and if you don't get away from my family I'll have you ar-rested."

"What! Can't we walk on der sidewalk?" demand-ed Shorty, speaking up sharply.

"No; not with my family."

"Well, get yer bloody ole family out er der way, then."

Seeing that the sympathy of the crowd was with the comical little runts, and that they were really doing nothing for which they could be arrested, the old fellow concluded to march along, and get away from the crowd.

But that did not mend matters at all, for about fifty boys of all shapes and sizes now fell into line behind Shorty and the Kid, and began to march along with the same mock gravity, thus attracting a still larger crowd, and starting a laugh that took in nearly the whole city.

Indeed, it was an impromptu satire on the Mormons that every one saw and appreciated, even themselves, and had not an officer dispersed them, there might have been a mob, although the family of the old Mormon rooster got so badly mixed up with the naughty Gentile children that it was hard to tell which from t'other, and nearly used up the old par-ent's patience before he got them separated and on the march again.

But that little snap of Shorty's was too good to be lost, and the street boys of Salt Lake City continued to follow the example until the Mormons took a tumble, and afterwards did not parade their hens and chickens in public.

They knocked around, and had considerable fun in one way and another during the day, and went to the theater in the evening, where they also had a very pleasant time.

The next day Shorty, his dad and the Kid arranged to visit a certain part of the great Salt Lake, renowned for its beautiful scenery, and in order to do so in the most approved style, they each hired a donkey to ride.

The owner of them made a business of letting these stout little animals to tourists and persons wishing to make short trips back into the mountains, and in this instance he said he had just exactly what the party wanted—namely, a stout, good-sized animal for the old man, one a few sizes smaller for Shorty, and a very small one for the Kid, and it was agreed to hire them.

They really did look well after being mounted, and attracted considerable attention as they rode through the city on their way out to the lake and the country. And when they came to be put to their pace, it was found that the old man's donkey was the fastest, Shorty's next, and the Kid's last as well as least.

But the most comical thing about the whole turn-out was the Kid's Liver, he having tied a stout string to the chain and fastened one end of it to the crupper of his saddle, so that he might follow along behind.

This arrangement, although evidently convenient, did not please the pug much, for he was naturally so fat and lazy that he hated to get out of a walk, which he was obliged to do whenever the old man hurried his donkey, for the other two were bound to keep as close up as possible. Besides, poor Liver was troubled with those Denver fleas, and whenever he attempted to stop for the purpose of choking one of them off, he was sure to get pulled over into the mud rather roughly.

They were three very nice donkeys, but somehow the riders didn't like their actions very well, for there appeared to be a strange concert of action between them. The two smaller ones followed the leader in everything. If he fancied to take a lunch of grass or thistles, as he frequently did, and stopped to eat, the others would do the same, and no amount of whip would make them move on until the leader did so, although when they stopped, Liver got a chance to scratch.

In fact, three four-legged animals more like the three Shortys could never be found, and they heartily wished they could take them along to help make their trip around the world, knowing that they would be useful in many cases where they wished to explore the country.

"I say, dad, let's race," shouted Shorty.

"All right," replied the old man.

"No—no!" cried the Kid.

"What's der matter wid you, yer runt?"

"My donk's got no show wid you duffs; besides, I've got der purp on behind."

"Well, that will give him some exercise," said the old man, laughing, as he slowed up.

"He don't want no exercise. Ther fleas give him all he wants. Besides, what's ther use of racin', anyway? Yer don't know ther road."

"Dat's all der better. Let's get lost an' have some fun," said Shorty.

"All right; yer may get lost if yer wants ter, but

none in mine. I'll go back ter town if yer start dat racket," said the Kid, resolutely.

Shorty rode up close to his dad.

"Say, yer start yer ole Dexter, an' his little plug'll take him along anyhow," he said to him so that the Kid couldn't hear.

"All right; I'll cut out the pace."

"Faix, yes, let us have pace," said Shorty, with an Irish brogue.

They were now within half a mile of the lake, the path they were on leading to an overhanging rock some twenty feet from the water, where a fine view was to be had. The old man started his donkey at a rapid pace, and in an instant the other two followed as fast as they could go. In vain did the Kid try to hold his little fellow in. He was bound to follow in spite of him, and as he sped onward toward the brink, poor Liver was oftener in the air than on his feet, all the while ki-yi-ing as though Old Nick had got him.

## CHAPTER VII.

In vain did the Kid try to hold back the little donkey on which he was riding, and in vain did his pug dog, Liver, who was tied to the crupper, try to get upon his feet. In vain, also, did the old man and Shorty attempt to pull in the donkeys they were riding.

They were now close upon the brink of the precipice overhanging the waters of Salt Lake, and yet in spite of all they could do they could not rein in their ani-mals. At least the old man could not, although most likely if his had stopped the other two would have done so, as they had manifested a disposition from the first to follow his lead.

But that donkey evidently knew his business.

Plunging to the very verge of the overhanging rock, he suddenly stopped, throwing the old man over his head, as did Shorty's animal and the Kid's, and all three of them went shooting headlong over into the water below.

There was a picture for you!

Kerchunk! Ker-rip! Ker-wish! came the echoed re-sult as one after the other went out of sight beneath the surface of the water.

But it must not be supposed for a moment that neither of them did any yelling as they took those fly-ing leaps into the moisture, for the salt water was the only thing that choked them off.

The old man was the first one up, and he swore.

Shorty was next, and he cursed.

The Kid came up next, and he blowed—salt water out of his mouth. Whew!

"Catch any fish, dad?" asked Shorty.

"Go to thunder!" growled the old man, as he struck out for shore, minus his hat.

They looked up, and there stood those three donkeys gazing down upon them with an expression on their faces which seemed to say: "Want to race some more?"

There was another picture for you!

"What did you catch, Kiddy?" asked Shorty.

"Caught a bad picklin'," replied the little runt, as he began to make for the shore. "Wonder where my dog is?"

"Up dere laughin' wid der donkeys, I guess. Let's go up an' kill der whole lot."

"Guess der poor dog's dead, anyway," muttered the Kid, as he scrambled upon the rocks.

With considerable difficulty they managed to regain the overhanging rock from which they had been so un-ceremoniously fired, and there they found their don-keys standing as still as could be, and looking as inno-cent as sucking pigs.

Liver had recovered his feet, and by the time the Kid reached him, he was digging into his muddy hair in quest of Denver fleas.

The old man seized his donkey by the bridle, and commenced to belabor him. Shorty also seoured his, but began laughing instead of punishing him.

"What in thunder are you laughing at?" demand-ed the old man, savagely, turning upon the dripping runt.

"Why, chop me up for bait, dad, if your donkey didn't look 'round ter me just then an' wink," and again he laughed.

"I'll make him wink," growled the infuriated old Shorty, raising his foot to give the beast a kick.

But in doing this, so mad was he, and so hard did he intend to kick, that it threw him off his other foot, and down he went, ker-chunk! This time, whether the donkey winked or not, he reached down his nose and took a smell of the prostrate old man, and then fanned him with one of his ears.

Then Shorty and the Kid both roared, and even Liver stopped scratching and looked interested.

"Confound you fellows! you'd laugh if a man broke his neck," growled the old man, as he struggled to his feet, and then he went for that donkey again.

But the long-eared animal didn't appear to mind it much, and actually did act as though—every time the old fellow hit him with his whip—he looked at Shorty and winked, either with one eye or one ear, as much as to ask: "What seems to be the trouble with the old man?"

Finally he became disgusted with the labor he was expending on the unappreciative animal, and stopped, after telling him to go to a place where it is supposed to be hot enough to wear linen dusters the year round.

But both Shorty and the Kid enjoyed a wild laugh while the circus was going on, making the old fellow so mad that he forgot he was wet.

"Wish we had a wringin' mersheen," said Shorty, squeezing the brine out of his coat.

"So do I; and the first thing I'd do with it would be to wring your neck."

"What! dat would be more labor thrown away; my

neck isn't wet. It's awful dry. Lend us your flask, dad?"

"Will I? Oh, yes, I'll lend it to you," replied the old man, drinking the entire contents of it before uncoup-ling it from his mouth.

"Never mind, I've changed my mind. Guess I don't want a drink, come ter think of it," said Shorty, mounting his donkey, only to be "bucked" off and thrown sprawling upon the ground.

Then there was a laugh at his expense, which the old man did not fail to improve.

"Confound that jackass—"

"Which one?" asked the Kid, hopping up into the saddle of his little donkey, only, however, to be thrown in the same way.

"That one," laughed Shorty, instantly forgetting his own bruises.

This prolonged the laugh, of course, and in "buck-ing," the little donkey had given Liver a wild jerk, and he in turn was for getting mad and gnawing his shin bones for him.

"All right. You runts seem to be having some fun now," said the old man, laughing so heartily that he nearly forgot his own mishaps.

"That's so; but it's your turn next," said the Kid, winking to Shorty.

"Of course it is; but you'll find me there every time, young fellows."

"Where?" asked Shorty.

"In der mud," said the Kid.

"Well, now, I'd like to see a donkey that could bounce me."

"So would I. Try him."

"Certainly," saying which he threw himself into the saddle with perfect ease, and the donkey seemed per-fectly satisfied. "How is that?" he asked, turning to them.

Neither of them made any reply. To tell the truth, they were both disappointed because the animal hadn't thrown him.

"Now try yours again, Shorty."

"Wonder what der owner'd charge for dis yer big rabbit, anyhow?" he mused, standing off and looking at his donkey.

"Why?"

"'Cos I'd like ter murder him."

"Me too," added the Kid.

"Nonsense. I understand these donkeys better than you do. They have been taught to stand on etiquette," said the old man.

"On who?" the other two asked, quickly.

"On etiquette."

"Don't know him."

"The truth is, I suspect, that neither of your donks considered it right to be mounted before their leader was. Perhaps mine would have waltzed a trifle if you had attempted to mount him, but I think I am right about the etiquette racket. Try it."

The Kid attempted to mount his donkey, but the lit-tle animal wouldn't have it. Then Shorty leaped into his saddle without difficulty.

"That's it. I know it. Now you try, Kid."

He did try, and the donkey behaved as nicely as did Mary's little lamb. In short, the old man was right. They were undoubtedly highly educated don-keys, and knew what belonged to good manners. When their leader was mounted they had no objec-tion to being loaded themselves.

"These roosters belong ter high-toned society," said Shorty.

"Of course they do. But they stop a trifle too sud-den to please me."

"P'raps they've been educated ter give folks a bath when they take 'em out here."

"Perhaps. But what shall we do now?"

"Let's go back," whined the Kid.

"Yes, I guess so; I don't feel much like cruising around in search of scenery."

"Yer may have yer scenery—  
Give me dry duds an' a beanery,"

said Shorty.

And so they turned the heads of their donkeys to-wards Salt Lake City, each feeling a trifle sick and pretty well pickled in the brine of the lake, it being re-nowned for its great saltiness.

In fact, whatever there was black about their cloth-ing looked white with salt as they got dry. Glad enough were they to get back to their hotel and into dry clothing once more. And the recital of their ad-venture furnished much amusement to their friends when they met them again on the train.

Once more on the train, it was agreed by all that they had enjoyed the stop over hugely, but also under-stood that there should be no other stop until they reached San Francisco, unless they ran into something or took a jump in the air, as people out that way say when a train jumps the track.

The ride through to Oakland, California, a beautiful rural city, connected with San Francisco by elegant ferry boats, was a delightful one in all respects, the scenery all along the route being the most magnificent in the world.

But at the depot at Oakland the party broke up, some going in one direction and some in another, and the hand shaking and good wishes which were extend-ed to the Shortys were hearty, and nearly broke them to pieces.

Those who remember "Shorty in Search of His Dad" will bear in mind that it was at Oakland that Shorty finally found the party who was responsible for his being. The old man had lived there several years, while doing business in San Francisco, and so he con-cluded to step off and take a look at the place before crossing over to 'Frisco.

Up to the time that Shorty found him, he had lived entirely by himself; a sort of a hermit, although, as we have since seen, he possessed a large fund of humor, like his son. He made but a few friends, and only in



connection with business, so of course, although he saw many familiar faces, he met no old friends with a hand-shake to welcome him back again.

He drove around through the city for an hour or so, noting the changes that had taken place, after which they took the ferry and crossed over to San Francisco and were driven to the Palace Hotel, where they calculated to remain until such time as the next Pacific Mail Steamer, the *City of Yokohama*, sailed for Japan, to which far away point they were next destined, stopping at the Sandwich Islands.

But here they were at the Golden Gate at last, the most beautiful and wonderful city that ever sprang like a mushroom from the earth.

Everything was familiar, even to the Kid, for even he had been there before, and they all felt very much at home the moment they set foot upon the blossoming soil.

A bath, a little barber work, a good supper, and a smoke made them feel much better, and then a good night's rest turned all three of them out the next morning feeling like larks.

"I tell you, boys, there is only one place in the world that lays over 'Frisco," said the old man, after breakfast, "and that is New York."

"Right you are, dad," replied Shorty.

"And I am not so sure but that 'Frisco lays over York in many things."

"They have better dust here."

"What do you mean?"

"Gold dust."

"Yes, certainly. A great many people get that sort of dust in their eyes—and never in any other place; it is always 'in my eye' with them."

"Well, I've had lots of fun in this settlement," said Shorty, seriously.

"This is the place where it is to be had. I, too, have had fun here—making money, for that was the only fun I cared for in those days," added the old man, reflectively.

"Say, ain't yer glad dat I found yer, an' took yer away from yer fun? Yer might have laughed yerself ter death by this time," said Shorty, with a comical grin.

"Well—yes, my son, I have never regretted having found you, for in spite of the money I made, I was never really happy from the day I lost you until I became convinced that you was really my son; and I was never so happy in my whole life put together as I have been since then," said he, earnestly.

"Shake!" said Shorty, extending his little fat hand to his sentimental dad, which caused him to smile in spite of his serious feelings.

"Say, I think his nibs oughter set 'em up, don't you? I would if I'd er found two stunning-lookin' sons like you and I," said the Kid, lighting a cigarette.

"Why didn't yer mention der good-lookin' dorg?" asked Shorty.

"Speaking of dog—if I was in your place I would get something to kill the fleas on that dog. He has worked himself down to a skeleton, and into a settled melancholy, scratching them," said the old man, half seriously.

"Dat's all right. I'm agoin' ter."

This put a wicked idea into Shorty's head; for, pretending a moment afterwards that he wanted to go to the wash-room, he soon found a hoodlum boot-black, outside of the hotel, to whom he gave a quarter, and posted him regarding the Kid's dog and the fleas. The result was that in a few moments the boy came along where all three of them were sitting, and, of course, asked them if they wanted a shine; but not finding a job of that kind, and noticing Liver as he was going rapidly around, trying to reach a flea that had taken a grip on the tip end of his tail, he said:

"Say—fleas?" and he pointed to the dog.

"Yes," replied the Kid.

"I know a wash that'll stampede 'em."

"Do yer?"

"Cert!"

"I'll give yer a case note if yer'll get me some," said the Kid, quickly.

"Good dirt! Give me a half case an' I'll go get it for yer," said the hoodlum, depositing his blacking-box under the Kid's chair as a sort of guaranty that he would return.

"Go it!" and giving him the money, he at once started away for a drug store, where he ordered a bottle of mixture such as Shorty had told him to get.

But the moment the boy was out of sight, the Kid happened to think what fun he could have by playing a trick on his blacking. So he went to the dining-room, where, staking one of the waiters with a quarter, he obtained a handful of fine sugar, and this he placed in the box of blacking, where it would soon melt and raise the deuce when the owner attempted to use it.

Shorty laughed and pronounced it a good snap, but at the same time thinking about the one that the Kid would soon have played on him.

The fellow soon after returned with the bottle of preparation, and after assuring the joker that it would kill the fleas with once washing the dog with it, he took his dollar note and his doctored box and lit out, having made more money thus early in the day than he had gathered in before in three days.

The Kid thought at the time that he was doing a foolish thing, letting the fellow go before he knew whether the mixture was good for anything or not, but wishing to get rid of him on account of that doctored blacking, he let him go, and taking the preparation and his purp, he at once went up to his room to apply it.

"What the deuce are you laughing about all to yourself?" asked the old man, looking up from his morning paper a moment afterwards.

"I see thinkin' 'bout a racket, dat's all," said Shorty

getting up and walking leisurely away, while his father continued his reading.

True it was that Shorty seemed to be wholly convulsed by some internal tickling, and he felt obliged to walk around in order to get his face into sober shape.

Meanwhile the Kid was applying the new preparation to his Liver, or, rather, to the fleas which he carried around with him.

The dog did not seem to like the ointment much, and tried to bite his little master several times while he was applying it. But he gave him a good washing in it, after which he tied him in the room alone in order to give the medium a good chance to operate, and so returned to join his friends.

"Say, where's ther duffer gone wid der blacking?" he asked. "Why didn't yer watch him; yer'd see some fun."

"Guess I'd see some fun if he'd come back an' tumbled ter yer playin' it on him," replied Shorty.

"Pshaw! He wouldn't know what ailed it."

"An' yer mightn't know what ailed you if he should drop. Better lay low."

"Nixey, James! I'm goin' ter lay around here until I see him try ter blacken somebody's boots, yer bet," and he began to look from the windows to see if he could spot him anywhere.

But that hoodlum was too fly to stay around there. Oh, yes.

All three of them finally went out for a walk on Montgomery Avenue, and around in different localities, renewing old acquaintances with them, and with several people as well.

This lasted until dinner time, when they all three went back to the hotel for grub and to get ready for some theater in the evening.

The Kid, of course, thought about his dog the first thing, and having bought him a nice piece of meat on the way home, he at once hastened to his room to see how he was getting along.

Opening the door he was confronted by the strangest picture that ever startled him. There stood Liver in undress uniform, looking the picture of misery and disgust. There wasn't a hair on him, from the tip of his tail to the end of his nose; the wash had taken it all off, and there it lay on the carpet where he had rubbed himself.

Shorty, of course, came in directly after him, and before the Kid had a chance to give vent to his astonishment.

"Why, what der deuce is this?" he finally asked, looking at his shivering dog.

"Why, he's as naked as a bottle," said Shorty, looking as honest as an old-fashioned stove.

"Well, I should say so! Liver, old boy, what in thunder's der matter with you?" he asked, going closer to him.

But the dog growled and snapped at him, evidently regarding him as his enemy, and wholly to blame for his humiliation.

"I'll kill dat hoodlum!" said the Kid.

"What for?"

"What for? Look at dat dorg!"

"Dat's all right. What's der matter wid yer, anyhow? He said der stuff would kill der fleas, an' yer bet it has."

"An' I'll kill him."

"Don't. Hoodlums are worth as much as a hundred dollars apiece here, when yer kill 'em. He said it would kill der fleas; he didn't say nuffin' 'bout it's taking out der hair," said Shorty, laughing most heartily.

Just then the old man came in and the thing was explained to him. At first he laughed as heartily as Shorty did, but seeing the dog look up so sorrowfully, he began to feel sorry.

"Yer bet he won't be troubled with fleas any more," said Shorty.

"Guess he'll be troubled more with colds than fleas in the future," suggested the old man.

"Poor fellow! Come here," coaxed the Kid, but every time he attempted to go near the denuded pug he would snap and snarl at him.

"I tell yer what yer do now, Kiddy. Go and buy a bottle of hair restorer."

"Better buy a carboy of it and give him a bath in it," added the old man.

"Oh, you be blowed! Dat's der meanest thing dat ever was played," moaned the Kid.

"Almost comes up ter der snap yer played on his blacking-box, eh?"

"Oh, yer go shoot yerself! Come here, poor Liver, come here," he called.

"Hear him how! Dat's what I call a bad case of Liver complaint," said Shorty.

Poor Liver, poor Kid! It was no joke to either of them, especially the dog. His skin was sore and without a hair, and his little owner felt almost as bad as he did about it.

He was almost on the point of laying the whole job to Shorty, but he couldn't make it out how he could be mixed up in it. There was no other way but to provide some remedy for the poor dog, and this he did in the shape of some sweet oil which he rubbed over him, but got bitten three or four times during the operation, the dog not knowing but that the tanning operation was going on again.

It soothed the pain, however, but a more comical-looking dog was never seen than poor Liver was. In fact, the Kid hardly dared to take him out, but at the same time he refused to part with him, insisting upon it that he should go with him around the world.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE joke that was played by Shorty on the Kid's dog Liver, in San Francisco, will be remembered, as

also, what a comical little creature it turned him into.

Think of a pug dog without a speck of hair on his skin, from snout to tail. That was what the hoodlum's "flea-killer" had done.

They were stopping at the Palace Hotel after arriving at San Francisco, where they went to wait for the next Yokohama steamship for Japan, the next point they were to make in their trip around the world, although they might pause a little at the Sandwich Islands.

But that dog nearly killed Shorty. It kept him laughing continually, as it did every one who saw it, especially if they happened to learn about the joke that had been played in connection with the losing of the hair. And yet the Kid stubbornly refused to part with his Liver, insisting upon it that he would take him along until he had completed his journey, provided, of course, that he lived long enough.

A blanket, however, covered up a large portion of the dog's nakedness, and in a few days he was able to be out a little with his master.

And if anybody asked him what breed of dog it belonged to, the Kid would give them taffy enough to last them a lifetime.

"He's an equatorial pug," he would say to some of the curious ones. "Don't need any hair where it's so hot. Have ter blanket him up in this bloody cold country, you know."

But by the way that Shorty and the old man laughed, the Kid made up his mind that one or both of them knew something about the joke that had been played on his dog, if, indeed, they had not put up the job; and so he made up his mind to get square on them if it was so, or be one ahead of them even if they were innocent.

That afternoon they got to talking about Oakland, and finally a dispute arose regarding the distance across the bay, Shorty maintaining that it was one distance and the old man another.

"Don't you suppose I know how far it is after having made the trip between the two places so often?" demanded the old man. "Why, I have rowed it dozens of times."

"Rowed it! rowed seven miles?" exclaimed Shorty.

"I tell you it is only five miles."

"Well, I'll bet yer fifty dollars that I can row it quicker than you can."

"What? I'll bet you a hundred."

"All hunky."

"No—no. Make it half a century so I can get in," said the Kid, eagerly.

"You?"

"Yes, me."

"What yer goin' ter row in, a tomato can?" sneered Shorty.

"Nix. Make it fifty an' I'm in that I'll beat both of you."

"Bah! stay here and put hair-restorer on your purp!"

"Oh, let him go in if he wants to," said the old man; "the more the merrier."

"All right, if he'll take der purp."

"Of course I'll take der purp. Want him for ballast," replied the Kid.

"Better take three or four matches wid yer for fear he won't be heavy enough."

"Well, when shall we row it?"

"Right away," said Shorty.

"I can't go just now, for I have got an appointment that will take me about an hour. We'll start at twelve o'clock. There are any quantity of fine working-boats near the foot of Market street."

That being arranged, the subject was dropped for the time being. The old man went to keep his engagement; Shorty went to get a shave, and the Kid took a cab and rode as fast as he could go for the boat-houses which his grandfather had spoken about.

Finding the proprietor, he drew him aside and told him the whole story, and then, with a five-dollar bill, he bribed him to fasten a drag to the boats which he would give to Shorty and the old man, while his was to go free, so that he could win the money.

The man took a great liking to the Kid, and promised to see him through all right, after which he returned to the hotel.

At the appointed time all three of them went to the boat-house, where they were assigned the boats that the Kid had picked out, and in short order they were stripped for the fray. The old man had at one time belonged to a boat club, and he prided himself considerably on his muscle, while Shorty allowed that he jerked a nasty oar himself.

Well, everything being in readiness, they braced themselves to the oars, and the old man gave the word, at the same time taking the water lustily, as did both Shorty and the Kid.

The Kid shot his little boat out like a rocket (for he was also some on the pull), while those of Shorty and the old man scarcely moved from the dock.

They pulled like steers, but not a peg would their boats move, while the Kid was going out of sight with perfect ease, chaffing them as he went.

Even Liver looked back at them and barked triumphantly.

"Come on, yer big duffers!" the Kid cried.

"Hol' on! What's der matter?" asked Shorty.

"Thunder and jacks! I say, boatman, what's the trouble here?" called the old man, but the boatman wasn't visible.

"Here's a job, I'll bet ten cases," growled Shorty, as he stopped pulling and began to look around for the cause of the drag.

"A job! Guess we'll have a job to get away from here," mused the old man, looking carefully around his boat.

Meantime the Kid was nearly out of sight, and they began to feel sick. Finally they got out upon the



float, and pulled up their boats to find out what the trouble was, and they were not long in finding out.

Of course they saw then that a trick had been played upon them, and they went to find the proprietor of the boat-houses. But that individual took good care to keep out of the way until there could be no possible chance for them to overtake the little fellow, and then he came to the front, looking as innocent as mud.

"Whose racket is this?" demanded the old man.

"All among yourselves, aren't it?"

"Among ourselves! What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, the little fellow was down here this forenoon and said that he wanted to get hunk with you two for something about a dog of his, and I guess he had a stand in with my man," replied the now grinning proprietor.

"Healthy old spoon slingers you are, arn't yer?" said he, after they had reached the hotel.

"Dat's der best snap yer ever played in yer life, Kiddy. I own up, but dad's as sore as a corn in a fog," said Shorty.

"The next time I have a bet with you, you little runt, I'll have it distinctly understood that there's to be no catch or joke!" growled the old man.

"Joke! Why, der old man said yer was tryin' ter row his float out ter sea."

"Oh, shut up!" growled the old man again.

"Yes, shut up! How dare yer treat yer parents dat way? For shame!" added Shorty.

But the old man did not hold a spite long, and during the afternoon he got over it so well that he actually laughed at it, and good-naturedly threatened to

anese, and some Arabic, and the old man concluded that he would not only be useful as a body-servant, to shave him and attend to his various wants, but he could act as a guide in many cases, or at least he assured him that he could do so.

Most people think that all Chinamen look comical; but Ho Sham was of all Celestials the most comical. There is no use in attempting to describe him, for all Chinamen are so much alike, that you have to know one from another by study and observation of them, in order to see in what respect one of them is more comical and ridiculous than another.

When Shorty and the Kid heard what the old man had done, they kicked. What the deuce did he want of a valet, anyhow? Was he getting airy in his old age, or cranky—which?



*They pulled like steers, but not a peg would their boats move, while the Kid was going out of sight with perfect ease, chaffing them as he went.*

"Oh, you think he did, eh?" sneered the old man, red in the face, while Shorty laughed. "Don't think you had anything to do with it?"

"No, sir. I couldn't afford to do such a thing. It would hurt my business, but such tricks are often played through some of the helpers I have around the houses."

"The deuce take you and your helpers. He will win that fifty, besides having the laugh on us," fretted the old man.

"Well, it's all in the family, isn't it?"

"Family!"

"Yes; you look as if you belonged to the same family."

"Bah!"

"I say, dad, the Kid has downed us this time, sure pop," said Shorty.

"The little rascal!" grunted the old man.

"I squeal."

"What is it about the dog?"

"Oh, I worked the hair off," replied Shorty, laughing heartily.

"I suspected as much, and here I am on account of it."

"Nonsense; let's spin over now."

"Nary a spin. I'm going to reel—home. I've got all the rowing I want," saying which, the old man waddled into his dressing-room, while Shorty got into his boat and started out into the harbor for a short row.

Of course there was no such a thing as catching the Kid now, but he concluded to paddle around and be there to congratulate him or drown his dog when he returned.

Well, to make a long story bob-tailed, the Kid won the money and had the laugh on the other two, just as they expected he would, and just as he had calculated on doing.

smother the little runt in a pill box if he ever played such a joke on him again. But they probably would never think of engaging in such another contest.

It was now three days before the steamer sailed for Yokohama, Japan, by the way of the Sandwich Islands. They had engaged state rooms and passage, and their extra luggage had been taken on board. But what the deuce they should do to kill those three days, they hardly knew.

During the week they had already been in San Francisco, they had visited every resort, and renewed their acquaintance with old friends and places, and so they were rather stumped as to how to dispose of their time.

Shorty finally bought a guide book of travel around the world, and begun to study it up. As for the first stop at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, he made up his mind to call on "King Calico," as he called him, and pay his respects. In fact, he busied himself during the next day or two in studying up the route, and laying out a programme.

The Kid devoted his time to shampooing his Liver with hair restorer, having bought a bottle of every kind advertised, being determined to bring out the hair on his dog, or to prove that everything advertised was a fraud.

Shorty also bought a banjo, and the Kid a tambourine, with which to amuse themselves during the long voyage.

But what do you suppose the old man was up to during that time?

He had made up his mind to provide himself with a valet, and after looking around for some time, he finally engaged a Chinaman by the name of Ho Sham, a long, pig-tailed fellow, who had traveled considerably, and who was most anxious to get such a situation.

He spoke a little pigeon-English; knew a little Jap-

But he was as mulish as a mule when he got his mind made up upon anything, and the more they laughed and chaffed him about the Chinaman, the more determined he was to take him along.

"Why, he can shave elegantly," said he, "and knows all the hopes."

"Wonder if he ever knew a rope's end?"

"Never you mind. I'll bet you will be as fast to have him wait upon you as I shall be. And I don't want you to be at him with any of your rackets," said he.

"Oh, no, of course not!" said Shorty.

"What! roast a Chinaman? Guess not. We shall never think of such a thing," added the Kid.

"I don't believe you; but I wish you to distinctly understand that I don't want it."

"Wonder if he will?"

"Don't you attempt to find out."

"Oh, certainly not!" and again they exchanged winks.

"Oh, no!" and they laughed.

"Mind, now, what I tell you."

"Cert, I'm going ter get me a valley," said Shorty, thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, and swaggering up and down.

"Me too, pop. I don't feel as though I could travel without one. Guess I'll get a little one for the purp too," said the Kid.

"Oh, well, that's all right now. I don't have to pay him much, and he'll be a great help."

"Cert. He'll help to kill many a weary hour. Goin' ter teach him any tricks?" asked Shorty.

"Well, for that matter, I dare say he knows tricks enough now, and possibly he can teach us all some of them."

"If he can't he's no 'John,' for sure."

To tell the truth, Ho Sham took a great liking to the old man, whom he regarded as the father of the other two, but he didn't cotton to Shorty and the Kid so very



much: for he evidently knew at first sight that they were something like the hoodlums of San Francisco, of whom the Chinamen are in such dread; but probably thinking that the old man could keep them in place, he did not hesitate much.

"You must have nothing to do with those mischievous fellows. They are up to all sorts of tricks. You attend to me and I'll take care of you," said the old man.

"Allee yitee. Me ling neckee, so be," replied Ho Sham, seriously.

"That's right. Wring their necks if they play any of their tricks on you."

And to make the matter stronger, the old man told the boys of the warning he had given Ho Sham, and assured them that he was a bad man, and would certainly resent in the most savage manner any trick that might be played upon him.

"Dad thinks he has got the dead wood on us now, don't he?" said Shorty to the Kid afterwards.

"Yes. Confound that rat-eater, I'd like ter feed sharks with him," replied the little one.

"Never mind, Kiddy. Don't twist yer crank. We'll have more fun with dat John rooster than we could have baitin' sharks. Only we must lay low and win his confidence first off. Make him think we're little Johnny Goodboys first, and then we can work him for all he's worth."

"I think der ole man's goin' off his nut."

"No. I've often heard him say that he would have a valley if he traveled. Don't say a word. Come ter think of it, he'll be just der thing for long voyages."

"Just der thing!"

"Yes; ter have fun wid. So lay low."

The next day they busied themselves in getting on board of the *City of Yokohama*, or changing a stationary hotel for a floating one, as it amounts to about that when a person takes a voyage by a steamer which extends over the best part of a month, as this one does.

Ho Sham was doing his level best to show what a good man he was, taking on board the various things which had been purchased for the voyage, and stowing them away in the state-rooms with that skill and judgment which only comes from experience.

The old man was delighted, and so were the two youngsters, for now they had somebody to do all the drudgery, and could lie off like nabobs on the main-deck.

That was exactly what they were doing for two hours before the steamer sailed, while the old man was flying around here, there and everywhere, buying everything that Ho Sham suggested for necessities or extras for the voyage. He bought about a dozen different kinds of medicines and tonics for the prevention of sea-sickness, being dreadfully afraid that he should be troubled with that malady of the wabby water—in fact, he got so much stuff of one kind and another into his room that there was hardly room enough for himself.

Finally he remembered that pickled olives were good for a wave-disturbed stomach, so away he went in search of some, leaving Ho Sham stowing things away.

Presently a dray drove upon the wharf with half a dozen boxes of lemons, which were unloaded near the passenger gangway.

Shorty caught an idea.

Rushing down into the cabin where Ho Sham was at work, he accosted him.

"Here, rush ashore an' bring down dem boxes of lemons."

"Mo lemmee! Ho damee!" exclaimed the Chinaman, aghast, for he had already bought two boxes, which was certainly a box and three-quarters more than there was any need of.

"Dad is mashed on lemons. Don't eat anything else. Hurry up!"

"Clussee fool!" he muttered, as he went to obey orders.

In the hurry and bustle consequent upon the last few moments before sailing, no one noticed what was going on; and in a short time the Chinaman had the six boxes of lemons stowed away in the old man's cabin, although where he was going to stand or lie himself was a mystery to the valet.

But before he had solved the problem in his mind another load was deposited in the same place on the wharf. This consisted of four crates of fruit and several jars of pickles, evidently belonging to the steward's department, as did the lemons, and as the old man had not yet returned, Shorty ordered Ho Sham to take them also to his cabin, and stow them away.

"Ole manee cussee fool?" asked the now more than ever astonished Chinaman.

"Yes, very odd and cranky. But hurry up, for it's almost time ter sail."

With a growl in his native language he went to obey orders, thinking, indeed, that his new master was cranky and queer.

But after a deal of trouble he managed to get the packages all into the room, although after he had done so there wasn't room enough left for a cat to operate on a mouse.

Presently the old man returned, lugging about a dozen packages, for every person he had met since he had been away had recommended something or other to him, and he had bought all he could carry.

Shorty and the Kid were still seated on the deck smoking and making funny comments upon the passengers who came on board, for they were of almost every nation under Heaven, and at the same time they were laughing at how the old man would most likely behave when he saw his cabin.

Scarcely had he got on board before arrangements began for sailing. Hawkers were taken in until only two remained; those who were going ashore were ordered to do so in five or six different languages,

while preparations began for pulling the gang planks ashore.

This of course produced extra excitement and bustle for a few moments, during which the old man was trying to work his way to the cabin stairs, loaded, as he was, with more than three men could carry under the circumstances.

The result was that he was banged this way and crowded that, dropping a package here and a bottle there, and at the same time doing some of the tallest swearing that was ever heard.

But even this did not help him, for when he reached the head of the stairs, the crowd, in its eagerness to get ashore, took him off his feet, and he went bumping, jumping, tumbling, and cussing clear to the foot of the stairs, carrying with him a half a dozen others, causing the wildest confusion and more swearing in different languages at the same time than is generally heard in any country.

Ho Sham was on the lookout for his master, and when he saw him make this novel entrance to the cabin, he ran to his assistance, and finally succeeded in extricating him from the mass of struggling, bobbing humanity.

His temper proved to be about the only thing that was badly out of joint, although the boxes and bottles that he carried had suffered greatly, some of them ruined beyond hope of recovery.

But after gathering up what he could, his valet conducted him to his room, where, it being somewhat dark, the first thing he did was to run into the boxes and crates piled up therein.

"What in thunder is all this?" he demanded.

"Lemmee," replied Ho, innocently.

"How came they in my room?"

"Me bling. Bloy tellee me."

"That Kid of mine? I'll murder him!" roared the old man, fully comprehending the racket.

## CHAPTER IX.

"AND that rascally runt told you to bring these boxes and crates in here?" again demanded Shorty's indignant dad, of his Chinese valet, as he found his state-room on board the steamer full of lemon boxes and various articles.

"So be," replied Ho Sham.

"I'll murder him! Whose are they?"

"Bloy say was you."

"He lied, the little runt; they are not mine. What in—thunder do I want of a dozen boxes of lemons; boxes of fruit, and jars of pickles?"

"He slay was clanky; he slay eatee lemmee," replied the bewildered Celestial.

"I'll crank him. Pull 'em out of that on the double quick," and away he went in search of the purser of the steamer, in order to find out who owned the articles.

"Somebody clussee fool," muttered Ho Sham, as he began to break bulk in the cargo he had stowed into the cabin with so much care.

After a deal of trouble, during which the pestered old man got mad and overheated, he found that the articles which had been stored in his room belonged to the ship's stores, and that the steward's clerk was at that moment hunting for them all over the wharf, the sailing of the steamer being delayed in consequence.

And it required a deal of explanation to even partially convince the clerk that there was no intention on his part of stealing the articles. In fact the whole business of solving the question was postponed until the ship got under way, when the captain would investigate the matter.

But this only exasperated the old man all the more, since the steward refused to have the goods moved from where they were until after the captain had decided about it; and as the steamer was just getting under way, there was no knowing how long he might be bothered and hindered from getting into his cabin.

It was an awful mix up, and the victim of it was so mad that he couldn't swear, while Ho Sham was completely nonplussed, and couldn't make head or tail of the matter.

After enduring the torment for a few moments, the old man started for the deck to find Shorty and the Kid, resolved on throwing both of them overboard without delay.

But those interesting young fellows had lit out, evidently knowing what a storm there would be, and had got out of sight in the crowd of all nations who swarmed upon the forward deck.

He didn't much expect to find them, although he wanted to, but he felt that his wrath would last until the end of their journey around the world, if it could not be satisfied sooner.

What would be the result of the matter, anyhow? Could he explain it in such a way as not to be suspected of attempting to steal those boxes and crates, or would he be put on high-sea discipline during the voyage, and perhaps brought back again to the United States?

This thought nearly drove him wild, as he stood waiting to hear from the captain of the steamer.

"Slum fun?" finally asked Ho Sham, after he had watched the manifestations of the old man's wrath for about ten minutes.

"Some what?" howled he.

"Flun, hap?"

"The deuce take your almond-eyed thick head! Does this look funny?"

"Hap. Evlybody laughie tee hee!" replied the Chinaman, glancing around.

And it was true to a certain extent, for a dozen or more of the cabin passengers, who had seen and heard something of the ludicrous affair, were talking and laughing among themselves, and watching

the old man's agony. And of course they had been wondering from the first what in the name of goodness all that lot of stuff was being taken into a first-class cabin for, but finally concluded that some Chinese mandarin or other nabob was to occupy it.

"Well, if you call this fun, you have some queer idea of what is laughable. Those confounded boys of mine told you to do it, and you obeyed them like a stupid fool. Didn't I tell you not to have anything to do with them? I'm your master, and if you don't look sharp they will keep us both in hot water all the time, for two worse practical jokers don't exist than they are."

This he said to the people whom he knew to be listening as much as to his servant. He felt decidedly foolish, and not a little guilty, and he wanted to explain the ridiculous situation to his fellow passengers for the sake of easing his mind and thwarting suspicion.

The loud laughed which followed convinced him that he had succeeded to a charm. Everybody seemed to tumble to the racket at once, and a general desire was manifested to see the jokers.

Crowds of passengers thronged the decks, for even to well-seasoned travelers the harbor of San Francisco is always attractive. The beauty of Telegraph Hill, Russian Hill, Clay Street Hill, and a dozen other points in view from the deck of an outward-bound or incoming steamer can only be appreciated by being seen.

And finally going out into the broad Pacific Ocean through the Golden Horn presents a scene of enchantment which seems to realize fairyland.

Slowly and majestically the noble steamer plowed her way onward towards her destination, passing at length the light-house of the Golden Horn, the last point of land seen of the American continent, and the last gleam of home that several of those on board would see for many a day.

Shorty and the Kid still kept out of sight, and the old man was still fuming and fretting as he waited near the door of his cabin for the appearance of the captain.

Several of those on board had tearful eyes as they strained them to catch the last glimpse of their native land, which was now fast fading from sight in the hazy west.

It was a run of ten days to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, 2,100 miles, and it would be that time before they would see land again. But neither Shorty nor the Kid indulged in any emotional sentiments as the other passengers were doing. That wasn't the sort of chestnuts they were; besides, they were having fun enough with those around them to keep their minds employed, to say nothing of their anxiety to keep out of the old man's sight.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and America was lost to sight in the sheen of the declining sun, after which the passengers began to retire to their cabins to put them in order, leaving the decks to the sailors, who, having got well under way, were now about to hoist the mainsails to the quartering breeze and to trim the ship and put her in shape; for as she now was her decks were covered with freight, trunks, and a thousand and one things that had been left in the hurry and confusion of sailing.

The sea was almost as smooth as a mirror, and but for the long swells and the jar of the engines, passengers could have closed their eyes and imagined themselves on land without trouble.

But let us return to the perplexed old man.

After waiting for nearly two hours, the captain and steward's clerk at length appeared.

"Captain, what is the meaning of this outrage; why are these things not removed from my room?" was the first demand.

"How came they to be brought here in the first place?" asked the captain.

"It was a joke, captain."

"A joke!"

"Yes, I have two rascally boys on board, together with my servant here, and in my absence they told him that the things belonged to me and to place them in my room, and the cussed fool didn't know any better than to do so."

"And they belong to the ship's stores?" asked the captain, turning to the clerk.

"Yes, sir."

"I assure you, captain, that it was simply a practical joke."

"Where are the jokers?"

"That's what I'd like to know myself. They are keeping out of sight."

"Well, that may be so, but—"

"So be, claplin; me glood Chinaman," put in Ho Sham.

"Well, you are the first one I ever saw, if you are a good one. What is your name?" he asked, addressing the old man.

"Burwick, sir. Burwick, of New York."

"Where are you going?"

"To New York."

"What?"

"We have started for a trip around the world."

"Indeed. And these sons of yours?"

"One of them is known as Shorty, for many years in the minstrel and show business."

"What! Is the original Shorty on board?" asked the captain, excitedly.

"Yes, sir, and this is his racket."

The captain laughed heartily, as did several of the passengers who had gathered around, and who evidently knew the person spoken of.

"Why, I know him; I have seen him play several times and have had many a good laugh at his antics. I am glad to know it, for we shall be sure to have some fun on board during the trip. Take those things out of Mr. Burwick's cabin at once," he added, turning to the clerk.



"Thank you, captain, but I'll leave it to you if this isn't too rough a joke for a son to play on his father."

"Well, I should say it was."

"And I feel perfectly sure that I shall murder him for it," said the old man.

"Oh, I guess not," replied the captain, turning away, laughing.

"Well, I'll drown him, at all events."

At this the passengers laughed, and several of them went on deck to see if they could see the renowned little joker.

In five minutes the boxes and things were removed from Mr. Burwick's cabin, and he was enabled to get into it and smooth down his ruffled feathers a bit. But it was no easy task for him to get so as to feel any way amiable, and it is doubtful if he would have succeeded in doing so so quick as he did, had it not been for a bottle of brandy which Ho Sham thoughtfully opened.

It was nearly dark when he ventured on deck and discharged his valet for the night. Nearly everybody had been to supper, including both Shorty and the Kid, but the old man didn't feel exactly in the humor for company of any kind, so he went to the dining hall alone and ate his grub in glum silence.

Shorty and the Kid were, however, watching him through the open skylight, and calculating about how he felt. But after careful observation, they concluded that it was best to keep out of his way until the next day at least.

The moon arose as the sun went down, making night almost as bright as day, and, of course, the passengers all congregated on deck to enjoy the beauty and tranquillity of the scene.

And, as before mentioned, there appeared to be a representative of nearly every nation on board, some very green and others much traveled. Of course, each one began to take stock in the other before getting acquainted, as nearly everybody is sure to do before the voyage is ended, and to wonder where this or that one was going, and what for.

But it would take a whole chapter to draw out a description of each of the four hundred passengers, male and female, then on board the *City of Yokohama*, some bound for Honolulu, some for China or Japan, and others Heaven knew where; and so the reader will please regard them as an ordinary company of travelers, unless on being introduced during the voyage they show themselves to be extraordinary in some way or other.

But the evening was so warm and beautiful that nearly everybody was on deck, walking, talking, or dreaming of home. The ocean was calm as could be wished during the run of the first hundred miles, but about ten o'clock the wind veered around and blew a fresh gale from the south, which soon raised quite a sea and obliged the more sensitive, including Mr. Burwick, to go below and "seek the seclusion that the cabin grants."

Shorty and the Kid, however, remained on deck, as did several others, and they were well repaid for doing so, for there is no prettier sight on board of a ship than seeing the sailors take in sail, as they were obliged to do on this occasion, owing to the change of the wind.

Twenty men on the yard at one time taking in the mainsail, clewing it to the music of the wind whistling through the rigging; it was a stirring sight, and one long to be remembered. They sang cheerily at their work, and Shorty caught the words they sang, with evident delight:

"Haul on the bowline,  
The jolly ship's a rollin';  
Haul on the bowline,  
And we'll all drink rum."

In came the rope with a "Yo, heave ho!" and a jerk, until the "belay" shouted by the mate told that the job was done.

It was a new sensation to both of them, and they remained on deck watching the handling of the ship until it was nearly midnight, when they turned in and slept like a pair of tops.

But the old man was not quite so fortunate. With the increase of the waves the huge ship began to labor a little; not enough to disturb anybody with any sort of sea legs on, but poor Burwick, he hadn't half a sea leg and never had.

Consequently, he began to feel very uneasy, and experienced an inclination to part company with his supper. So he got up for that purpose, but while he was reaching for something, the steamer gave another lurch and sent him head first into a basket of eggs which he had brought on board, because somebody had told him that raw eggs were a sure cure for sea-sickness.

Poor man! he was too sick to swear, but as he stood, the mashed eggs running down all over his face and night shirt, he was a most pitiable sight.

Then he tried to balance himself once more, but another lurch sent him back into his bunk again with a thud that made his teeth rattle. But that supper came up, nevertheless, and he felt so sick that he rang the bell for the steward.

"Steward, I'm going to die!" said he, most mournfully, as that officer came in.

"When?" asked the steward, with a grin, he being very familiar with such cases.

"Right off. Don't think I shall live a minute. Send for my boys and the doctor."

"The doctor can't help you any if you aren't going to live a minute," replied the steward.

"Well, send him, and send my boys. Oh, dear!"

The steward retired, smiling. He had often seen people who were sea-sick for the first time, and who thought they were not going to live five minutes, so he didn't bother the doctor, although he routed out Shorty and the Kid, and delivered his message.

"Get up, Kiddy; dad's got 'em!" said Shorty.

"Got what—snakes?" asked the Kid, drowsily.

"No; he's sea-sick, I guess. Let's go see."

"All right. Guess he's forgotten all 'bout the old racket if he's on dat lay," and, hurriedly dressing, they started for the old man's cabin, each with a grin as big as he could carry.

Arriving there, they found the old man picture of despair, leaning out of his bunk and trying to throw up last week's bill of fare.

How he flopped and groaned!

"What's der matter, dad?" asked Shorty. "Tryin' ter turn yer insides out-doors?"

"Oh, boys, I'm dreadful; I'm dying. I haven't got strength or time to make my will—wharrup!—but I—I—wharrup!—I leave all my—wharrup—to you two—wharrup—divide it between you," he managed to say, after a violent struggle, during which he punctuated the speech with numerous "wharrups," which seemed to come from his very toe-nails.

"Nonsense; yer only sea-sick, dad."

"Oh, no, my boy. No man ever had anything so bad as this—wharrup—and survived it. Stay with me—I want you with me when I die. Don't laugh. How can you—wharrup—be so heartless? I want you to take my body back to California and have it buried in style. Don't let them bury me at sea!" he moaned, as he lay back in his bunk.

"Yer off yer cabase, dad. Here, suck a lemon," said Shorty, cutting off the end of one and giving it to him.

"Oh, it won't help me any."

"Try it. What did yer get all these things to cure sea-sickness for if yer arn't going to take 'em?"

"You may have them all. I don't want them."

"Now, see here, dad, if yer don't suck dat lem I'll let yer croak alone, an' have 'em dump yer overboard."

"Is it possible that a son can be so cruel?"

"Is it possible dat a dad can be such a calf? Suck dat lem!"

"Suck it, pop, and you'll feel better," said the Kid, coaxingly.

"I haven't got the strength."

"Oh, I'll fix dat," said Shorty, squeezing the lemon into a goblet and handing it to him. "Crawl outside of dat."

Reluctantly the old man did as ordered, and after he had lain back on his bunk again, Shorty proceeded to squeeze a couple more, and to this juice he added a stiff horn of brandy, which he also got him to drink.

This made him feel better. In fact, he wasn't so positive about dying, after all. But at all events, he soon fell into a peaceful sleep, and apparently forgot his sorrows.

Shorty and the Kid stole out of the cabin, and proceeded to wake up Ho Sham.

"Go in an' stay wid dad; he's sea-sick."

"Sickie sea?" asked the Chinaman.

"Yes; he's asleep now, an' don't wake him. Do you know what's good for sea-sickness?"

"Hap blandy."

"Well, give him all he wants," said Shorty, as he left him to obey orders.

But when Ho Sham got fully awake, he began to suspect that another practical joke was on foot, and he hesitated about going. There certainly was not motion enough about the steamer to make a person very sick, he thought, and so he hesitated some more.

"Hap mo' humie bugie," he mused. "Hap ole man kick headle loff if me go lln cabin."

And finally, after thinking the matter over, and remembering the instructions he had received from his master relative to the boys, he turned back into his bunk again and went to sleep.

It was just as well that he did so, for the old man was fast asleep himself, on account of the dose that Shorty had given him, and knew no more of his uneasy stomach until Ho Sham aroused him the next morning.

The weather continued beautiful, and the broad Pacific was doing its level best to prove itself rightly named. There was a long swell, which gave rather an unpleasant sensation to landlubbers, but the sky was bright, the air bracing, and the wind was not strong enough to keep passengers below. In fact, they swarmed all over the deck, where they were chatting and promenading while waiting for breakfast.

Shorty and the Kid were among them, attracting considerable attention on account of the talk that had already been made respecting them, and the joke they had played upon the old man, and some of them knew of them by reputation outside of that.

But the old man did not put in a very early appearance on deck. He was decidedly better, however, and seemed to have postponed the dying business for some more favorable opportunity. Ho Sham took him in hand, gave him a shave and a shampoo, and then left him to finish dressing.

He encountered Shorty soon after.

"Halloo, Sham! how's dad?" he asked, for he had in a very sensible way borrowed no trouble on account of his sickness.

"Belly good, sobe."

"Thrown up anything else?" asked the Kid.

"Blandy gloodie," said Ho, with a grin.

"Oh, yer bet yer life der ole man'll never get sick 'nough ter throw up brandy. When he gets a good thing he sticks ter it. Where is he?"

"In shirtee taillee, sobe."

"Is he goin' ter show up?"

"What 'show up' meant was too much for Ho; so he said yes, at a venture, and started for his bunk.

It was fifteen minutes or so before the old man

really did put in an appearance, looking very pale and serious. Shorty and the Kid met him, laughing.

"Waal, pop, how yer was, hey?"

"I feel bad yet," he said, softly.

"I thought yer was goin' ter make a croak of it?"

"Well, I was never so sick before in my life, and actually thought I was going to die."

"An' yer ain't! Dat's just my cussed luck!" exclaimed Shorty.

"What do yon mean?"

"Why, didn't yer say yer was goin' ter croak, an' dat we could have yer sugar?"

"Jus' my luck, too," put in the Kid.

"Well, I hope you are not a pair of unfeeling wretches," replied the poor old man, looking from one to the other.

"Wasn't it yer own offer?"

"Don't talk that way; it makes me feel bad."

"Oh, come down ter breakfast," said the Kid, just as the bell began to ring for that interesting occasion.

"I don't want any breakfast," he moaned.

"Waal, come down an' get a milk punch."

"No—no. Where's Ho Sham? Send him to me, and eat your breakfast—I don't want any."

"I'll bet I put up a job that'll make him eat," mused Shorty, as he started to go.

## CHAPTER X.

SHORTY went in quest of Ho Sham, his father's body servant, leaving the old gent seated on the poop, looking decidedly down in the mouth, for he had not yet recovered from his sea-sickness of the night just past, and had no appetite for his breakfast, now just ready, or any confidence in his stomach whatever, since it had gone back on him so.

Finding the Chinaman, he said:

"Dad wants yer up on der poop-deck."

"No breakfast?"

"Nix; his stomach's gone back on him. Can't you mix him somethin' that'll brace him up a little?"

"Me? Yes. Ole man no applite—me fix."

"All right. Give it ter him good," said he, staking him with a quarter.

"Me belly glood dooler; me fix," said Ho, starting forward with a smiling face.

Now it happened that this was exactly what the old man wanted. His stomach was empty from last night's exertions, but he had no appetite; and his object in sending for his servant was to see if he couldn't make him an appetizer of some sort.

He was just the rooster who could do that very thing, and he assured him that he had made stomach restorers for many of the big guns of China and Japan; in short, if there was anything in the world he could do, it was to make a drink that would giye a man the appetite of an ostrich—and away he went to "build" it.

The old man gazed around upon the vast expanse of ocean. It made him feel lonesome and homesick. Not a shovelful of dry land was there in sight. It would have been some consolation if there had been traces of dirt under his finger nails.

He had never been very partial to water anyway, and there was too much of it now to have made him happy, even had he been a regular out-and-out cold water man.

And what was worse, the confounded stuff wouldn't lie still. It was lumpy, and kept humping itself in a most ridiculous way. Call that the Pacific Ocean! He took no stock in it at all. Anything that was pacific kept quiet, and this big pond was evidently a fraud, since it kept slopping around and tipping the steamer up, first forward and then backward or sideways in a most unnecessary manner. The steamer seemed to be all right if it only had a decent pond to work in.

"Oh, Lord! how gaunt and empty I feel. Wish to goodness I was back again on dry land. I know I shall never be able to finish this journey. Why—oh, why did I ever undertake it! Confound those kids, I should never have thought of it if it hadn't been for them. And they are as chipper as two young crickets, enjoying the thing splendidly, while I am nearly dead."

Thus he mused as he sat there alone with his empty stomach.

Finally Ho Sham made his appearance with a large goblet of something on a server, and a half-blossomed grin on his comic mug.

"Well?" groaned the old man.

"Belly glood. Flix allee yitee. Makee eatee like hog, so be," said he, presenting it.

"What is it?"

"Hog flippee, so be."

"Hog flip! What in thunder is a hog flip?"

"Good flor bellee."

The old man smelled of it.

"What is it made of?" he finally asked.

"Blandy, shuggee, lemmee, squirtie bittee," and about twenty other ingredients were mentioned, and as the smell of it was very enticing he thought he would take it in and see how it tasted.

For the life of him he could taste neither brandy, sugar, lemon, or bitters in the concoction, but as it went down, he felt instantly that it had gone to the right place. It was not only the queerest but in many respects the best drink he had ever tasted; and as he sat there holding the empty goblet in his hand, with a far-off look in his eyes, gradually a smile began to start over his face, and life was not such a fraud after all, he thought.

"That was very good, Ho Sham," said he.

"So be, allee time, bettee you."

"Yes, Ho, that was what you might call a stomach bracer. You may go to your breakfast, I feel better."

"Bleakfast?"



"Well, no. I guess I don't care for any. But perhaps I'll go down by-and-by."

"Guessee yes," mused the Chinaman, as he went forward to test his own appetite.

"Yes, sir, that was a good drink he made me. Hanged if I don't feel like a new man," he mused, and then he walked to the other side of the steamer and kinder threw out his chest and took in a big mouthful of sea air.

"Yes, indeed," he added, to himself. "That was a good drink. It warms a fellow up like Jersey lightning. Guess I'll go down and get some breakfast. Begin to feel like it, hanged if I don't. Whew!" and he made for the stairs leading to the dining cabin.

"Tid-bits! We call that a large steak, sir," said the waiter, glaring at him.

"Never mind what you call it; bring me another one right away."

The waiter retired behind a smile, for Shorty had given him the wink.

That steak and potatoes vanished like drops of dew before the sun. The old fellow always was a hearty eater, but he felt as though he could create a famine now.

The boys watched and chafed him.

The second steak came.

"Ah! that looks good," said he; "guess I shall like your cooking after all. Didn't know as I should. Here;" and he "staked" the bringer of steaks with half a dollars. "These samples are very good. Now

"Oh, yes."

"Kill a bull and have it ready. He'll eat it all and pick his teeth wid der horns."

"Oh, I'm going to make up for losses."

"But how's der steward goin' ter make up for his losses?"

"Pshaw! I'll buy the whole concern out if there is any growl about it. Say, waiter, bring me half a dozen soft boiled eggs; a piece of boiled salmon; another cup of coffee, and another dish of potatoes."

"All right, sir."

By this time nearly everybody else had finished breakfast and had retired. But the old man's appetite still worked, and the way the grub did vanish was a good sign for a famine.

Shorty and the Kid at length became tired of wait-



*He rushed out of his cabin, shouting fire, and making a wild dive for the stairs leading to the deck, closely followed by several others, whom he had frightened half out of their wits.*

There was a seat reserved for him next to Shorty, and he was at once shown to it.

"Well, dad, how's yer wheeze now?" asked Shorty, who had nearly finished his breakfast.

"Oh, much better—much better. I tell you what it is, that Chinaman is a brick. Never in all my life tasted such a drink as he made for me. Braces me right up. Feel like a new man. Why, I wouldn't part with him anyhow, if you two scrubs will only let him alone. Here, waiter!"

"What yer goin' ter wrestle wid?"

"Let me see—Here, waiter, bring me a big sirloin steak, blood red; fried potatoes; cup of coffee—and—well, hurry up," he added.

Shorty and the Kid laughed.

"Yer don't act much like dyin', dad."

"Not 'less he goin' ter kill himself eatin'," put in the Kid.

"Oh, you runts be hanged! Just let up on that racket. I was sea-sick for the first time in my life, and like everybody else who is so, I thought I was going to die. But I'm all right now; I suppose it did me good."

"Oh, boys! I'm goin' ter die!" said the Kid, imitating the moan of his grandfather the evening before.

"You may have all my shug," added Shorty.

"Shut up!"

"Don't let 'em bury me at sea!"

"Shut up!"

"No, take me back ter 'Frisco!"

"Will you shut up?" asked the old man, at the same time half smiling.

"Don't think I shall live a minit."

"Well, hang me if I think I shall if that confounded waiter don't hurry up. Ah! here he comes. Now, then," he added, as he squared himself for the encounter. "Here! bring me another one of these tid-bits," he said to the waiter.

just bring me a good steak like this last sample, for I feel my appetite just returning to me."

"Guess der ship better be returnin' ter port if dat's so," said Shorty.

"We have quite an extensive bill of fare, sir," said the waiter.

"I hope so, really."

"Isn't there some other kind of meat that you will have?"

"Well, maybe so; but bring me another one of these steaks first. I don't mind, though, if you put on a big English mutton chop to broil at the same time. Have it done gently so that it will be ready after I get through with the steak. Bring another cup of coffee, and some more potatoes."

Of course the bodys laughed.

"What's the matter with you fellows, anyway? Sorry to see your old pop regaining his appetite?"

"No; sorry for der ship."

"Oh, that's nothing. I felt when I first got up as though I should never eat another mouthful; now I feel like eating by the shovelful."

"Don't want ter-run der ship on short rations, do yer, dad?"

"Confound the ship! I wish it would hold still long enough for me to finish my breakfast."

"Guess she'd be 'bout three days late at der Sand-

wich Islands if she did."

On came that other steak, still larger than the other two had been, and it went out of sight by the time the mutton chop was ready.

"What will you have next?" asked the waiter.

"Well, let me see how this chop tastes—oh, that's it! Bring me another chop and more potatoes," said he, going for it.

The waiter glared at him. He thought he had seen big eaters, but he snatched the bun.

"Got any steck?" asked Shorty.

ing, and left him alone while they went on deck for a smoke. And it was fully an hour afterward before the old man came up.

"Hungry yet?" asked the Kid.

"Well, not so very. I'll try and worry along on what I have eaten until dinner time. But I tell you that even the little I have eaten tasted awfully good."

Of course they laughed and joked him on the subject for some time. But he felt so good that he didn't mind what they said to him, but lighting a cigar, he took a comfortable seat and began to puff away just as though he had never had a pang in his life and had never considered himself dying.

The three of them had not been seated a very long time before they were joined by the captain of the steamer, who approached them with a smile.

"Good-morning, Mr. Burwick, I trust you are feeling well this morning," said he.

"Well, captain, I had a pretty bad night of it, but I'm feeling quite well now, thanks."

"Well!" exclaimed Shorty. "Cap, yer should er clapped yer binnacle lamps on him just now when he was chewin' his hash! Oh, yer'd er thought he was well!"

"Good appetite, eh?"

"Good! Yer'll have to lay in extra grub at Honolulu if that appetite sticks ter him."

"Oh, I guess not," laughed the captain.

"But you will have to provide me with a lunatic asylum if these runts play any more of their confounded practical jokes on me."

Again the captain laughed.

"That was rather rough, boys," said he.

"Well, yer see, cap, he was gettin' all sorts er things in ter eat an' drink on der voyage, an' so we thought we'd help him fill up his cabin, dat's all," said Shorty.



"Yes, and a precious nice snap it came near getting me in, didn't it?"

"Well, we knew yer'd get bilin', an' thought that'd keep yer from gettin' sea-sick, but it didn't. Oh, he had lots of fun last night, cap."

"I dare say. But don't you laugh too loud, young fellow, for you might get a dose of it yourself before you get through."

"Oh, wouldn't I like to see him sea-sick!" exclaimed the old man.

"I'm thinking it would take some of the fun out of him," said the captain.

"It didn't serve dad that way."

"No?"

"Nixy: never saw him so funny in all my life. Tried ter make us believe dat he was goin' ter die right off,

Finally the captain suggested that he sing them a song, and as this at once met with favor, he brought down his banjo and the Kid's tambourine, and gave them several specimens of what they could do in their old line of business. Then he yielded to their demand for a song, and gave them this, making it up as he went along, accompanying himself on the banjo:

"Three nubbins once set out to go,  
Wag—wag, wiggley;  
Around der world ter see der show,  
Wag—wag, wiggley.  
For they had seen enough at home,  
And thought 'twould better them to roam  
Across the briny ocean foam,  
Wag—wag, wiggley.

dences of a coming storm. The ocean became rougher all the time, and nearly everybody was below, as it was uncomfortable on deck.

Shorty and the Kid, however, remained on deck, for the passengers congregated in the saloon below would be sure to coax them to sing or play for them, and they felt that they had had enough of that for one day. So they sat there in the darkness, and smoked without scarcely exchanging a word.

The old man had retired to his cabin some time before, but he felt uneasy. He wasn't sea-sick exactly, but the ship was being tossed about at a much more lively rate than she had been the night before, and it made him nervous; and after enduring the sensation as long as he could, he finally went on deck to rejoin his children.



"I come ter whoop ag'in dis yer bald-headed nonsense ob woman's rights," said Shorty, banging the table and glaring at the audience. "Feller citizens, what am de matter wid Hannah?" squeaked the Kid, imitating Shorty in every respect.

an' told us ter take all his shug an' share it between us. An' when his cargo shifted an' he wanted to stow it over again, he jumped up and jammed his head inter a basket of raw eggs dat some sucker had told him ter take along ter stave off sea-sickness. Oh, cap, yer oughter seen him wid dat egg shampoo all over his head an' face, trickling down all over him. I tell yer, he was never so funny in his life."

"Well, it must have been a comical sight."

"Comical ain't half 'nough name for, it cap. It was der boss."

Even the old man himself couldn't help laughing at the narration, for now that it was all over, and he felt so much better, he saw how ridiculous he must have appeared.

"Well, Shorty, I shall be 'pleased to have you visit me in my cabin, and if I have a few friends there, we will make it pleasant for all three of you."

"Good 'nough, cap."

"And if you would like to sing us something, why, that would please us all the more," waving his hand to them as he turned to go.

"All right, cap, we'll see yer."

That invitation opened the ball, for after dinner the three Shortys went to the captain's elegant cabin, where a lively company of ladies and gentlemen were assembled, engaged in singing and indulging in refreshments, all being determined to make the time pass as agreeably as possible.

Shorty was introduced by the captain, and as many of them knew him by reputation, he at once became the center of attraction, and proceeded to make himself entertaining, as he knew so well how to do.

In fact, he kept them all laughing at his funny stories, and these, together with the joke he had played on his dad the day before, made him a complete hero.

"The oldest thought he was no chick,  
Wag—wag, wiggley;  
But the first night out he got so sick,  
Wag—wag, wiggley.  
But now you see he is all right,  
To-day he found his appetite,  
Ten pounds of steak is but a bite,  
Wag—wag, wiggley.

"The youngest nubbins got a dog,  
Wag—wag, wiggley;  
With no more hair on than a frog,  
Wag—wag, wiggley.  
For once the dog he got the fleas,  
That greatly did kloodle tease,  
But lost his hair in finding ease,  
Wag—wag, wiggley.

"The nubbins who comes in between,  
Wag—wag, wiggley;  
Some of yer may before have seen,  
Wag—wag, wiggley.  
Is goin' round der world for fun,  
An' catch der whole thing on der run,  
So please excuse him, for he's done  
With wag—wag, wiggley."

Like the words of many another song, these give but a faint idea of what it was as Shorty sang it, composing the tune as well as the words as he went along. He was applauded to the echo, and was obliged to sing several others before the company would excuse him.

And so the whole day passed most pleasantly. Everybody seemed to feel acquainted with the Shortys, and they were undoubtedly the lions of the ship.

But night shut in loweringly, and there were evi-

He was looking somewhat solemn as he took a seat by the side of Shorty and made some remark about the prospect of nasty weather.

"I tell you what it is, boys, a journey of this kind is a most perilous thing under any circumstances."

"Why?" asked the Kid.

"Why! Look at the situation. Here we are on a mere speck compared with the ocean, and suppose we should get into one of those terrible southern hurricanes we have heard so much about?"

"Right near the quator, too," put in the Kid.

"Suppose we should strike an iceberg?" said Shorty.

"Or run inter a whale?"

"Or take fire?"

"Oh! that is the most terrible thought of all," said the old man, decidedly nervous. "Yes, suppose we should take fire, five hundred miles from land; why, not a soul would be saved; 'tis horrible to think of, and somehow the idea that something is about to happen to us weighs upon me like lead."

"Oh! yer goin' off yer nut agin. If she takes fire, let her dive and take water, dat's all."

"Ah! my son, it is no subject to joke about. There is no knowing what may happen before morning. But one thing I wish to impress upon you in all seriousness. We must stick together. I wish our cabins were nearer together. Jest on any other subject, but not on this."

"Oh! go below, dad, take a snifter of brandy, an' go ter yer bunk. Yer won't know anything 'bout it in der mornin'," said Shorty.

"But you are younger than I am, and do not sleep so soundly. Now, if there is danger of any kind, come and alarm me at once, will you?"

"Why, cert. Dat's all right. Don't get off yer base. If anything happens we'll rout you out."



"That's right. I am very nervous, but I hope and pray that nothing will happen. Good-night!"

"Ta-ta!" and cautiously the old man made his way to the head of the cabin stairs and disappeared.

"I'll bet dat breakfast has gone back on him," said the Kid, laughing.

"Guess his gall's gone back on him. Why, he's worse'n a woman. If he calls dis rough, he'll slop all over before we get ter China."

"Wish we could cure him," mused the Kid.

"Have ter kill him fust, I guess. No; I have it."

"Bad?"

"We'll give him a roast. Don't say a word. I know how we'll work it," and Shorty laughed heartily.

They waited for an hour or so, and until they felt certain that the old man had gone to bed, when Shorty made his way over the guards, and getting down to the window of his dark cabin, he poked his head in and yelled fire like a wild Indian, and then hastily clambered back on deck again to await results.

"Oh, Lord!—oh, Lord!" moaned the old man, crawling out of his bunk, and tumbling over everything in his cabin. "I knew it; I knew that this was coming; I felt it. Oh, dear—oh, dear, what shall I do? Ship on fire, and we shall all be burned up."

This he kept muttering to himself as he crawled around on his hands and knees, trying to stand up and get hold of his valuables, the cabin being only dimly lighted, and the ship rolling considerably.

Finally, in his terror and confusion, he seized a demijohn of whisky and an empty lemon box, and with these he rushed out of his cabin, shouting fire, and making a wild dive for the stairs leading to the deck, closely followed by several others, whom he had frightened half out of their wits.

Dressed only in his night-shirt, he looked like a terrified ghost as he reached the deck. "Where is the fire?" he called.

"Under der boilers!" replied Shorty, laughing loudly.

"What!"

"Sold!"

#### CHAPTER XI.

"SOLD?" demanded the old man.

"What is it—where is it?" asked half a dozen others, whom he had frightened half to death by shouting fire as he rushed from his cabin.

"Where is that fire?"

"Under der bilers," replied Shorty, away in the distance, and, of course, out of sight.

"Hang me if it isn't that rascally son of mine! I'll murder him by inches!" said the old man.

"Oh, cut off his head—that will suit us," said the other passengers, who saw the joke, and were about returning to their cabins.

"Go below! What's the matter with you?" demanded the officer of the deck of the old man.

"I—I heard somebody shout fire."

"Bah! you've got the jim-jams, or dreamed it. Go below, and stop your racket."

With anything but amiable feelings the old man obeyed, while the officer turned to find Shorty and give him a lecture for his grim joke, for it certainly was a grim one, to shout fire at night on board of an ocean steamer.

He finally found the two rascals standing behind one of the boat-houses.

"Do you know what I ought to do with you?" he asked.

"Yes; ought ter give us a rest," replied Shorty.

"I ought to throw you overboard and keelhaul you both, that's what I ought to do."

"Oh, don't mention der subject. We'll excuse yer, ole man."

"Well, you hadn't ought to be excused. The idea of starting an alarm of fire on a steamer just for a lark."

"Why, don't yer see? We wanted ter give der ole man a little lively business, dat's all."

"Yes, and you came very near getting up a panic on board, and giving everybody some lively business. You may thank your stars at having the captain's personal friendship, or otherwise you might not get off so fortunately. Now go below, and don't attempt to do a thing of this kind again, or you will surely get the worst of it," said the officer.

"All right, boss. Once'll do, I guess."

"It will have to do, and don't forget it."

"I'll do for der ole man, I guess;" and with a laugh Shorty and the Kid went below, and things soon became quiet on board.

That is to say, they became quiet with everybody but the old man. He had been frightened so nearly out of his skin, that it took a long time for him to quiet down after returning to his cabin.

"Confound that rascally runt! I don't believe there is a good reason in existence why he should not be murdered. But what a weak old fool I was to confide to him that I feared some impending danger! I might have known that he would have taken some advantage of it. I shall be very careful what I say to either of them after this. Heavens, what a fright he gave me! I sha'n't be able to get over it in a week," he muttered, and just then he caught sight of himself in the opposite mirror.

He was still standing with the demijohn of whisky and the empty lemon-box in his hands. It will be remembered that in his flight he attempted to secure his valuables, the attempt ending in his seizing the whisky and empty box and rushing on deck with them.

He glared at his reflection in the glass, scarcely knowing himself, and then he took a look at his burdens.

This produced a smile in spite of himself, and after throwing them aside he finally got back into his bunk again and tried to compose himself to sleep.

Several nervous people who had heard the alarm afterwards went on deck to learn the cause of it, and were informed by the officer that it all originated with an old fellow who dreamed the steamer was on fire.

But at last everybody got to sleep who had any right to do so, and the good steamer went plowing onward like a mighty leviathan of the deep.

Shorty and the Kid, of course, had a good laugh over the racket, for it was mighty little that either of them cared about the propriety of the thing so long as they got a good laugh out of it.

But when they met the old man at breakfast in the morning, he refused to speak to either of them at first, so indignant was he.

"Soy, dad, what's der matter wid yer, anyway?" Shorty finally asked. "Got der gripes?"

"Bust his vinegar bottle, I guess," said the Kid.

"Sea-sick again last night, dad?"

"I'd like to make you fellows sea-sick," he finally growled.

"Yer would! What's der matter wid us?"

"You are a pair of frauds, that's what the matter is with you."

"Soy, dat's a nice way for a dad ter whoop 'bout his kids, aren't it?" asked Shorty, pretending to feel hurt.

"Well, haven't I got ample reason to entertain such sentiments toward you?"

"Give it up. What yer want ter start off on conundrums for der fust thing in the morning?"

"Yes, wait till after breakfast," added the Kid.

"I think that was the most rascally piece of business that I ever knew of."

"What?"

"Who's a what?"

"Why, that alarm of fire, to be sure."

"What 'larm of fire?"

"I didn't hear nuffin 'bout it."

"Oh, no, of course not!"

"Sure pop!"

"Honest Injun!"

"Hope—an—die!"

"Now I lay me!"

"Kill me dead!"

"Do you pretend to say that you did not come to my cabin last night and cry fire?" demanded the old man, glaring at them savagely.

"Of course not. Now I know what's der matter wid yer," said Shorty, striking the table with his fat little fist.

"Oh, you do, eh? I thought you knew all the while," replied his father.

"Mind what der officer told us?" Shorty asked, turning to the Kid.

"Cert."

"What did he tell you?"

"Why, that dere was some bloody old lunatic last night got ter dreamin' dat der ship was on fire, an' went up on deck in his shirt tail, whoopin' fire in five languages."

"Yes, an' had a jug of whisky in one hand, an' an empty lemon-box in der other," said the Kid, laughing heartily.

"Was dat you, dad?" asked Shorty, grinning.

"Oh, shut up!"

"Of course it was him."

"I'll bet it was."

"Oh, dat takes der cake!"

"Yes, dat reaches der bun."

"An' scoops it in," added Shorty.

"I tell you I did not dream it."

"But he said yer did."

"I heard it just as plainly as I hear you now."

"What?"

"Some person shout fire."

"Where?"

"Down by my cabin door."

"When?"

"Why, last night, to be sure."

"Nonsense! Der second officer says dat no one but you shouted anything. He said yer was clear off yer base, an' come near raisin' a devil of a panic on board. Yer must have been dreamin'."

"Of course; nightmare."

"I tell you it is nothing of the kind, and what is more, I heard you shout 'sold' just as plainly as I ever heard anything in my life."

"Dere yer are again."

"How so?"

"What time was it?"

"About midnight."

"Dat settles it!"

"How does it settle it?"

"Cos we can prove dat we went ter bunk at 'leven, can't we, Kiddy?"

"Cert."

"I don't believe it."

"Won't yer if we can prove it?"

"But you cannot do so."

"Bet yer a hundred dollars dat we can!"

"Yes, I'll chip in a 'century' on dat," said the plucky little Kid, producing a roll of bills.

"Here's my little Williams," said Shorty.

Each of them produced his money and sat waiting for the old man to put up his.

He glanced from one to the other.

"Put up!"

"Or—"

"Shut up."

The old fellow was completely bluffed. He felt almost certain that he was right, and they felt even more certain that they could bluff him out of it, as they had often done before.

"Do you really mean it?"

"Of course we do."

"Here's our shug."

The old fellow made no reply just then, but looked exceedingly thoughtful as he sweetened his coffee and slowly began to attack his breakfast.

"Der yer weaken, dad?"

"Well, it's very strange if I am mistaken."

"Nix. Yer had der nightmare, or some other ani-mile, dat's all."

"Very strange. Why, I'd have sworn it."

"Oh, yer way off!"

"He weakens," said the Kid, assuming a very disgusted look as he returned his money to his pocket.

"He crawls."

"Oh, you fellows are forever wanting to bet."

"Course. We want ter make some coin."

"Well, I will not bet. All I can say is that it is very strange. I'd swear that I heard both of you laughing, and cry 'Sold,' when I demanded to know where the fire was."

"Oh, yer 'magine'd it," and seeing that they had him completely downed they laughed at and guyed him most unmercifully.

It was barely possible that what they said was true, and he really had dreamed that somebody was shouting fire. But it was one of the strangest things that ever had occurred to him in his whole life, and it made him thoughtful.

At all events, the jokers carried their point and succeeded in making him believe that he had dreamed it all, which, of course, was just what they wanted to do.

Of course there were many inquiries among the passengers regarding the origin of the false alarm, but when the conversation between Shorty and his dad was overheard, everybody appeared to understand all about it, and to believe that Mr. Burwick had really started it on account of a dream. And this kept them laughing all day, for the officer never gave it away, and so the old fellow was let in for another roasting.

Life on board ship becomes very tedious on account of its great sameness, and during long voyages the passengers finally get so tired that they resort to almost everything they can study up that will assist in killing time.

Singing by male and female volunteers is the most common way of providing amusement, and it was so on board this steamer, although Shorty soon showed them how to vary things so that their entertainments would include songs, both comic and pathetic, recitations, dialogues, to say nothing of the life and variety which he and the Kid threw into the business.

That very evening, after the racket with the old man, it had been decided to have a mixed entertainment in the main saloon, and as both Shorty and the Kid had promised to take part in it, there was but little else talked of during the day, while those who were to put in their share of the amusement were busy preparing themselves.

And when evening came the steward and waiters very soon transformed the beautiful saloon into something almost as good as a cozy little theater, that being part of his duty whenever the passengers wished it. At one end there was a raised platform surrounding the upright piano, with an entrance on either side, so that it was not unlike an open stage.

On this occasion the "house" was packed, the front chairs being occupied by cabin passengers, and the back ones by those from the steerage, each one of which had paid a dollar for the first and fifty cents for the second, as it had been agreed to present the money thus taken to a poor woman with a sick child belonging among the steerage passengers.

It was a very pretty sight, the officers of the ship in their uniforms, and the ladies in their bright evening toilets, and expectation was on tip-toe. A very handsome young lady presided at the piano for the most part, although several other performers shared that part of the business with her.

First came a sentimental song, sung by a quartette, and with so much success that it was re-demanded with enthusiasm. Then an Englishman by the name of Armstrong, favored the company with a comic song, which was also well received, he being an exceptionally good singer, if indeed, not a professional.

Then came "Larboard Watch" by the second officer and one of the passengers, which aroused a burst of enthusiasm, after which there were one or two recitations, which were well received, and there could be no doubt about the success of the entertainment, although of course the real attraction of the evening had not yet put in an appearance.

Presently there was a buzz of expectation as one of the servants placed a chair in front of the piano and then retired, as did the party who had been playing the piano.

Shorty, closely followed by the Kid and Liver (who had been taught some business), came upon the platform and were received with laughter and loud demonstrations of pleasure by the spectators.

They were both blacked and made up for some of their old business, Shorty with his banjo and the Kid with his little tambourine.

They of course bowed, and the Kid made the first move by placing a small box in front of the chair. Upon this Liver mounted and sat down. Then the Kid took a seat in the chair and Shorty sprang nimbly up behind him and seated himself upon the back of the chair, giving his banjo strings a strum as he did so and the Kid a quick tap upon his tambourine at the same time.

This was a pretty piece of business and brought down the "house," and they continued to laugh as they gazed on the three performers making up the stage picture.

But that laugh was soon hushed, for Shorty was in the humor of knocking every note of music out of that



banjo, and there wasn't a person in the whole company who ever dreamed there was so much in that simple instrument.

I tell you what it is, lads, Shorty is the acknowledged boss of the cat-gut and sheep-skin when he wants to be.

The Kid played an accompaniment, and as for the pug dog he looked up back over his shoulders, and would every now and then open his mouth and gently howl approval.

It was a single act, but performed by two such experts it created the wildest enthusiasm among the spectators, who noisily demanded it over again, and they got it.

"Waal, Kiddy, how am yer pug ter-night?" asked Shorty, after the last rounds of applause had subsided so he could be heard.

"He war drefful pug-nacious jus' now, but der music soothed him."

"By golly, dat am de fust time dat I know a barnjo war a soothin'-syrup bottle. How do yer fine yerself ter-night, sonny?"

"Oh, I's thumpin' good," said the Kid, giving his black head a tap with his tambourine. "How am it wid der boss?"

"Oh, he feels satisfied ter be on a string," replied Shorty, striking a little flourish on his banjo, after which they swept right into the prelude of that comic negro melody. "Oh, we all will be dar," and they sang it splendidly, Shorty giving them some fine funny business on the strings.

This made a great hit, and if Shorty hadn't choked them off they would have kept them repeating it, for the people present caught up the chorus and joined in it with them most heartily.

Then the Kid and Liver retired, and Shorty gave them an improvised song—that is, one that he made up as he went along, the words of which were as follows, but adapted to a tune that was peculiarly his own:

"Oh, how do you like my long-necked fiddle?"

*[Funny business with the banjo.]*

I hold both ends an' plays on de middle.

SPOKEN.—"Pieck it up an' work a little on dis string fust; den fool 'roun' dis one 'bout 'leven or four times; den yer can work in a little funny business on dis yer little one like dat. Den grab de boss intestine wid yer fumm an' finger, an' make him howl like dat; den yer can stroke 'em all at a time, same's yer would a cat's back, an' hear what it say ter yer. (Imitation of a mousing cat.) Simplest thing in der world—if yer only know how.

"Dis long-necked fiddle am de boss fo' show; A jolly ole gal dat don't want any bean!

"Dis long-necked fiddle won't do you any harm, But yet ter me it's as good as a farm.

SPOKEN.—"For instance, here am my barnyard. (Imitations with banjo and mouth of barnyard fowls, squealing pigs, cackling hens, cattle, etc.)

"Oh, don't forget, though it may sound queer, My long-necked fiddle I hold very dear."

The audience was not prepared for anything of this sort, and the people fairly howled their delight.

He appeared to have the power of making the banjo do anything or imitate anything. In fact, there seemed to be no limit to what he could do with it.

Then he retired, and other volunteers took the platform, and did what they could to make the entertainment still more entertaining, until finally the closing sketch of the evening was announced, and Shorty and the Kid came out once more, but this time only carrying umbrellas.

The Kid was dressed as an old colored woman, and Shorty as an old colored preacher, both bent on making a speech at the same time on the subject of woman's rights.

They probably got a more generous laugh than they would have received in a regular theater, considering everything; for after all that they had done, the enthusiasm was high, with lots of cakes for the poor.

They both approached a table that had been set upon the platform, and both struck it with their umbrellas at the same time.

"Fellow citizens!"

This they said both together.

"I 'pears befo' yer ter-night."

This also both together.

"Fo' de puppus of argufyin' on de great national questions ob woman's right."

This from the Kid while Shorty was clearing his throat.

"I come ter whoop ag'in dis yer bald-headed nonsense ob woman's rights," said Shorty, banging the table and glaring at the audience.

"Feller citizens, what am de matter wid Hannah?" squeaked the Kid, imitating Shorty in every respect.

"Feller citizens, de trouble wid Hannah am dat she wants too much," said Shorty.

"What war it dat Gen'l Washin'ton said 'bout de declaration of independence, Kid?"

"Fust in war, fust in peace, an' fust at de free lunch bar," Shorty.

"What did Napoleon say to de Alps when he crossed 'em, Kid?" looking savagely at the audience.

"Meni, vidi, tickle, archipelago!"

"Once mo'." "Dar am a tide in de case ob human events which, taken on de fly, whaps up de conclusion!"

By this time they both got to talking at once, both quoting different things and both arguing differently. It would be utterly impossible to report what they said, as it was also impossible for the audience to understand what either said.

Faster and faster they both spoke, word for word, at the same time, it seemed, both gesticulating in the wildest manner and banging the table with their umbrellas, as if to clench the arguments they made, and they kept this thing up until those who listened to them became convulsed with laughter, not, of course, being able to make head or tail of the whole thing.

Then, with a sudden change, they banged each other over the head with their "awnings," both went to grass and got out, leaving a perfect roar behind them.

## CHAPTER XII.

THAT entertainment on board the steamer was one of the best that ever helped kill time with passengers on a long voyage anywhere.

But they were now within one day's sail of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and passengers began to feel that there was a change ahead that would be quite novel, since the steamer stopped a day or more at this point, which would give them a chance to go ashore and visit points of interest.

Shorty had already made up his mind to go ashore and visit "King Calico," as he is called, but really the king of the Sandwich Islands with an almost jaw-breaking name, but which sounds more like Calico as the natives pronounce it than almost any other in the English language; and on this account most English speaking persons call him King Calico.

It will be remembered that he visited the United States and other portions of the globe a few years ago, trying to learn something that might be of use to him in governing and reducing to a state of civilization a crowd of cannibals, and to his credit be it said, he has greatly improved their condition, although, of course, society there is in a very crude state, and will be for many years to come, for not one generation or five can change a people from savages to civilized.

Shorty had seen the king on the occasion of his visit to this country—as had also his father, who was present when he landed in San Francisco; and he felt somewhat acquainted with him, seeing that he did him the honor to visit one of his entertainments on a certain occasion.

And on inquiry it was found that quite a large number of the passengers also wanted to call on him, so it was finally agreed that Shorty should be the spokesman, and introduce the others to his majesty.

That evening they were still nearly fifty miles from the port of Honolulu, and naturally enough the passengers pined for some sort of an entertainment to kill the time; and so all those who had taken part in the entertainment the night before volunteered something this evening to make the time between dinner and bedtime pass more agreeably.

Among those volunteers of course Shorty was the most conspicuous and chiefly sought for, it being unquestioned that he was not only king of the banjo, but a king comedian as well.

But he didn't black up this time. He simply took a seat in a chair that had been placed upon the dining table in the cabin, and with his banjo entertained them for at least half an hour, giving them some work even finer than any he had hitherto done.

It need scarcely be written that he was applauded to the echo that applauded again through that ringing cabin, and finally one of the passengers, on behalf of the ladies, asked him to favor them with another of his improvised or made-up songs, on any subject that might please his fancy.

"Der ladies has it," said Shorty; "I can't refuse dem anything. But what shall I buzz dem about? Dat's der quest'."

"King Calico," suggested a bright-eyed young lady, who was evidently a little taken with Shorty, and this suggestion met with general approval.

"All right. All I can do is ter try, but if it don't please yer, all I can say is, dat yer mustn't look a gift singer in der mouth too closely, or yer might find holler teeth."

When the applause from this little speech had subsided, Shorty started an accompaniment on his banjo, and began:

"Did you ever hear tell of Kalikulu,

A chap with a civilized notion,

Who's trying to make himself a big gun,

Out here in der Pacific Ocean?

For he's an awful jolly cuss,

Ready for fun or for a muss,

"Oh, yer can't get der best of us!"

Says der King of der Sandwich Islands.

"When he first set out, King Kalikulu

Didn't wear any clothes to mention;

He simply had a big ring in his nose,

A well-tanned hide and good intention.

But he's an awful jolly cuss,

Ready for fun or for a muss,

"Oh, yer can't get der best of us!"

Says der King of der Sandwich Islands.

"Dey used ter live on missionary pot pie,

'Till dey scooped a hard-shell Baptist in;

Dat choked der bloody cannibals off,

An' started dem all ter reform.

But yet der king's a jolly cuss,

Ready for fun or for a muss,

"Der hard-shell got der best ob us,"

Says der King of der Sandwich Islands.

"King Kalic he then began to wear clothes,

An' airs belongin' ter greater station;

Says he: 'I'll cure these native sons of Ham—

I've bred myself ter make a Sandwich nation.'

O, Kalic, he's a jolly cuss,  
Ready for fun or for a muss,  
'Yer can't get much der bulge on us,'  
Says der King of der Sandwich Islands.

"They don't chaw missionaries any more,  
Nor wear a big ring in der bugle;  
They're gettin' all civilized through an' through,  
An' learnin' de tricks of Yankee Doodle.  
An' Kalic, he's a jolly cuss,  
Ready for trade or for a muss;  
'You had better fight shy of us,'  
Says der King of der Sandwich Islands."

Loud and prolonged applause followed this improvised song, both words and tune being made up as he went along, and the passengers almost had the cheek to ask him to repeat.

Like all of Shorty's songs, but little idea can be obtained of them by the mere words. They have to be sung by the boss in order to be appreciated for all they are worth.

The evening passed away delightfully, until one after another of the passengers began to drop off to their cabins, leaving about half of the original number in the cabin saloon, a good number of whom were engaged in playing cards or dominoes.

Shorty and the Kid were on the point of going up on deck to "blow a cloud" before retiring for the night, when a tall, angular, middle-aged woman approached him. He had noticed her on several occasions, and regarded her as some old crank, although she was comic enough in her get-up to have made her fortune on the variety stage, and this fact had often attracted his attention, and brought out many comments.

"Young man, you have made a great mistake," she began. "You are going the downward path."

"Wrong, ole gal. We're goin' up—on der deck ter burn a weed. Come up an' have one?" asked Shorty.

"Don't insult me, young man!" said she, looking at him with mournful savagery.

"Can't help it, ole gal. I aren't got any snuff. But may be dad has; he feeds his bugle wid it sometimes," replied Shorty, looking honest.

"You do not understand me, I've nothing to do with such dreadful practices; I abhor them from the bottom of my heart. I am a missionary."

"Oh, yer be, hey?" said Shorty, looking her over. "Going out among the cannibals?"

"I am."

"Yer safe!" exclaimed the little rascal, whereat a dozen or more who had been listening to the conversation burst out laughing.

But she paid no attention to this. She was evidently seriously engaged in her work.

"Yes, I have been called out among the heathens; but I have come to the conclusion that I might do some very effective missionary work right here on board of this ship, and you are a good subject for me to commence on."

"Me! What have I ever done ter you?"

"You should be a better man."

"Dat's what I allus told yer, dad," said the Kid, creating another laugh.

"Now, say, ole gal, what yer givin' me? I'm as good as any man of my size," said Shorty.

"No, sir; you are perverting your talents."

"Doin' what wid em?"

"Perverting them. You should be a jubilee singer—a singer of hymns. Only think what good you might do!"

"Think I could become a star?"

"I feel certain of it," said she.

"No use, ole gal. I've already made my pile."

"But what good are you doing with it?" she asked, closely following him up.

"Waal, I haven't bought any missionaries yet ter feed der cannibals wid. But I guess I've made 'bout as much happiness in this world as you have."

"Alas! not real, lasting happiness."

"How much have you made? come, now."

"A great deal, I hope."

"How much did yer give ter der poor gal an' her sick boy in der steerage?"

"Well, I have given them the consolations of religion," she said, rather reluctantly.

"Left 'em some tracts, I s'pose. We put a couple of hundred in her fist, an' brought her things ter brace up der boy on. Which der yer think did him der most good—tracts or coin? Which sounded der best in his ears—my banjo or yer pious whoopin' up? Yer might fool a naked savage dat way, but it won't go down here," replied Shorty.

"I guess you are a hard case," said she, sadly.

"What! Bet yer ten ter one I haven't seasoned so long as you have."

"There is no occasion for your becoming personal."

"What der yer soy? Who was personal fust? Didn't yer call me a hard case?"

"Don't get angry. Let me reason with you."

"Nix. I'd rather go up on der deck an' have a smoke," said he, starting to go.

"But suppose you should be swept from the deck to-night?"

"Oh, der sweepers arn't out now," replied Shorty, laughing. "But, I say, goin' ter scoop in King Calico an' his natives?"

"Yes, I am going out to preach to the heathens."

"All right. Come 'long wid der gang ter-morrer, and I'll introduce yer ter his nibs."

"Who do you mean as his nibs?"

"Why, der king—der ole boy Kalic!"

With uplifted hands and a dramatic sigh she turned away amidst a roar of laughter, for the comical way in which he said this was enough to make a cow laugh.

"Ta—ta, ole gal. See yer ter-morrer. But if yer



want somethin' to work on now, just to keep yer dukes in, try dat bald-headed ole rooster over dere readin'," said he, pointing to his dad.

Completely bluffed in every attempt, she made no reply, and Shorty went on deck, leaving the crestfallen missionary to take in the laugh she had raised at her own expense.

To tell the truth, however, she resolved to join the party the next day when it went to see the king, for an introduction to his majesty might possibly be of service to her in the future.

But after ruminating over her defeat with Shorty for a few minutes, she walked over to where the old man sat, and took a seat at the table where he was reading.

"I beg pardon, sir; but who is that dwarfish man who has been singing this evening?"

"That? Oh, that's my son, madame," said the old man, looking up.

"Is it possible?"

"Well, as near as I can make out, it is; but you know we are not positive of anything in this world," said he, with a twinkling eye.

"Then, sir, you should try to reform him."

"Reform him!" exclaimed he, tumbling to the old gal's racket.

"By all means."

"Why, he's been trying for years to reform me, madame."

"You? Wherefore?"

"Because I am so much worse than he is. Why, I'm known as the wickedest man in New York, and I am on my way out among the heathen now for the purpose of starting a faro bank," said he.

"Is it possible that such degraded men are to be found in the land of civilization?"

"Oh, there's no doubt about it."

"I cannot believe it. Why, sir, do you know that I am going out among those same savages as a missionary?"

"Good! We will start rival shops, and I'll bet you a thousand even up that I beat you," said he, with considerable enthusiasm.

"Heaven defend us!"

"Oh, no. You are getting out over your head in going out of the United States in search of heathen," he added, laughing.

"I think so, too, if what you say is true."

"Oh, there's no mistake about it. Don't see where you have always lived, madame, not to know such to be the case. But you haven't got time to convert me to-night, so you had better give it up."

"I should dearly like to do so."

"Haven't the time; besides, I'm reading a very interesting story here of how a lot of missionaries in Africa were boiled and eaten by the natives. It's one of the most entertaining stories I have ever had the pleasure of reading."

"Mercy—mercy—mercy!" she exclaimed.

"I tell you it was a worse case of 'boil' than old Job had. But if you really feel as though you ought to convert some Leathen, why I have got a Chinese servant on board, the finest subject you ever saw, and I will allow you to practice on him; for, to tell the truth, the vagabond hasn't anything else to do now. In fact, he don't do half enough to earn his money, anyhow, and I can accommodate you with a subject just as well as not."

This chaffing was also listened to by quite a large number, and finally she took a tumble, went to her cabin, and tumbled into bed.

The next morning they found themselves at the wharf in Honolulu, and of course every eye was strained to take in the place, and not in vain, either; for it is built from the water's edge away back up into the verdure-clad mountains and volcanic hills, which form a lovely background to the pretty houses nestling among the tropical foliage, and which composes the important town of Honolulu, the chief sea-port of the Sandwich Islands.

Many natives were seen, but they were far from being naked, as they used to be a few years ago, and that class can only be found now by going back into the interior.

On the whole, it was a pretty scene, and as it was certain that the steamer would not continue her journey until evening, if, indeed, the freight could be discharged so as to sail before the next morning, parties were made up to go ashore to visit places of interest.

Shorty headed a party who had decided to call on the king, who isn't a very august rooster, anyway; and almost anybody, especially a foreigner, and more especially if he is an American, can generally obtain an audience with his royal nibs.

Shorty remembered that when his R. N. was in the United States, and especially when he visited his entertainment, he manifested a great liking for banjo music, so he shoved his instrument into a bag and took it along.

Taking carriages at the landing, they were driven to the palace (a building no better in every respect than a New York boarding-house), intending to create a sensation, as it took at least ten carriages to transport the party, and a thing of that dimensions is sure to produce a sensation at the palace gate.

The old missionary gal had chipped in with one of the more sober passengers, a man who evidently believed everybody to be honest who looked serious, and made one of the party.

Honolulu was her destination, and her luggage was put ashore there, but she didn't stop to look after it; the opportunity of visiting and being introduced to the King of the Sandwich Islands was too valuable to be neglected; so she forsook everything and caught on.

Arriving at the palace gate, one carriage after another discharged its occupants until all were out.

The guard was pacing back and forth before the gate, and Shorty approached him, giving the "High Betty-fugle" salute as he did so.

"Say, is his royal nibs in?" he asked.

"The king has just finished breakfast, gentlemen," replied the guard, coming to a salute.

"Dat's der racket! Now's der time ter catch der ole man; he's feelin' good. Say, can we see him?"

"You will be obliged to send in your cards."

"All right. Here," and taking a pencil he wrote:

"SHORTY AND TWENTY AMERICANS."

"Take dis in ter his nibs," he added.

The guard took the card and bade the party follow him into the grand entry, and after getting them into position, he started to present the card to his royal master.

Expectation was on tip-toe, for it was very few, indeed, if any of them, who had ever called on a king before; and the idea of being in the portal of a palace was almost too much for the old gal missionary especially.

But Shorty was as much at home there as he would have been on the stage anywhere, for he was a good specimen of an American, if he was little.

Presently the guard returned, smiling.

"The king will receive you," said he. "Follow me," and he led the way into the reception-room.

The king was seated at a desk, and before him stood an empty champagne bottle which showed that his nibs not only knew what was good but went in for it. He was a great imitator of other nations in everything, and of course he had to have an "eye-opener," just the same as they did.

Shorty approached him.

"Halloo, Kalick! Remember me?" said he, extending his hand.

"Yes, saw you perform in San Francisco when I was there. Glad to see you," and he shook his hand with more than royal warmth.

"Good. Glad ter see you. How yer was?"

"Well, thank you, with the exception of an attack of rheumatism. Who have you here?"

"Allow me, Kalic," said he, presenting his fellow passengers one at a time, in a style, if it was a trifle flowery and theatrical, was nevertheless polite and effective.

"Gentlemen, I am glad to meet you all," said the king, and then Shorty presented the old gal, who, on being introduced, bowed nearly to the floor.

"Say, Kalic, she's come down here to start a gospel factory; give her a send off, will yer?"

"Certainly," replied the king, turning from her to converse with the gentleman, whom he liked much better.

The reception was very pleasant, and, of course, several bottles of wine were opened, of which the king drank a large amount, that evidently being his weakness. He also insisted that the lady should drink, and, although it was against her principles to do so, she could not refuse to drink with a king, and so got away with several goblets of the nectar.

In fact, the whole party soon began to feel very good, laughing and talking with the king in the most familiar manner. He certainly was the most democratic king they had ever seen or heard tell of, and the oftener he drank, the more democratic he became.

Shorty was his favorite, for having seen him in some of his character business, he not only remembered him pleasantly, but felt somewhat acquainted with him.

"Oh, you little rascal! I remember how you tickled me once," said he, laughing heartily.

"That's something to say, that you have tickled a king," remarked one of the party.

"I wish I could hear you play on that instrument again," said the king.

"Yer shall. Why, Kalic, I knew yer liked der banjo, an' so I brought it wid me."

"Good! What, ho! more wine here!" he called to a lazy attendant, while Shorty took the banjo from its bag, and began tuning it.

"He's the king of that instrument," said one of the company, addressing the king.

"You are right, sir," replied the king, who, by this time, was somewhat unsteady in voice and motion.

"Say, Kalic, where shall I sit?" asked Shorty, looking around for a chair.

"Why, being king of your business, where else should you sit but on a throne!" said he, pointing to the throne chair.

"Dat's good 'nough for me, ole man!" and hopping up into the royal chair, he took a seat on one of its cushioned arms and struck a chord; "I say, dad, how's dis for high?" he asked, addressing the old man.

The laugh at the ridiculousness of the situation soon became general, and everybody, even the king, enjoyed it hugely, with the exception of the old gal. She held up her hands in pious horror at the profanation.

"Whoop her!" cried Shorty, and striking into one of his most rattling, rollicking jigs, he made the royal room ring with the melody of his banjo.

"Good—good!" exclaimed the king.

"Very good, indeed," the others replied.

"Who would think there was so much music in a little instrument like that?" asked one of the visitors.

"Whew! who would think there was so much dance in it?" cried the king, and being unable longer to contain himself, he seized the horrified missionary woman and began to dance with her.

"Dance—dance, I say! Whoop—who!" he cried, and dance that poor old gal was obliged to, for he was in for it himself and was bound to have her.

"Hi—hi!" cried Shorty. "Whoop'er up!" and so irresistibly comical and catching was it that before many seconds had elapsed, the entire party was "breaking down" there in the royal reception-room.

## CHAPTER XIII.

If ever there was a comical sight—if ever there was a burlesque in real life that was far ahead of any seen on the stage, it was where the king of the Sandwich Islands was dancing with the female missionary and his other guests in the throne room, with Shorty seated on the throne playing his banjo. It was such a picture as is only seen once in a lifetime, if ever.

Into it they went, each seeming to be trying to out-do the other, or all save the old gal, who was at first horrified at what she was doing, although the wine she had drunk with the king had warmed her considerably; and finally, seeing that the king was determined to have her dance, she pulled her dress up so as to give her broom handles full play, and went in like an old stager.

"Whoop!" cried Shorty, and the king and the others echoed it as they danced.

Shorty was never so happy in his life, and the Kid was putting in some of his fine steps, while the old man laughed so heartily at the absurdity of the thing that he could scarcely stand, let alone dance.

"Go it! hi-hi!"

The writer would gladly give a hundred dollars for a photograph of that scene.

Well, Shorty kept them at it until they were all well winded, and then he stopped.

"Som' mo'—som' mo'!" cried the king.

"Give us a rest!" the others all cried.

"Mo' dance—mo' dance!" yelled the king, who was getting warmed up to the fun.

"Will yer have it?" asked Shorty.

"Go it!" said two or three, and Shorty let himself out on his banjo once more.

"Whoop!" yelled the king, and once more seizing the female missionary, he pulled her into the can-can which Shorty had started.

Several of the visitors caught the spirit of the thing, and went in heavily, but none of them got ahead of His Majesty, King Kalic. He went in with his new shoes on—he went in with all the limberness of his legs; with all the balloonistic properties of those members of his august body, and there was fun.

And that female missionary seemed to have caught the spirit of that can-can, and she went in heavily and quite artistically.

It was almost impossible to believe that she didn't know all about it—that she had never visited Paris and taken a turn in *Jardin Mabille*, for she seemed to forget that she had a certain amount of modesty to parade and protect, and entering into the spirit of the naughty dance, she flung her broom handles around in the most reckless manner, even going so far as to touch the king's nose with the tip of her No. 7 boot, causing him to whoop and shout like a wild man. He liked it.

"Whoop-ho!" he yelled.

"Whoop-la!" cried the Kid, who was doing his little best to make the reception a success.

"Yum-yum!" put in the old man, who was also enjoying and taking part in the racket.

"Now, then!"

"Whoop her up!"

"Great graft!"

"Good for his royal nibs!"

"Kalic forever!"

"Whoop!"

And then Shorty led them by the magic of his musical art from the rougher portions of the can-can into the poety of motion belonging to it, and into which they all hung themselves without let or hindrance.

For fifteen minutes or such a matter this wild French dance held possession of them, and it might have held them longer had not Shorty changed the tune and broke it up.

"What ho! More wine!" cried the king, as he stopped, almost for want of breath.

The servants at once replenished the flagons, and again wine flowed like water. Royalty was on a bender, and nothing could stop it.

As for the female missionary who had tried to reform the whole Shorty family and one or two others, she was by this time one of the loudest of the loud. She responded to the king, and when he said that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, she threw her arms around his neck and owned that she was.

That settled it, and all hands congratulated her on her "mash."

But while this was going on, Shorty had received a big cup of wine from one of the imperial servants, and he wanted to toast.

"Kalic, here's ter yer!"

"Shorty, I'm looking at yer," replied the king.

"Good luck!"

"Whoop!"

"Down she goes!"

And after this had been drunk with all the honors, the female missionary came to the front, holding a glass of wine.

"Let me propose a toast," said she.

"Give it."

"Shout it!"

"Come down with it!" and various other cries greeted her.

"Thanks. Here is my toast: Here's to the heathen; may they see the error of their ways, and—"

"Take a drink," added the king.

And the cheer which followed this social tip of a sentiment made the palace resound.

"Good for the heathen!"

"Who wouldn't be a heathen?"

And after the laugh had been indulged in, the Kid mounted the chair with a glass of wine.

"Gents, will yer have it?" he cried.

"Yes—yes; give it to us!"



"All right. Here's ter ther King of ther Sandwich Islands, one of der gang!" the little fellow cried, raising to his utmost hight.

It was a hit.

Everybody present was in just the right condition to shout, and as this toast or sentiment was naturally a popular one, they gave their lungs all the atmosphere they could work, and let them out for all they could do.

King "Calico" was impressed.

He ordered more wine.

And then he responded.

It wasn't a thoroughly sober response; that is to say, he couldn't have passed himself off for a temperance lecturer, as he responded.

"Friends and fellow monarchs! for all who come

the party who stood around the paralyzed king, slightly paralyzed themselves.

Then there was a consultation as to what should be done with his royal nibs, but Shorty solved the problem by striking a peculiar chord on his banjo and commencing to sing:

"His royal nibs is all knocked out,  
Whoa, dar—whoa, dar!  
He weakens and der gang is stout,  
Whoa—de—du—dar—dey!

*Chorus.*

Bound ter dance all night,  
Bound ter dance all day,  
Bet my pile on his royal nibs,  
Whoa—de—du—dar dey!

*Chorus.*

Bound ter drink all night,  
Bound ter drink all day,  
Bet my "boodle" on his royal nibs,  
Whoa—de—du—dar—day!"

The ridiculousness of the thing can be easily seen. A king drunk and lying on the floor, with his royal head under a chair, and Shorty and the party of visitors standing over him, singing this song!

The female missionary had taken part in the whole thing, joining in the chorus until the song was finished, when she suddenly came to the conclusion that she wanted to see somebody, and one of the servants of the palace showed her out.



Ho Sham didn't yell with delight, for the moment he could catch his breath, he commenced to kick and cry all sorts of things in all sorts of languages.

from America are monarchs, let's have a drink!" he cried, most vehemently.

"Whoop!" was the response, and no voice was louder than the female missionary, who by this time was beginning to feel bully.

"Wine, ho!" howled the king, and half a dozen servants instantly responded.

The drink was taken with all the honors, and then Shorty let himself out again on his banjo, the rare melody of which set everybody once more on tip-toe.

There didn't appear to be a Baptist leg in the whole party, and in they went.

All sorts of shouting accompanied the music and dancing, and it appeared to be an understood thing that the man or woman who could dance the hardest and shout the loudest was the best of the gang.

It was red hot! Every one in the throne room was going in lively and heavy.

Shorty, still seated on the throne, was just knocking musical spots out of the banjo, giving the dancers all they wanted to go at almost any dance that is known to civilization.

But the king began to weaken. Before this he had shown signs of it, for he had clasped one of the dancing visitors around the neck and insisted upon it that he was the handsomest woman in the world.

After this he began to break up fast, and seeing it, Shorty hurried up the time of his music until the king nearly kicked himself to pieces trying to catch on the measure.

But finally he seized the exuberant female missionary around the waist and swore he would make her a queen; but before he had time to do so, he stuck his royal toe into the royal carpet and went to grass head first.

He plunged his august head under a chair and lay there as though he was dead.

Shorty came down from the throne and joined with

Der royal "keg" is now chuck full,  
Whoa, dar—whoa, dar!  
He cannot take another pull,  
Whoa—de—du—dar—day!

*Chorus.*

Bound ter drink all night,  
Bound ter drink all day,  
Bet my pile on his royal nibs,  
Whoa—de—du—dar—day!

Come 'round his nibs an' all hands sing,  
Whoa, dar—whoa, dar!  
He got flung out on der Highlan' fling,  
Whoa—de—du—dar—day!

*Chorus.*

Bound ter drink all night,  
Bound ter drink all day,  
Bet my pile on his royal nibs,  
Whoa—de—du—dar—day!

King Calic tried to be a tough,  
Whoa, dar—whoa, dar!  
But now we see he's got enough,  
Whoa—de—du—dar—day!

*Chorus.*

Bound ter drink all night,  
Bound ter drink all day,  
Bet my pile on his royal nibs,  
Whoa—de—du—dar—day!

Oh, put der poor ole man ter bed!  
Whoa, dar—whoa, dar!  
But, oh! to-morrow, what a "head!"  
Whoa—de—du—dar—day!

It was one of the most comical things from first to last that was ever seen, and after the song had been finished, and finding that his royal nibs was disposed to sleep, the party quietly withdrew and left him in the hands of his attendants.

It was a laugh from the word "go," and after leaving the palace, and viewing the other points of interest in Honolulu, nothing could be found that would wear them from the laugh, see what they might, do what they might.

But all things considered, the visit ashore was one of the most enjoyable ones that ever persons indulged in. Let alone the fun they had, it was rich in adventure and beauty, and had not Shorty been with the party, it is most likely that nothing but a sentimental journey would have resulted; but the reader knows by this time that wherever he goes, fun was sure to follow, even if he had to invade a throne to draw it out.

It was nearly dark when the party returned on board the steamer; tired from their long tramp, but almost bursting with the memories of the fun they had enjoyed; and when they reported the day's adventures to the captain, he too joined in the laugh, and voted for one that Shorty ought to be strung up to the yard arm.

"Can't get me on dat sort of a string, cap," said Shorty, laughing.

"Well, perhaps not, and that is because the devil don't get his due," replied the captain.

"Ther deuce yer say."

"Shoot him!" cried several, who could not swallow such a pun.

Well, late at night the steamer was again put upon her mettle—and her steam—and once more headed out upon the broad Pacific and towards the far away shores of Japan in another hemisphere.

The adventures of the day, related by the different



ones who had participated in them, was enough to entertain the passengers for that night, and many a one of them went to bed sore from laughing, and more ready than ever to swear that Shorty was the boss of all the jokers.

And all the next day when far away from any sight of land, the memory of their visit to the king of the Sandwich Islands kept them all on the grin and full of stories to tell.

About fifty of the passengers landed at Honolulu, but only three or four were taken from the cabin, so that the joyous harmony was not disturbed to any great extent.

But the second day out from Honolulu things began to grow dull, and on all sides the inquiries began to be made: "What shall we do to kill time?"

Of course they had the cabin entertainments for evening and a certain amount of fun on deck during the day; but this gradually became monotonous, and passengers began to look to each other for some new suggestion for amusements.

There was yet a sail of twenty days before them, and something had to be done, but the question was what should it be—what could it be that had not already been done?

Even Shorty was puzzled. He racked his brain for something new, but somehow there seemed to be nothing to work.

The Kid made two or three suggestions, but they were tame, and Shorty voted them down. He managed to have considerable fun himself with his hairless pug, Liver, among the passengers on deck, for they would ask all sorts of questions regarding him, what breed he was, etc., and the Kid gave each one a different story, and in this way worked up a respectable quiet racket.

As for the old man, he had become quite a dandy since he had taken Ho Sham for a body servant, and being shaved and fixed up twice a day, he looked all the while just as though he had come out of a perforated bandbox.

Neither Shorty or the Kid failed to notice this, and they took advantage of it by having the Chinaman go over them whenever he didn't have the old man in hand, but for all that they began to feel lonesome.

The sameness of everyday life on board of a steamer on such a long voyage as that between San Francisco and Hong Kong, China, is something terrible, and everybody, after becoming tired of it, is crazy, so to speak, to find something that will break up the monotony in some way or other.

All day long on deck, reading, telling stories, or chaffing somebody, and in the evening, gathered in the cabin saloon to enjoy singing, recitations, or a hand at cards; this was really all there was to take up the time and kill it.

Shorty became nervous and fidgety after a week of this, and once more racked his brain for something that should be a change.

He finally came to the conclusion that Ho Sham was a good subject for fun, and began to lay pipes and put up a job in order to work it out.

By this time the Chinaman began to feel his oats—that is, he believed himself to be quite a respectable-sized gun, and essential to the happiness of the Shortys, at all events; and as neither of the little rascals had put up a job on him for some time, he forgot that there was a possibility of such a thing, and so felt good.

He was not altogether a barber and a body servant, but he was quite an adept in legerdemain, and on several occasions created considerable amusement for the passengers by doing tricks of sleight-of-hand, although through that means, it was supposed, several passengers lost their watches and other articles.

This was what might be termed a genuine bit of astonishment, yet he did it—if he did it—with so much skill that it was next to impossible to fasten the thefts upon him; but at all events he became quite a noted person among the passengers.

And Shorty taught him to dance a sort of mongrel breakdown that created considerable fun, for almost anything would take among the passengers when they were so hard up for amusement.

On the eighth day from Honolulu Shorty prevailed upon the captain to allow them to arrange a gymnasium on deck, and some of the loudest fun of the voyage was had by different ones of the ambitious passengers trying to "throw" themselves through certain evolutions of the swing and horizontal bar, which they could easily do on shore, but which the motion of the steamer made not only difficult, but in many cases ludicrous.

For instance, a fresh Englishman wanted to show what he could do on the ring swing, and as it was held away up on the fore mizzen yard, and gave a length of rope nearly, if not quite, seventy-five feet long, the difficulty of working it can be understood by anybody who has ever tried it on dry land, when they consider how the motion of the ship would effect the motion of it.

The result was, that fresh Englishman was jerked overboard, and the steamer had to be stopped in order to rescue him, and he came on board decidedly moist and slightly crestfallen.

Those who tried the business afterward did not go in quite so flush.

Well, finally Ho Sham was prevailed upon by Shorty to show the passengers what he could do on the ropes, and he really did some things which were very clever.

But still there were several passengers who believed that he had taken their watches and other trinkets, and to say the least, they would dearly have liked to have seen him go overboard.

Shorty understood it all.

"Say, Ho, try this," said he, approaching him with a strong belt.

"How datie?" asked the elated Chinaman.

"Put this around your waist, and show us some of that lofty flying you were telling me about."

"Me no. Too muchie rockie," said he, referring to the motion of the steamer.

"Oh, dat's all right! We'll pass 'round der hat for yer when yer get through."

"Hattie?"

"Yes, five dollars at least," he whispered.

"Me yes," said he, allowing Shorty to buckle the belt around his waist.

"Good boy!"

Now this lofty flying that he had told Shorty about consisted of fastening a tackle hook into this belt, so that when he let go the rings after making a big swing, he would fly off in a highly sensational manner, and recover himself by catching at the rings on the return sweep.

Shorty had talked the matter over with the second officer who had charge of the deck, and the ropes had been especially arranged.

There was quite a stiff gale blowing, and the steamer was heeled over to larboard quite considerably, her lower yards sometimes touching the waves.

"Me go; me fly hi!" said he, after the ropes had been adjusted to his satisfaction.

There was considerable excitement on the deck as the passengers stood around and waited for the exhibition which they somehow knew would be more than ordinary.

Seizing the two rings, Ho Sham cried: "Hi—hi!" and began to swing back and forth, encouraged by Shorty and several of the passengers.

After attaining a motion which sent him from the mizzenmast clear forward to the foremast, and without minding the unsteady sidewise motion of the vessel, which at every sweep took him away outside over the surging waters, he finally yelled again, and let go for his "fly."

It was a fly. The rope secured to his belt bore him forward in a tremendous flight, but there it was caught by a nicely arranged tackle, and Ho Sham was suspended in midair at least twenty feet outside of the vessel, and at every sidewise plunge he was soused into the water out of sight.

The passengers fairly yelled with delight, for this, above all things, was what they wanted.

But Ho Sham didn't yell with delight, for the moment he could catch his breath, he commenced to kick and cry all sorts of things in all sorts of languages. He saw the trick that had been played upon him, as did the passengers who were laughing at him.

"Me no—me no! Hellee—" and under he went again before he could express himself further, and then when he came up he called for Shorty to rescue him.

"Nix, ole man! We're goin' ter souse yer until yer give up der watches an' things what yer smouched," replied Shorty, at which there was general encouragement.

"Me no—me yes—me glive black!" he cried the next time the motion of the ship brought him aloft again.

"Will yer give back everything what yer cribbed?"

"Ebblything. Takee down," he pleaded; and as they went to release him, those who had lost money by his sleight-of-hand, gathered around.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

POOR Ho Sham! He was a sad-looking specimen of a gymnast when they took him down from that lofty swing in which he had been plunged into the waves five or six times.

"Will yer come down?" demanded Shorty, who had arranged the job on him.

"Me yes, me come down klick!" said he, in most pitious tones.

"But will yer give up dem supers?"

"Me yes, me ebblything, klick."

"Waal, let's see yer do it."

The poor Chinaman was so nearly frightened out of his wits that he never hesitated a moment, but going down into his clothes, even before he was fully liberated from the swing that had played him such a trick, he produced three watches and several other things, which he had taken from the passengers while performing sleight-of-hand tricks, at which he was an adept.

A loud laugh accompanied his giving up these articles, and Shorty was at once awarded the praise of their restoration.

That proved to be one of the most enjoyable days that any of them had passed on board the steamer, and the only chagrined individual (for Ho Sham was not a bit abashed) was Shorty's dad, Ho Sham's master, who felt himself to be, in some respects, responsible for his conduct.

He went for Shorty and gave him a big lecture on freshness, although, of course, it did but little good.

In fact, it was only the next day that Shorty struck something else for the benefit of this light-fingered Chinaman, and this time it was even a rougher racket than before.

He had noticed that Ho Sham carefully shaved his head every day or two, taking care, of course, to preserve the "pig-tail" all right, and like many of his race, he was something of a dandy in this respect.

Going to the ship's doctor, Shorty obtained some nitrate of silver, and this he contrived to place in Ho Sham's shaving cup, so the next time he worked up his lather wherewith to shave his head, this mixed with it.

Now nitrate of silver will turn the skin black, and the result was that Ho Sham's scalp was as black as a negro's, and a more frightened fellow never managed to live.

The old man was the first to call his attention to it,

for it did not commence to turn black until some little time after he had finished shaving his head.

"What is the matter with your head, Ho?"

"Headee allee yitee. Allee shavee nicee," replied Ho, with some pride.

"But what makes it so black?"

"Blackee?"

"Yes, your scalp is as black as a coon's."

"Me no," he replied, at the same time rubbing his head thoughtfully. "No blackee; me allee yitee."

"Just look at yourself in the glass."

Ho Sham did as directed, taking off his hat and regarding himself with amazement, while Shorty and the Kid stood near by, grinning.

"Damee!" he exclaimed, and then made a dive for his cabin.

Shorty and the Kid broke into a laugh, as did several of the passengers who stood around, at the strange appearance of the Chinaman.

"Guess he must have washed himself in ink," said the old man, joining in the laugh.

"Yes, and I guess he's got an inklin' of it now," suggested Shorty.

"A queer sort of incubation," said the captain of the steamer.

"Good, but won't somebody say somethin' 'bout hatchet?" asked Shorty.

"I'll have the clerk write something about it, and then it will be a pen-and-ink-ubation," laughed the captain, and the others joined in, just as Ho Sham reappeared, hat in hand, and looking both frightened and mystified.

"What's the matter? Why didn't you wash yourself?" demanded the old man.

"Me yes; me washee wi' soapee. No come loffee. What be?"

A laugh was all the sympathy he received.

"What are you giving us?"

"Washee, soapee, washee; he no comee loff."

"Come here and let me look at you," said the old man, and Ho bowed his head for inspection. "Why, the skin is stained. What have you been doing?"

"Me no—me shavee allee samee like allee time—me no," replied Ho.

"Guess he is commencing to turn black," suggested the captain.

"Of course he is. Chinamen often turn black in this country," put in Shorty.

"Hellee damee no!"

"Fact. Leave it ter anybody."

"Guess he's got the leprosy," suggested one of the passengers, and this instantly created a lively sensation.

"Dat's so. Lepers allus turn black fust."

It would be hard to say which was the most frightened, the Chinaman or the passengers, as they quickly moved away from him.

"Throw him overboard!" cried one of them.

"Yes—yes; overboard with him!"

"Mercy—mercy!" screamed the ladies.

"Pitch him overboard!"

"Me no—me no! Me allee yitee; me belly good Chinaman; me no leppee!" cried Ho, falling upon his knees in an ecstasy of fear.

"Go to the doctor and let him see what is the matter with you," said the captain, who was not entirely easy about the matter himself.

"Yes—yes, go at once!" said the old man, who was nearly as frightened as his servant was.

"Me no—me no! Me allee yitee!" pleaded Ho.

"I am not so sure about that."

"Me yes—me yes!"

"Take him away!" cried the frightened passengers.

"Throw him overboard!"

This frightened the poor devil so, that he had not the power of moving from his knees.

"Ah! here comes the doctor!" said the old man.

"Here, doctor, just see what is the matter with this fellow," said the captain.

"What is the trouble, captain?" asked the doctor, approaching the group.

"A leper!—a leper!"

"Throw him overboard!"

"Look at that head, and see if you can tell what has caused it to turn black."

The doctor took a look at the frightened Ho.

"Is it leprosy?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh! are you very sure about it, doctor?" asked one of the lady passengers.

"Yes; I am very positive that it is not only not leprosy, but no disease of any kind."

They all breathed freer, and approached nearer.

"But what has turned his scalp black?" demanded the captain.

"Some coloring matter; something like nitrate of silver, I should say," said he, turning to Shorty, to whom he had given some.

Shorty gave him one of his quick, comical winks, and then he knew that he was right. That was what the little rascal wanted of the silver, and appreciating the joke, he began to laugh heartily.

The old man looked from one to another for a moment, without comprehending the situation.

Ho Sham gradually recovered from his paralyzation, and also looked around.

"There is no danger?" asked two or three of the most nervous passengers.

"None, whatever," said the doctor.

A sigh of relief went up from every passenger on board the steamer.

"Doctor, what is it?" asked the "larde-dar" Englishman, who, after the first alarm, had climbed into the rigging to escape the contagion.

"A joke!"

"A what?"

"A joke."

"You don't say so!"



"One of the finest in the world," said the doctor, still laughing.

"A joke!" this by the frightened passengers.

"Nothing more and nothing less."

"Joke! Me no jokee," said Ho Sham.

"But somebody has been joking with you, my friend," said the doctor.

The old man tumbled!

This was one of Shorty's jokes; one of his "rackets," as he called them.

But how to get to the bottom of it was what puzzled the old man.

Was it Shorty?

But Ho Sham felt all right now. The fear of being denounced as a leper and thrown overboard, as he certainly would have been, had the doctor confirmed their suspicions, made him so sick that he was almost knocked out.

"You young rascal!" said the old man, shaking his fist at Shorty.

"Me!" exclaimed Shorty, looking surprised.

"Yes, you!"

"What?"

"You are down on my bad servant."

"Never was down on anybody," said Shorty.

"I'll bet you worked it!"

"Bet yer lose, and leave it ter yerself," exclaimed Shorty, going up to his dad.

"I lose nothing."

"Make good!"

"How?"

"Put up yer sugar!"

"How will you have it?"

"In lumps—big lumps," said Shorty.

"That you didn't do it?"

"Cert."

"Well, probably it cannot be proved, but my opinion is the same all the while."

"How happened it?" asked the doctor, of Ho.

"Me no—me shavee allee samee; me clean allee timee; me bully bloy, allee samee likee Melican man. Me no leppee," said he, with a grin that was catching.

By this time the passengers began to drop to it, and instead of fright there was laughter from stem to stern of the steamer.

They all concluded that there had been a racket played, and who else so likely to play it as Shorty, the great; the original; the only!

But when they came to know that Ho Sham was not a Chinese leper, as they at first thought him to be, they joined in the laugh, and general good will took possession of everybody.

Well, everybody but Ho Sham.

It was a trifle too much for him.

The laugh, however, gave him to understand that there had been a joke of some sort played upon him, but how, or by whom, was more than his Celestial head could take in and digest.

The doctor spoke a few words to the captain, and he commenced to laugh.

Then the passengers began to laugh, and to look at Shorty, for this confirmed their suspicions, and it soon became generally understood among them that the little joker had worked the racket on the Chinaman in some way, although, of course, nothing could be proven against him.

"Well, Ho Sham, how is it?" asked the captain, having fully recovered from his fright.

"Me no—me no leppee," said he.

"What are you, then?"

"Me goodee Chinaman."

"But how about your turning black?"

"Me no," he said, shaking his head wisely.

"Throw him overboard," said Shorty.

"Me no ovellybode; me good cleane man."

"But you have turned black."

"Me no notis. Some jokee?" he asked, looking from one to another.

"Joke? Ye're turning black. Yer'll be a nigger before we get to Japan," said Shorty.

"Me no blackee manee; me Chinaman."

"Well, all right; but yer have got ter shave off dat black, or we'll chuck yer overboard for fun, anyhow."

"I say, doctor," said the old man, seeing how the thing was going, "what'll break it up?"

"Well, I think I know of something that will restore the color of his skin in a few days," said the doctor, laughing.

"Take him in hand, doctor. He is my servant, and I don't wish him to be lying under a cloud of this dimension. I fully and honestly believe that this rascally son of mine has done it, but I leave him in your hands to get him out of it."

"I will experiment upon him, although I am not certain that I shall succeed."

"Well, but you can remove the stain?"

"Yes, the black, but another color might take its place," said the doctor, laughing.

"Another color! What color?"

"Green."

"Green! Heavens and earth! Fancy my having a green body-servant!"

"Waal, dad, it looks like it," said Shorty, laughing.

"No; it looks as though you had worked some sort of a racket on my Ho Sham."

"Oh, he's shamming."

"Wait until I catch you."

"All right; I'll wait."

"Come with me," said the doctor, touching the now recovered Chinaman.

"Me go with you?"

"Of course you will."

"In the interest of science, eh, doctor?" said one of the lately frightened passengers.

"All in the interest of science," replied the doctor, turning to Shorty. "Oh, you rascal! this is one of your rackets."

"Dat's all right, doc. Got ter have some fun, yer know, somehow," said Shorty.

"Yes, but do you know what trouble it will be for me to get that stain out?"

"Dat's all right, doc. Work it somehow."

"But suppose I bring him out green?"

"Dat'll be all der more fun."

"For whom?"

"Well, for der gang."

"Gang! But how about Ho Sham?"

"Waal, what was he born a Chinaman for if it wasn't for fun?"

The doctor laughed heartily, and after shaking hands with Shorty, he collared Ho Sham, and led him away to his cabin.

Once away from his presence the passengers breathed freer, for, in spite of what the doctor had said, they feared that there might be something the matter with the Chinaman, especially as it had become generally known and understood that his race was more liable to that terrible disease than any other nationality.

"Shorty, you ought to be murdered!" said the captain, as he turned to go to the bridge.

"What for, cap?"

"What for? Why, this racket. Do you know—it has made my passengers so nervous that they will not get over it in a long time."

"Don't give it ter me dat way, cap!"

"Oh, you rascal! Don't try to play the innocent on me."

"Honor bright, cap!"

"Nonsense."

"Honest Injun!" put in the Kid.

"Oh, get out! It is a good racket, and I admit it, but it is rough on my nervous passengers."

"Keelhaul me, cap, if—"

"You ought to be keelhaunched, and you know it, Shorty. Only think of that poor Chinaman," and he could not refrain from laughing as he said it.

"Der John's all right, cap."

"But supposing he comes out of this all green; then will it be all right?"

"Cert."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, as I said afore, why was he born a Chinaman if it wasn't ter make fun?"

"Shorty, you are a bad one!"

"Cap, yer said only yesterday dat I was a good one," said Shorty, looking innocent.

"Good one on a snap, as you call it, but a bad one on the virtuous."

"Don't give it ter me so strong, cap, for it might hurt my reputation."

"Oh, no. Your reputation cannot be hurt in this business," said the captain, as he went away, laughing.

The moment the captain left Shorty, the old man went for him, while the passengers, grouped around, were laughing and speculating upon the probabilities of the thing.

"Now, dad, dat's all right. Don't choke me wid goodness, for I can't stand it," said Shorty, laughing him full in the face.

"I guess you are right. I think that an ounce of goodness would choke you to death," replied the old man, slapping his knee.

"What's der matter, anyhow?"

"Oh, that's all right, sonny."

"Want ter bet dat it arn't?"

"No, I don't want anything to do with you?"

"What! go back on your own son for John?" exclaimed the Kid, who knew all about the racket.

"Ah! here comes Ho Sham," said Shorty.

And sure enough, there he did come.

The doctor had been experimenting with him, putting another acid or something on his scalp, and as he said at first, it only changed the color from black to green.

"Halloo, Ho! how der yer feel now?" asked Shorty, laughing.

"Me allee yitee. Me no blackee now. Me gleen!" and he seemed pleased at the change of color although the old man was even more disgusted with his appearance than he was before. A green-headed servant.

His coming among the passengers was the signal for a loud and prolonged laugh. They had only partially understood the joke before—even if they were sure it was a joke—but they knew he had been black on the top of his head, and now the scalp was green! A bright pea-green!

"Me no blackee. Me gleen now!" said Ho Sham, at the same time showing that he felt so good over the change that he was on the point of dancing.

Shorty and the Kid laughed until the tears filled their eyes, while the old man was so disgusted at the verdant appearance of his servant that he was ready to fight or fly.

The doctor was evidently standing in with Shorty, for the sake of getting all the fun that could possibly be squeezed out of the case, and in order to see how the thing worked, he followed the victim on deck. And he wore a smile which plainly showed that he was well in with what was going on in carrying out the lark.

"This is what I call an outrage," said the old man, contemplating his servant's scalp.

"No, gleen!" exclaimed Ho Sham, delightedly.

"Get out, dad. Green's better'n black any day. Besides, look at his red nose!" said Shorty.

"What of his red nose?"

"Red, English; Green, Irish—the green above the red! Wait till we get ter Ireland, dad, an' yer can make a bushel of money showin' him."

"Oh, you go and drown yourself!"

"Not much! I wants ter see der fun," replied Shorty, joining in the general laugh.

"Me allee yitee Me no leppee? Me Gleenlaner!" put

in Ho Sham, dancing in his wooden shoes the eccentric breakdown that Shorty had learned him.

"I say, doctor, how about this?" asked the old man, on discovering him in the crowd.

"How about what, Mr. Burwick?"

"That green scalp."

"Don't you like it better than before?"

"I can hardly say I do."

"Very well, then I will try another chemical upon it," replied the doctor, smiling.

"And what will that result in?"

"Well, it will only change the color."

"In what way—what color will it be then?"

"Blue!"

The old man nearly perished in the storm of laughter which greeted this reply, while Shorty and the Kid were on their wild high horses.

"But cannot the original color of his skin be restored?" he asked, as the laugh subsided.

"Oh, yes, Nature will do that—in time."

"But cannot you assist Nature, doctor?"

"No, not in this case. The skin has been colored by nitrate of silver; I apply another chemical, and it acts upon the silver in such a way as to turn it green, as you see. There is another chemical that will act upon the two which produces a blue, which do you prefer?"

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed the old man.

"Keep him green, dad, and exhibit him as a wonderful American aborigine when we strike Japan," said Shorty.

"Yes, call him a Greenlander," said the Kid, and again did the passengers laugh.

"Well, this may seem very funny to you, but it looks like an outrage to me," said the old man.

"I can apply a caustic that will variegate it. If you had rather have it," suggested the doctor.

"Me no! me no specklee likee pigee," said Ho Sham, who was so delighted because his life had been preserved that he didn't care what color he was.

"Paint yer scalp," suggested Shorty.

"Goodee! Me yes," replied the Chinaman, evidently catching the idea, and with a big grin he started for his quarters.

"Der juice arn't all out of dis racket yet!" said Shorty, turning to the smiling passengers.

## CHAPTER XV.

SHORTY was right when he said that the juice was not all out of the racket that he had started with Ho Sham, wherein, by the aid of nitrate of silver which he had placed in his shaving cup he had turned his scalp black, and the ship's doctor, by employing some other chemical, had turned it to a green, greatly to the disgust of Mr. Burwick, his master.

And when, after the laugh had been indulged in for some time, Shorty suggested that he get himself back to something like his original color by painting his head, Ho Sham caught on to the idea, and started to find some material wherewith to effect the change.

The passengers, who had already enjoyed so much fun out of the thing, stood around and speculated upon the probable turn the matter would take now, and from fore-castle to cabin Shorty was regarded as the boss-joker of the world.

They were now within two days' sail of Yokohama, Japan. The voyage had been a magnificent one in all respects, and even old travelers admitted, as did the captain, that they had never taken a trip when there was so much red-hot fun as there had been on this one; and they all acknowledged that Shorty was the direct and indirect cause of it all.

But to return to Ho Sham.

He had a box of face-paint among his traps, and he at once proceeded to make use of it in restoring the color of his scalp.

Now the kind of paint which is used by the Chinese is more like a paste than anything else, although it is prepared in several colors, and is very much like our oil paint in its nature.

Ho Sham was an adept in its use, and he at once applied it copiously to his scalp, which soon resembled his skin a trifle nearer than the green paint had, and with feelings of pleasure he returned to the deck and made his way among the smiling passengers.

"Me allee yitee now; allee samee likee allee timee be. Hi—hi!" he cried, approaching Shorty's dad.

"Well, that does look a trifle better. Now, what you want to do is to look out for yourself and see that those runs here don't play any more of their jokes on you," said the old man, greatly in earnest, but provoking a laugh nevertheless.

"Keep yer almonds peeled, Ho," said Shorty.

"Me peelee allee yitee, so be," he replied, without knowing what Shorty meant.

Another laugh from the passengers.

"Remember what I tell you," said the old man, severely.

"Me, yes, allee timee."

"Yer lookin' fine, Ho," said Shorty, walking around him and taking a critical look at his grinning nubs.

"Fine as silk," put in the Kid.

"So be. Me finee," said Ho, proudly.

"You want to take no stock in those fellows, mind that," said the old man.

"Me no stockee, me hunkly dolee now."

"Well, see that you keep so," replied the old man, with a sort of a growl, as he got up and went below to his cabin.

To tell the truth, Ho Sham never felt finer in his life. Only a few moments before he feared that he would be pitched overboard as a leper, but fortune seemed to favor him, and now, in spite of all he had endured, he felt that he was almost as good as anybody on board the steamer, and what is more, he didn't seem to tumble to Shorty at all.

The passengers, however, understood it all this time,



and now they were waiting to see what the next move would be, confident that what Shorty had said would come true in some shape or other—namely, that the juice was not all out of that joke yet.

And the young rascal felt just like putting up another job on his pig-tailed nibs, for, to tell the truth, there was nothing else to do, and two days' sail yet before there would be a landing and any other possible chance for a change would occur.

The old man was tired out and wanted to take a rest, and his going below gave them a better chance than they otherwise would have had, while Ho Sham felt good enough to take in anything.

He even felt good enough to take the seat his master had just vacated, and once in it, he put on as many airs as an army mule.

"Me bellee good eblee time," said he.

"Of course you are," replied the Kid.

"Got a nice head on yer, ain't you?" asked Shorty, walking up behind him.

"Me yes. Blackee allee gonee; blue allee gonee; paintee allee yitee. Me hunklee dolee; blully bloy wi' clockerly eye!" said he, throwing his feet up on the rail and assuming huge airs.

"Of course," said Shorty, at the same time sticking a feather quietly into the paint on his scalp, and then walking innocently away.

The passengers roared, for that feather made Ho Sham look decided comical. Shorty had borrowed it from the hat of a young lady passenger who was enjoying the fun.

"How long will it take for the paint to dry?" asked one of the ship's officers.

"Belle soonee allee yitee, so be," said Ho Sham, all confidence and good nature.

"Well, in the meantime, let's go down and have a drink," said Shorty, winking to the other. "Come along, Ho."

"Glinklee? Me yes, allee timee," said he, leaping to his feet; for if there was anything in the world that would arouse him under any circumstances, it was an invitation to drink.

Shorty led the way down below to the saloon where the steward dispensed his favors. About half a dozen of the passengers followed, and Ho Sham, by this time believing himself quite a hero, trotted along with head erect and throat all ready.

Shorty "set 'em up," and Ho took his medicine like a Melican man.

The ship's doctor was there, and entered into the arrangement with all his heart, for he was a jolly cuss, and loved a joke as he did his profession.

"Give us a speech, Ho," said the Kid.

"Yes—yes, a speech!" said they all.

"Me no; me no hoopiee up on chinnee," said Ho Sham, by this time beginning to feel pretty good.

"Oh, yes, yer can. Whoop'er up," said Shorty.

"Give it to us in broken China;" and after all of them had encouraged him, he began:

"Me bustee likee ebybody! Me one glang! Me gettee blackee on headee; me gettee gleenee! Me allee yitee now; me hunklee dolee! Me say hoop-la likee Melican man—settee lup!" he added, calling upon the steward to replenish the drinks.

This part of his little speech was of course received with demonstrations of delight, and Ho was pronounced a great orator.

Shorty and the Kid in the meantime had an understanding, and the little runt was busy in working out a certain racket they had agreed upon.

This racket included tar, thinned tar.

It was arranged with one of the middies of the steamer, who furnished it, and before the drinking bout was finished, everything was arranged.

Ho Sham felt so good that it required only a little urging to get him to sing a song, the words of which sounded like this:

"Hinkee, minkee, joka me,  
Make bad man alle time;  
Winkee, walkee, hoop-la,  
Shakee gal up allee time."

It was a curious conglomeration of words and music, mingled with gestures which were at once grotesque and comical.

But the brandy which he had drunk began to affect him, and after continuing his song for some time, he began to grow sleepy.

Then Shorty came to the front.

Taking a brush he dipped it in the tar and began carefully to go over the Chinaman's head on top of the paint, which by this time had become quite dry.

Without arousing his suspicions, he managed to daub his head all over with the tar, after which he proceeded to stick feathers, which had been taken from a live turkey that day, into the tar, until it resembled almost anything in the world but a human being.

But all this while Ho Sham was singing in a maudlin sort of way, not what might be called a dead drunk, but in a foolish, stupid sort of a condition, which allowed the jokers to do whatever they liked with him.

Those turkey feathers stood out all over his head, and his pig-tail hung straight down like a streak of charcoal, and yet he was happy, and every now and then would break out into his song.

"Mr. Burwick wants his servant," said one of the waiters, entering the saloon.

"Oh, dat's all right!" said Shorty, winking to the crowd: "hi, wake up, Ho!" he said, shaking him.

"Who—me?" he asked, stupidly.

"Der ole man wants yer. Brace up!"

"Yes," added the Kid. "An' he's madder'n blazes. Why don't yer brace up?"

"Bracee! Me allee yitee. Who be?" he asked, struggling to his feet.

"Dad wants yer in his cabin. Hurry up!" said Shorty, urging him away.

Ho Sham looked as much like the devil as ever anything did, but still he was too stupid to know it, or to understand what the passengers were all laughing at. But he understood that his master wanted him, and he made his way with unsteady gait in the direction of his cabin.

"Flunny—hi!—see Chinaman dlunk," he muttered to himself, as he heard the laughter.

Making his way along, he finally reached what he mistook for Mr. Burwick's cabin, but which was the next one to it, occupied by a young lady and her mother.

He rapped upon the door, and that young lady opened it.

She gazed, half-paralyzed, at him for an instant, and then, uttering a scream, slammed the door quickly in his face, evidently believing that Satan himself had paid her a visit.

Ho Sham was taken back somewhat, but balancing himself an instant he saw the mistake he had made, and started for the right door, leaving the women to alarm the boat if they wanted to, and on Burwick's door he pounded.

The old man was dressing for dinner, and was nearly naked to his waist, waiting for Ho Sham to come and shave him.

"Come in!" he bawled, and the wild apparition, heretofore known as Ho Sham, staggered into the cabin. "Hi! murder! thieves! devils!" yelled the old man, as he faced the apparition.

"Here be; me comee allee klick," said Ho, as he caught the motion of the steamer, and banged himself up against the side of the cabin.

"Who the devil are you—what are you?" asked the old man, and he was really frightened.

"Me Ho Sham, so be."

"What?"

"Glink blandy allee samee like one bloys. Whoop!" said he, in imitation of white men whom he had seen drunk.

"What in thunder have you been up to?"

"Glink blandy, so be; dlunk likee hellee," and again he whooped.

"But who fixed you up in this way?"

"Blandy."

"You are a jackass."

"So be! Blandy."

"Look at yourself!" said the old man, at the same time facing him around to a mirror.

Ho Sham didn't appear to understand it even then. He saw the horrible reflection in the glass, but thought it a picture, or something of the sort, which his master was showing him.

"What do you say to that?"

"Blully! Injun man!"

"Indian man! Devil's man more like. You are a nice-looking subject, arn't you?"

"Me blully bloy, glass eye, so be."

"Where have you been?"

"Dlunk."

"And you are drunk yet. How came your head all covered with tar and feathers?"

"No—no! Paintee allee samee likee skinee."

"Wake up, you stupid fool, and take a look at yourself in the glass," said the old man, shaking him savagely and pointing to his head.

"Glass blandy?" he asked, stupidly.

"You have looked into too many glasses of brandy already. Who have you been with?"

"Melican man," he replied, with a hiccup.

"With those sons of mine, I'll bet a dollar. Take a look at yourself, you jackass."

This time Ho Sham looked at the reflection in the glass more attentively. He put out his finger to touch it, and by so doing he got a new idea.

He got an idea that he was somehow fastened to that shadow, or that it was fastened to him, and he at once began to feel serious.

"What be?" he finally asked.

"The reflection of an ass," replied the old man, bitterly, for he now saw clearly enough that Shorty had been at work upon him, after getting him drunk.

"Assee? No, Injunman!" said he, in alarm.

"Who fixed you up in this way?"

"Me no. Guessee blandy makee glow."

"I guess so too. You are a fine-looking specimen of a man, arn't you?"

Ho Sham failed to answer that question, for to tell the truth, he couldn't say to save his life what he was a specimen of.

He gazed at himself in the glass, and the fright it gave him nearly sobered him up. He took hold of one of the long feathers and pulled it from its tarry bed. He looked at it curiously.

"Tar," he said, after smelling of it.

"I should say it was tar, and a good coat of it, too. Who did it?"

"Me no."

"Have you been with my boys?"

"Hap."

"Did Shorty fix you up like this?"

"Guess."

"Well, I guess so, too. Now, get out of here! If you are such a cussed fool as to let that rascal play all sorts of rackets on you, go away from here; I don't want anything to do with you," said the old man, utterly disgusted.

"Me washee—washee allee yitee."

"You'll find that it will take something more than soap and water to remove that tar. But it serves you right. I told you to have nothing whatever to do with those fellows. Now I am done with you; I won't have such a fool in my employ. Go!" said he, opening the door.

"Where go?"

"Go to the devil, for aught I care."

"Deblee?"

"Yes."

"Where be!"

"Well, judging from your looks, I should say that he was on board, and that you had fallen into his hands. But go away. I don't want you any longer."

"Me glood Chinaman," said he, pleadingly.

"Yes, you are too good. You are good enough to be an angel, and I'll let you go for one. Come, don't stay around here any longer. Go to the fore-castle or somewhere and get washed up if possible, or they will throw you overboard sure."

"Shorty funny blizness?" he asked, after hesitating a moment.

"I should think so. At all events somebody has been having funny business with you."

"Me blust snoot!" said he, starting for the cabin saloon, frightening people as he went through it towards the stairs leading to the deck.

By this time nearly everybody had been posted about the joke, and when he made his appearance on deck, he was received with a shout of laughter from all sides.

Shorty and the Kid were there, ready, of course, to join in the hurrah, although suspecting trouble, they both kept in the background.

"What's the matter?" asked the captain, as seen as he could stop laughing long enough.

"Shorty funny blizness," replied Ho.

"Been trying to make an Indian of you?"

"Try makee flun, hap."

"Well, he succeeded to a dot."

"Me punch snootee allee loff."

"How did it happen?"

"Me no."

"What were you doing while he was fixing you up in this style?"

"Dlunk, hap."

"Well, I should say so."

"Me blust headee loff, so be."

"You'd better wash your own head first."

"How be?"

"You'll have to take grease to remove that tar. Here, Jackson, take him forward and tell some of the sailors to clean him up," said the captain, addressing one of the young middies.

"Ay—ay, sir. Come, Mr. Turkey," said he, motioning to Ho Sham.

"Me killee Shorty allee pieces, so will," he muttered, as he followed the middy forward.

But all the sympathy he received was a loud laugh as before. It was one of the best rackets yet, and set everybody to talking and laughing, and it had come, as two or three others had come, from that first nitrate of silver joke.

Ho Sham was handed over to the tender mercies of three or four sailors, and as they instantly saw fun in the thing, they began to put him through a decidedly lively course of sprouts, while nearly all of the crew not on duty stood around to see the sport.

The first thing they did was to pull out the feathers, and then they pushed his head into a bucket of slush. Then they went at him with mops and brooms, and when this savory concoction had been scraped away, they took a coarse brush and held his head over a bucket of whale oil, the stink of which was enough to sicken anything but a Chinaman.

Once in this position they proceeded to give his head a good scrubbing. Of course the oil took off the tar, but the scrubbing also took off considerable skin, and Ho Sham bellowed like a yearling calf.

But that only made more fun for the jack tars, and they gave it to him fearfully, filling his eyes and ears, his nose and mouth, with that stinking oil, at the same time scrubbing lustily to remove the tar.

This course through with, they next gave his head a lathering with soft soap, and again were the different openings in his head all filled with this cleansing abomination.

But finally the second officer went to his rescue and told the men to finish him up with a rinsing from the hose, which they proceeded to do in a most lively manner.

Poor Ho Sham! They didn't give him a chance to think much, but what little thinking he did do was to the effect that he would certainly murder Shorty, and never again drink a glass of brandy.

But even after they had finished him, and the tar was removed from his head almost entirely, still that green scalp showed itself, for the terrible scrubbing he had undergone had not only taken off the tar, but the paint that he had covered up the green with as well.

He didn't stop to receive any congratulations from the passengers, but made his way to his cabin, where he employed the remainder of the day to getting himself painted and in shape again. In fact, he did not show up again until that evening.

But the old man, Burwick, Shorty's dad, showed up the moment he got dressed.

And he showed up mad, too.

"Where is that rascally runt?" he demanded, as he glared angrily around.

"Who are you looking for, Mr. Burwick?" asked the captain.

"That rascally Shorty."

"What has he been doing now?"

"Did you see how he fixed Ho Sham?"

"Well, I heard that somebody tarred and feathered him," replied the captain, smiling.

"Somebody—somebody! You can bet your ship against a rusty nail that it was Shorty and nobody else. Where is he?"

But Shorty was nowhere to be found, at least he was nowhere in sight, for at that time he was forward with a party of sailors, to whom he was telling stories, and they were laughing loudly at the comical little cuss.

This, however, was not his object in going among them, or not his only one at all events, for he was



bound to have some more fun with Ho Sham yet; and after he had made friends with them, and they had laughed over the cleaning they had given the Chinaman, he showed them how they could still have fun with him.

Selecting a jovial, hearty young Englishman, who seemed to be a natural leader among his messmates, he proceeded to show him in detail how the racket could be worked.

He caught on right away, and it was all arranged that it should be worked that very evening, just about dusk.

Shorty and the Kid walked leisurely back to the main deck, and mingled with the passengers. The old man was laying for them. He went for them. He gave Shorty a terrible raking over, swearing he would

As before stated, it was twilight; twilight on the bounding and unsteady deep.

The passengers were gathered in groups upon the deck, taking in those twilight beauties.

Even Shorty acknowledged that they were as pretty as a newly-painted fire engine, and almost as nice as a good "racket."

The Kid was playing with his Liver, that is, his pug dog, while the old man, who had been pouting for some time alone by himself, had now got into an argument with another old rooster on some political subject or other, and neither of them knew whether it was twilight or midnight.

Ho Sham had pretty nearly recovered from his tar and feather scrape, and was now loafing forward of the main hatch and straining his eyes to catch a sight of

"I was sailing along with my sea-horses,  
They were hitched to a big oyster shell;  
When a lovely mermaid came and whispered to me,

And this is what to me she did tell:  
'There's a big noble steamer that's bound for Japan,

Against her I'd not say a word;  
For from stem to stern she is as trim as a shell—  
But she's got a Chinaman on board'

Great and grand, etc.

Again did old Nep sing:

"My sons, bring forth that very dreadful Chinaman,  
That I may take him to my ocean cave;



"Me goodee man; allee same likee Melioan man." "You must go with me! My sea horses hanker for a Chinaman and must be fed." "Me no goodee; me tough likee leather."

go no further than Yokohama, Japan, and once there he would shake them both and return home.

"I say, Kiddy, he's getting his shirt off! I told yer they wouldn't fit him," said Shorty, and then the passengers roared.

## CHAPTER XVI.

FINDING that whatever he said to Shorty by way of reproof for the rough racket he had played on Ho Sham, was twisted around by him so that the laugh was all on his side, the old man finally walked away to another part of the deck and sat down in moody silence, mad and disgusted.

Meantime the sailors were preparing to carry out the racket on Ho Sham that Shorty had arranged with them.

Onward sped the noble steamer like a huge leviathan of the deep, coming nearer and nearer with every revolution of her ponderous screw to the shores of the fabled east.

The sun had just gone from sight behind a mass of red and golden clouds, and that beautiful season, twilight at sea, was just commencing in all its lovely tranquillity.

The sea was as calm as a mirror, and reflected cloud and ship, while a breeze from the far away land was faintly laden with the perfume of fruits, spices, and flowers, as though coming to welcome the pilgrims to their home of the beautiful and the blessed.

That's what I call poetry; poetic sentiments sometimes make a hit. I am not a bit egotistic, but I think there's more genuine poetry to the square inch in the last three paragraphs than was ever ground out by Shakespeare or Walt Whitman. At the same time I won't be mean enough to crowd either one of them from the pedestals they have occupied so long.

the land of his distant home, which, with the evening haze, blended together in the west.

Shorty had his eye on him, although he still kept pretty well out of sight, for it would soon be time for the next racket.

But the Chinaman was unsuspecting still. It was a terrible ordeal that he had been through, and at one time it looked as though his life was about to be forfeited in connection with it, but his escape made him thankful, and at that time he was almost ready to forgive anybody who had a hand in the business.

All at once there was a commotion at the steamer's bow, and the sailors gathered quickly around, as though assisting somebody on board.

All eyes were quickly centered there, and were rewarded by a strange apparition.

"Neptune—Neptune!" cried the sailors, and true enough, Neptune, or somebody dressed as the god of the sea has always been supposed to dress, strode upon the fore-castle with great pomp and dignity.

Then the sailors sang:

"All hail, great Neptune, god of the sea,  
Welcome aboard of our steamer;  
You always loved a jolly good crew,  
And this, you bet, is a screamer!  
But tell us, old salt, is anything wrong?  
Have we done aught to displease you?  
If so, then like men, we'll do all we can  
To belay and work to appease you.

Chorus.

"Great and grand is hoary Neptune,  
King of all us sailor men;  
Welcome now aboard our steamer,  
When we cheer and cheer again.

To which Neptune replied double bass:

Surrender the creature with a long pig-tail,  
And thus your crew and noble steamer save.  
Oh, where is that very dreadful Chinaman,  
The pig-tailed cause of all this precious row?  
I'm in want of just such an individual,  
On which to feed my fleetest dolphins now.

Great and grand, etc."

This ended the musical part of the racket, and it was so good that it attracted the attention of everybody on board the steamer, after which the Neptune of the occasion strode forth, trident in hand, and began to survey the passengers who had crowded forward.

Ho Sham had caught a partial sense of the thing, and believing it to be real, he began to get most awfully shaky about the knees.

Finally the monarch of the sea approached him, with menacing look and stride.

"Child of the flowery kingdom!" he bawled.

"Me yes, me—"

"Silence! How dare you bring bad luck to this noble steamer?" this in double bass.

"Me no; me good Chinaman," replied Ho, shaking like an aspen leaf.

"Silence! There never was and never will be a good Chinaman! You took passage on this steamer to bring bad luck to it, and to carry it to the bottom."

"Take him away!" cried the sailors, in chorus.

"Throw him overboard!" said several of the most nervous passengers.

This made Ho Sham tremble worse than ever, and he started for the cabin, bound, if possible, to escape all further difficulty.

"Stop him!" yelled Shorty, and a dozen men at once barred his further progress.

Neptune approached him, at the same time poising his trident as though about to harpoon him.



"Down, unlucky minion, down!" he cried, and Ho Sham fell upon his knees, with uplifted hands.

"Me allee yitee; me good Chinaman, so be," he cried, in the most abject fear.

"Pig-tailed slave!"

"Me goodiee man; allee same likee Melican man."

"You must go with me! My sea horses hanker for a Chinaman and must be fed."

"Me no goodiee; me tough likee leather."

"Not too tough for my horses. Come!" and he reached for the frightened Chinaman.

"Me no! me good!" pleaded Ho Sham.

"Impossible! A Chinaman cannot be good, save to feed sea-horses and dolphins. Come!"

"Me no—me no!" he yelled.

"Ahoy there, salts! Make a line fast around him amidships," cried Neptune.

"Ay—ay, old king!" was the response, and before the trembling victim was aware of what was being done he had a rope made fast around his waist.

The other end of that rope had been taken under the steamer, and was made fast to a stanchion on the port side.

"Me no! me good Chinaman!" pleaded Ho.

"Overboard with him, and let him be taken to my ocean cave!" cried Neptune, and seizing him, they threw him overboard.

The excitement was most intense on board, and some of the women fainted.

The moment, however, that the poor fellow went over the side, the sailor who had been playing the part of Neptune threw away his disguise and stood among his laughing messmates.

But no sooner had Ho Sham struck the water than others stationed on the opposite side of the steamer began to pull on the rope to which he was attached.

The result was that the Chinaman was simply keel-hauled, and came up again, after going under the vessel, on the other side.

Up he came out of the water, choked almost to death, and was pulled on board again, chuck full of brine, and evidently believing that he was in another world.

The rope was quickly unloosed from his waist, and he was placed in a sitting posture up against the bulwarks.

By this time every evidence of Neptune and what had been done was removed.

The passengers now saw (those who did not see it at first) that it was only a racket on the Chinaman, and although many of them were opposed to such a rough joke, yet the fact of his having escaped with only a ducking made the case a little more humane.

"Halloo, Ho! what's der matter wid yer?" asked Shorty, approaching him after he had got the salt water mostly out of him.

"Me no; me dead!" he moaned.

"Dead?"

"Allee bloke lup!"

"Get out!"

"Neppee feedee boss with me! Allee glone plices; me dead!" he moaned.

"Dead? Why, yer all right. Brace up."

"Me no blace."

"Soy, where'd yer get yer brandy?" asked Shorty, after looking at him a moment.

"Me no."

"Oh, yer drunk. Brace up!"

"Me no blace. Me allee glone."

During this conversation the poor Ho had not opened his eyes. Shorty caught him by the pigtail and gave him a shaking up.

Then he opened his eyes and looked wonderingly around, as though expecting to see strange sights.

"What's der matter wid yer?"

"Me dead; me allee glone," he moaned.

"Get out. Yer drunk!"

"Me no; me no drunk; me good Chinaman."

"Good! Soy, what'd yer jump overboard for?" demanded Shorty.

"Neppee catchee."

"Bah! Yer've got der jams! Yer jumped overboard an' der crew rescued yer. Brace up!"

Ho Sham looked around upon the smiling passengers, who by this time had begun to see that it was only another of Shorty's rackets.

"Me jumpee!" he asked finally.

"Course yer did. Der boys saved yer life."

"No Neppee?"

"Nary Nep."

Ho Sham held his head in his hands and tried to collect his thoughts.

"Soy, what er goin' ter do for der crew?"

"Me, yes; me muchee 'blige."

"Get out! Dat won't do."

"What de?"

"Set 'm up."

"How be?"

"Buy a bottle of rum for every one of them; if yer don't yer no good."

"Me yes."

"All right. Come right down ter der steward an' make good," said Shorty, taking him by the arm and leading him away.

The passengers laughed and the sailors cheered.

The result was that every sailor was presented with a bottle of brandy, at Ho's expense, for having rescued him from a watery grave, when he had all the while been their victim and had been keel-hauled for the amusement of his enemies.

By this time it was dark, and everybody retired to the cabin saloon where dinner was all ready, and there gathered around the long table.

Laughter was on every face, and everybody voted that they had had all the fun they wanted out of poor Ho Sham, and that it was now time to give him a rest.

While all this was going on, the old man was engaged in a red-hot argument with another passenger,

and neither of them had seen or heard anything of the racket.

Ho Sham was made to believe that he had got drunk, and besides imagining all these things about Neptune, had fallen overboard; and he went to bed early, determined to sleep off the effects of the last brandy he had stolen from his master, and also the effects of his "dip."

It was a jolly old hurrah, and as it would most likely be the last one before reaching Yokohama, Japan, all hands went in for making the most of it.

And it proved only a prelude or introductory to an evening's entertainment of a variety character, for after dinner the cabin was cleared and one of the best entertainments of the voyage was indulged in.

The next morning found them entering the magnificent harbor of Yokohama, and all hands were on deck watching the many beauties which began to show themselves. Even Shorty was greatly interested.

The harbor is studded with most beautiful little islands, verdure-covered from summit to base, out of which peep bright dwellings or curious minarets.

Yokohama, the principal port of Japan, is situated on the Bay of Tokio, an arm of the Pacific Ocean, and its beautiful waters are plowed by the keels of all nations, although the curious-looking craft of the native Japanese are sure to attract more attention from travelers than any others. The scene while entering the bay is one of unsurpassed magnificence, and a trip around the world will not present anything strong enough to efface it from the memory.

From the moment the tourist finds himself threading his way among the enchanting islands towards the city, he cannot escape the feeling that he is about entering a land of extraordinary interest in every particular.

In fact, Japan, besides being one of the oldest countries in the world, is now rich in the fruits of modern progress, and these two facts alone make it interesting to the Anglo-Saxon, whether he looks at it naturally, historically, politically, or socially.

All that one may have read of Japan is quickly confirmed by observation and experience. Even before leaving the vessel, it is plain to be seen that it is a land of great beauty and fertility, and although it was for ages shut out from the world, its people are being rapidly transformed into enlightened, peaceful, cordial citizens.

Slowly the steamer made her way into the harbor, and presently ancient Yokohama stood out in all her grandeur against the green background of the surrounding hills.

"What do you think of it, Shorty?" asked the captain, as he passed where he was standing, and taking in all the unfolding beauties.

"Why, cap, it's a keg full," replied Shorty.

"Like it, eh?"

"Waal, rather, far's I've got."

"But when you reach the city, you will see enough to open your eyes."

"Good! Never had a Japanese eye-opener."

"It is one of the oldest cities in the world, and as we remain here two days, you will have a chance to see considerable of it."

"Good nick! We'll scoop it in, cap. Guess we'll call on ther Royal Kioodle," said Shorty.

"The royal what?"

"Why, his royal nibs, what's-his-name?"

"You mean the mikado."

"Maybe, but I'll call him kioodle for short."

"Better look sharp, young man, for the Japs are exceedingly loyal to their emperor, and resent the slightest frivolity or disrespect to his dignity."

"Oh, we won't hurt his dig."

"But you must remember that when you are in Yokohama, you are not in Honolulu, and cannot take the same liberties with the emperor that you did with King Kaliko, as you call him."

"No music in his soul?"

"I don't know about that."

"Banj' no good?"

"I am afraid that your banjo will not obtain an audience with his majesty in this case. You will find an entirely different people here from what you have hitherto mingled with. They are a sober, loyal, industrious people, deeply attached to their monarch, and ready to fight for him on the slightest provocation."

"Sober, eh?" mused Shorty.

"Yes, so much so that I fear your best jokes would pass for nix, and I doubt if you could do anything that would get up a laugh."

"Dat's all right, cap, but der gang's out for fun."

"To be sure, but there isn't much fun in Japan, I can tell you that."

"All right, we'll make some, cap, we're goin' ter call on der Royal Kioodle."

"Very well, but you will have to do so as a simple American citizen, and no joke."

"What! an American citizen an' no joke?" exclaimed Shorty, as though the idea was absurd.

"I mean you must play no jokes in or around the palace, for if you do, I fear you will not continue your journey with me to Hong Kong."

"Oh, dat's all right, cap. We're only goin' ter take in a few sights. We'll be back again on time, no fear."

"I trust so," said the captain, shaking him warmly by the hand.

The steamer was slowed down to half speed by this time, and was slowly approaching her wharf, while the passengers were crowded upon the decks, taking in the beautiful sights which greeted the eye on every side.

A large number of the passengers were getting ready to go ashore, while at least fifty of them made this point their destination for the present, some being

tourists with a plenty of money and leisure, while others were merchants or their agents going to Yokohama on business.

At all events there were hearty handshakes all around, for the party as a whole that had enjoyed themselves together so long was about to break up, perhaps never to meet again.

Shorty's right arm was nearly jerked out of joint, for every one of the passengers, male and female, acknowledged that they were deeply indebted to him for a laughingly pleasant voyage, and so earnestly did they shake his hand as the time of parting arrived, that, as before stated, his right arm was nearly pulled from his shoulder.

But he had a joke or a laugh for all of them, and in spite of himself continued and confirmed the impression that had started from the first, that he was the jolliest cuss and the merriest little joker that ever lived.

Well, after the regular customs formalities and an inspection of passports, the disembarkation began, the Shortys being the last to leave.

Ho Sham had been reinstated in the old man's good graces, and he was to act as guide for them while they remained in Yokohama, although, to tell the truth, he knew but little more about it than the Shortys did.

"Where shall we go first?" asked the old man.

"We'll go an' see his royal nibs, der Kioodle of Japan, fust off," said Shorty.

Ho Sham opened his almond eyes at this, for he knew that vulgar eyes were not allowed to look upon his imperial majesty; but remembering the racket at the Sandwich Islands with the king, and believing that Shorty could do anything with anybody living, he consented to take them to the royal abode first of all.

It seemed good to them all to get upon dry land once more, after having been on board the steamer for twenty-six days.

Ho Sham gave them to understand that it would be much better to visit different portions of the city first, and this being agreed to, he hired a large *Jinrikishas* (a vehicle something like our gigs, drawn by Japanese coolies instead of horses), and at once began to go around to see the sights.

But after riding in this style for a short distance, Shorty "kicked." He said he had rather walk than be pulled around in that way, and as they all felt the same way, with the exception of Ho Sham, who was so lazy that it suited him, the man-gig was discarded, and they walked along the Bund (the principal business street of Yokohama), and took in the sights.

They also took in several tea-houses (we should call them gin-mills in this country, only they do serve tea as well as liquor), and here they met a large number of Englishmen and Americans, and began to feel very much at home, although a great many people, and especially well-trained servants, speak English.

The result was that before seeing much of the city, they had all got so that they couldn't see anything, owing to a certain liquor called *yen*, of which they partook rather too freely.

Then Shorty unbuttoned his mouth, and began his funny business, saying that he was bound to call on the Kioodle of Japan.

"Be careful what you say," said the old man, "for a great many people here understand English."

"Never mind, dad. Here, Ho, go out and hire a what-er-call-it—a Jerkinhaus, and take us ter der palace. Three cheers for der Kioodle of Japan!" he added, swinging his hat.

The entire party went out, closely followed by a Japanese detective, bent on business.

## CHAPTER XVII.

HO SHAM procured a *jinkrikishas*, a carriage that takes the place of our city cab, only being drawn by men instead of horses, and away the entire party went in the direction of the royal abode of the Emperor of Japan, or, as Shorty persisted in calling him, the Kioodle of Japan.

The secret government officer followed closely behind them. At first he was uncertain whether the disrespectful term applied to the Mikado, by which name the emperor is known, was a studied insult, or whether the party was simply a lot of drunkards. But, in any event, it was his duty to look after them, and for that reason he followed them.

By this time the Shortys had become reckless, and were whooping loudly for Yankee Doodle as they were being pulled along toward the imperial residence, creating considerable comment even among the English-speaking portion of the people.

Even this might have been referred simply to the regular guardians of the peace, but when the secret officer of state, who had followed closely, saw them making directly for the palace in this boisterous manner, he called four of the imperial guard whom they passed, and showing his authority, ordered them to arrest the party and take them to prison.

But by this time they had arrived at the outer gate of the palace, and being challenged by a sentinel, Shorty was just commencing to give him some genuine American "taffy," when the imperial guardsmen pounced upon them.

"Hey?" said the old man.

"You are prisoners," said the officer of the guard.

"Pris?" asked Shorty.

The officer bowed.

"What'r givin' us?" he demanded, swaggering up to the big officer.

"This," and before Shorty was aware of it, he was securely bound.

This was a signal for binding the other three, and in less time than it takes to write it, they were all secured and thrown into a cart.



They all "kicked," of course, and demanded the meaning of the outrage, but there was no answer, save driving them rapidly to the lock-up, where they were all thrust into a dark and disgusting dungeon, there to cool off and reflect upon matters and things.

Of course they laid the blame on each other; that might have been expected, but a sicker or more disgusted individual than the old man was, it would have been impossible to find.

"It's your fault," said he, addressing Shorty, and that vigorously.

"Mine! What did I do?" demanded Shorty.

"What did you do? You have been too fresh ever since we came ashore. You have been talking about the Royal Kioodle of Japan, and here we are on account of it. And now, the question is, how are we going to get out of it?"

"I gives it up, pop. Give us an easier one," said Shorty, not over and above happy.

"I guess we're snatched," said the Kid.

"How is it anyway?" asked Shorty, addressing Ho Sham, who also felt a trifle "off."

"Belly bad," said he, sadly.

"Where are we now?"

"In lockee, likee bellee bad man," said Ho, heaving a sigh.

"I object," said the old man, who by this time began to experience a new kind of bite, from a Japanese vermin which inhabits prison cells.

"What yer kickin' gainst, pop?" asked Shorty, addressing him.

"The whole arrangement."

"Why, yer what-er-call-him—yer servant did der whole biz."

"No, sir; you did it. And where are we now?" demanded the old man, savagely.

"Guess we're in limbo."

"In limbo. Well, I should say so. But how are we going to get out?"

"Dad, yer allus was askin' big conundrums. I give it up," replied Shorty.

"But here we are."

"Yes."

"In limbo."

"It looks like it."

"And all on your account," whined the old man.

"Dat's right. Give it ter me. I'm a duffer, I am. Give it ter me," said Shorty, deprecatingly.

"Well, haven't you done it?"

"We're Japanned," mused the Kid.

"I should say so. Covered all over, eh?"

"Soy, der gang is snatched!"

"Allee gonee lup in balloonee!" said Ho Sham.

"Yes; and all on your account," said the old man.

"Of course. If yer hadn't tried ter work der racket on der kiode, we'd 'er been all right. Yer a duffer!" said the Kid, who, to tell the truth, was absolutely disgusted, as was his grandfather. Then they jawed Ho Sham.

Ho Sham did begin to feel that the whole thing rested upon his shoulders, and he brought up all sorts of ingenious excuses. But the others refused to have them, and so the whole thing was thrown back upon the Chinaman.

But this did not improve the situation a bit. There they were, in durance vile—very vile—for the black hole of Yokohama is quite as bad as the black hole of Calcutta; and each of them was sore—very sore. Then upspoke the old man some more:

"This is all yours, Shorty," he said, after they had remained silent for some moments.

"Mine?"

"Of course it is. You started it."

"Cert." chipped in the Kid.

"Started nothin'!"

"Of course you did. You suggested that we visit the what-do-you-call-him of Japan, and here we are."

"But that's Ho Sham's fault."

"Me no. Me allee yitee."

"But yer said yer would take us ter der kioodle."

"Allee bloke up," said Ho.

"All broke up!"

"Yes, so be. Shorty say hoop-la! Go see Hunklee Dollie of Japan. Hosifer bleakee all lup. No goodie, no more."

Well, this seemed to be about the size of it. The party seemed to be all broken up and no good.

For about five minutes they looked at each other in silence.

Gradually it dawned upon them that the situation was tough.

They were outside of free, democratic America now; they were even beyond the burlesque government of the Sandwich Islands; they were in Japan—one of the oldest and best-governed countries under the sun.

For five hours they all sat there, trying to understand the situation, all the while hoping and believing that something would turn up to extricate them from the rough old position they were in.

"Why didn't yer tell us?" asked the old man, after a long think, addressing Ho Sham.

"Me no. Shorty say hoop-la. Me kiet son glun; me no whoop!"

The three Shortys looked at each other, when he delivered this speech. There was no doubt but that he was right, but the comical way in which he put it was what got the best of them.

But that didn't take the cake. What snatched the biscuit was the situation in which they found themselves.

They looked at each other and they sighed. They looked and sighed seriously.

Badly broken up as they were, they could not help smiling after they sighed.

"It is all your fault, Shorty," said the old man, turning upon his son, determined to fasten it upon somebody.

"Me! I didn't do nothin'," said Shorty.

"Yer didn't!" exclaimed the Kid. "Who was it dat worked der 'kiode' racket?"

"Kiode?" asked Shorty, thoughtfully.

"Cert."

They had nothing to do but to blame each other.

"You did it," growled the old man, glancing angrily at him.

"Me?"

"Shorty, hoop—he allee timee," put in Ho Sham.

"Never mind. We are in for it now, and the question is, how shall we get out of it?" asked the old man, sadly.

"What der soy?" asked Shorty, turning to Ho.

"Me in er cent!" said Ho, smiling.

"In er what?"

"Me good, allee timee, so be."

"Soy, dat won't do; yer der chap dat got us inter dis snap."

"Me no. Me no whoopee lup."

"Well, where are we now?" sighed the Kid.

"We're in for it, I guess."

The old man was about to free his mind. He was about to express himself, as he thought, befitting to the occasion, when Shorty caught him out on the fly.

"No use, dad. Put up yer fins. We're in for it hard. Question is, can we get out?"

"How can we?" moaned the old man.

"Give it up, pop."

"You do! Shorty, you are a duffer. I might have known that you would have gotten us into some sort of a scrape. Oh! why did I ever start to make this trip with you?"

"Give it up, daddy."

"Do you know, I think it was a sad day for me when you found me?"

"Waal, how 'bout me?" asked Shorty.

"You!"

"Course; I didn't do nuffin'."

"Bah! But how about now?"

"I give it up, I tell yer. But I think it's Ho Sham."

"Me, no. Me goodee Chinaman. Me no croakee," protested Ho.

"But how came we here?" asked the Kid, laughing.

"Somebody too flesh, hap," replied the Chinaman.

"Well, I should say so. Some very fresh individual has gotten us into all this."

"Dat's all very well, but where's dis salt individ dat's goin' ter get us out?" asked Shorty, looking very serious.

"Give lup," replied Ho, shaking his head.

Again they all looked at each other, but the solution of the problem was not forthcoming.

The old man took in the situation, and after thinking it over for some time, he came to the conclusion that there was only one way out of the trouble.

And that it was this:

The American Consul resided in Yokohama, and to him they must appeal.

But how should they do it?

The keeper of the prison, or black hole, in which they were now so securely locked, was a villainous-looking rascal—one of those chaps who seem to delight in holding prisoners, and holding them fast; and as he did not understand any other language than his own, there appeared to be no way of telling him what they wanted, even if it would have done any good.

And once more they fell into silent meditation on the subject. It was no laughing subject, although Shorty and the Kid could not help laughing as they contemplated their badly broken-up companions, and listened to the groans which the old man would often give vent to.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," the old man finally growled; "but I suppose you would laugh at a funeral."

"Depends on whose funeral she was, dad."

"But do you comprehend the fact that we may be kept here for years?"

"But who'll pay der board bill?"

"Ah, I guess that won't amount to a large sum, because they will probably starve us nearly to death, or give us but a little rice now and then."

"Rice bellee goodee," said Ho Sham.

"Belly good for Chinaman, maybe," said the Kid, "but no good for Melican man."

"Plenty rice allee yitee flor me, so be," said he, evidently happy in the thought that he could keep fat on what the others would starve on.

"But that is not the question. Is there no way whereby we can communicate with the American Consul?" moaned the old man.

"If we could only see der cap," suggested Shorty, after a moment's thought.

"True; but that will be quite as difficult as it would be to reach the consul; and knowing this to be so, they all relapsed into a painful silence again.

A nice-looking lot of plums they were, as they sat there in that cell; but Liver was on board the steamer.

"Wish I was with Liver!" moaned the Kid.

"Waal, I think we've all got der liver complaint, 'bout now," laughed Shorty.

"Yes; and all on your account."

"All right; lay everything ter me. Why don't yer take a chap of yer own size?"

"Well, I must say that I think you are a chap of more than my size—in the matter of deviltry. But you see now what it has brought us to."

"But I'm no joker, dad."

"This is no joke, sure."

"Den dat proves it. I think it was Ho Sham dat got us inter dis snap."

"Course it was," said the Kid.

"An' dat's what yer get for havin' a John for a servant."

"Now, you fellows shut up. I understand it completely. It was you, Shorty, who started this racket

of visiting the emperor, and it was you who offered the first cheap public insult, by calling him the Kioodle of Japan. So don't try to lay it to anybody else. Ugh! what a horrible place this is; it actually swarms with vermin," he added, with a shudder.

"Any rats here?"

"Ah, plenty of them."

"Dat's bully for you, Ho. You won't have ter go without meat, at all events," laughed the Kid.

"Me hunklee dolee, so be. Rice goodee; ratee goodee; me allee yitee," replied Ho, gleefully, for so long as there was rice and plenty of rats for food, he didn't dread imprisonment so much.

This delight on Ho Sham's part produced almost a laugh in the old man, but it died away very suddenly, and again he looked like an undertaker out of a job.

They were all looking extremely sober when they heard a key thrust into the lock of their cell. With great anxiety they sprang to their feet and started towards the door.

It was pushed open, and there stood the keeper and the captain of the steamer.

"Halloo, cap!" exclaimed Shorty, the first to reach him, and never did three persons greet another as they greeted him.

"Well, how is this?" he demanded.

"Rather uncomfortable, captain," said the old man, seizing him by the hand.

"I should say so. I heard that some of my passengers had been arrested and locked up, so I thought I would come and see who they were."

"Cap, it's us."

"So I see, and I'll wager anything that it's all on account of some of your deviltry," said the captain, laughing.

"That's it, exactly, captain; you hit it right the first time," said the old man.

"I thought so. What did he do?"

"Well, he insisted on visiting the Mikado, whom he persisted in calling the Kioodle of Japan."

"That's it, Shorty, and the very thing I warned you against doing before you came ashore. I told you that you would find things different here from what you did in Honolulu."

"Oh, I like Lulu best."

"Certainly, because you can do about as you have a mind to there."

"Waal, we're in der snap, an' now der racket is ter get out of it."

"Yes, that is indeed the racket. Do you know how to do it, captain?"

"Well, I can try, but I must tell you that you have, without knowing it, committed one of the most heinous offenses known to the laws of Japan; that is, speaking disrespectfully of the emperor, whom they almost worship."

"Say, cap, tell his royal nibs dat we'll all worship him an' grow pig-tails if he'll let us go," said Shorty.

"You are too fresh, Shorty, and you are only making it worse for yourself."

"Can't pile her up much worse than this, cap, can they?"

"Indeed they can, and unless I can prevail upon the American Consul to take hold of the matter with all his official vigor, I fear that you will not go to Hong Kong with me."

At this the old man groaned aloud:

"Oh, what a fool you are, Shorty."

"Dat's so," said the Kid.

"So be," muttered Ho Sham.

"I soy, cap, dat's a racket."

"What's a racket?"

"I'se a fool!"

"Well, maybe you are seeing it when it's too late now."

"No. Tell 'em dat I'se a fool, and didn't know any better."

"Unfortunately that does not correspond with your passport," said his dad.

"Guess der passport's wrong, though," said the Kid, savagely, and this produced a laugh.

"Well, I will go right away and see what can be done for you. But I may not be able to succeed, at least, not to-day. At all events, I'll try my best."

"Thanks, captain, thanks."

"Shorty, you are a bad one!" said the captain, as he shook hands at parting.

"Guess I am, 'bout now, cap."

"I am sorry for the old gentleman, but it would serve you just right to keep you locked up here for a month."

"You are right, captain, you are right," exclaimed the old man.

"So be allee timee," muttered the Chinaman.

"Well, good-bye. You shall hear from me just as soon as I can get things working in your behalf," saying which he left the cell, which was again locked by the Japanese keeper, who had not understood a word that had been said.

"There, don't you see that the captain agrees with me regarding you?"

"Oh, der cap was pullin' taffy for you."

"Pshaw! What's the use of talking to you anyway? But one thing I wish you to understand distinctly, and that is, when I get out of this, I shall return home. I have had all the fun I want traveling with you."

"But yer isn't goin' 'til yer gets out of this, be yer, dad?"

"Bah!" and in utter disgust he turned away and tried to braee up his battered hat, while Shorty laughed, and then began to sing "Home, Sweet Home."

But after remaining in that dreadful cell for four or five hours, he didn't feel so much like singing. He began to realize that it was the worst knock out that he had ever received, and as night began to approach



and nothing was heard from the captain, he began to feel decidedly sick.

About dark the keeper brought them in their supper, consisting of rice cooked with something about as fragrant as a dead cat.

"Pough! take it away!" cried the old man.

"No; take us away, an' leave yer stinkers here," said Shorty.

"Murder—murder!" and all three of them held their noses.

"No—no! Me eatee; allee gloodee flor Chinaman," said Ho, evidently recognizing the dish by its smell as one of his favorites.

"No, you won't. Take it away, I tell you!" yelled the old man, motioning violently.

But the keeper evidently knew his business if they didn't like the board, and after muttering a few Japanese oaths, he set down the grub and sloped.

"Horror on horrors had accumulated!" and the old man was right.

The place was bad enough at best, but with such a stinking mess as that locked into the cell with them it was too much to bear.

"I'll tell yer how we'll work it," said Shorty.

"How? In Heaven's name, how?"

"Let Ho Sham eat it. Dat'll keep it under cover so dat we sha'n't smell it."

"Me, yes!" said Ho, eagerly.

"All right. Get it out of the way somehow."

"Oh, belly good—belly good."

"Well, it may be good in your belly, but I'll be hanged if it would in mine."

But Ho wasn't to be choked off by what anybody might say, so at it he went, and in a very short time had put the stinking mess all out of sight.

That was one relief at all events, but as darkness began to shut them in, there came no message from the captain, and the hearts of all save Ho Sham began to fail them. His heart was all right so long as his belly was full.

Wearily, disgusted, battered and torn, all four of them finally gave up hope and arranged themselves the best they could for passing the night in prison.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT a terrible night it was which the Shortys passed in that prison cell of Yokohama, Japan. In all of their varied experience, there had never anything happened to any of them that was half so horrible.

But morning dawned at last, and soon after, they were visited by the American consul, who, by dint of hard work, had managed to secure their release, after warning them not to do any such foolish thing again while in the Mikado's dominions, which you may bet they were quite ready to promise not to do. They had all of them had fun enough.

After being set at liberty, they started for the steamer, three of the worst-looking wrecks that were ever seen—all broken up.

The captain had given the whole thing away, and as they approached, the passengers gathered at the gangway to give them a reception.

A grand round of laughter greeted them as they made their way on board.

The captain shook all three of them by the hand, and congratulated them on successfully escaping from their imprisonment.

"Been having a racket, eh, Shorty?" one of the passengers asked.

Shorty made no reply, but he gave him such a comical wink with his broken up mug, that it set another roar of laughter going.

"Did you have a good time?" asked another, addressing the Kid.

"Say, der yer remember der monkey an' parrot story? Yes, we've had a d—l of a time," replied the Kid.

"Well, you look as though you had."

"How do you feel this morning, Mr. Burwick?" asked the captain of the old man.

"Captain, you may say I'm broken-hearted," replied he; and he looked it.

"I am very sorry that such a thing should happen to you, but congratulate you on getting out so easily."

"And please accept my thanks, captain, for the interest you took in a poor, deluded, heart-broken old man."

"Say, cap, der ole man's all broke up by accident, an' dat includes his heart of course, but we're goin' below ter bind up our wounds an' pick up der pieces," said Shorty.

"Captain, you know all about it; you know that Shorty is to blame for it all," moaned the old man, pathetically.

"Yes, I know he is, Mr. Burwick, and he is a bad egg," replied the captain.

"Waal, he's broke up enough now to be egg nog," said the Kid.

"Guess that's so, little one."

"But, say, cap, how long 'fore yer sail?" asked Shorty.

"In about an hour."

"Good; dat gives us time ter buy some new togs. Come, dad, forgive yer errin' son an' take him ter yer palpitator again as of yore. Le's go ashore an' brace up in some new togs."

"No, sir. I will never go ashore with you again. What a fool I should be if I did," replied the old man, decidedly.

"But don't you want a new dicer and some new togs?"

"No, sir; I have a change of clothes with me; and if I had not, I would remain as I am rather than step foot on shore with you again!" saying which, he started for his cabin, followed by Ho Sham.

"Der ole man's as cranky as a mule."

"Well, I should think he would be after all he has suffered on your account," replied the captain.

"What—an ole rooster like him, an' can't stan' a little fun? If he can't, I've got ter drop him, dat's all. Come on, Kiddy; der ole man skips out, and we'll have ter go it alone," said he, addressing the Kid.

"I'm yer olive, pop," replied the Kid, and away they went, amid general laughter, to buy some new clothing.

As for the old man, all that he had said was true; for he had provided himself with an extra outfit in San Francisco, in case of emergency, and going into his cabin, he proceeded to don it, after taking a bath and having a shave, so that by the time the steamer was ready to sail he was on deck again, looking like a new man—a decidedly new man, for he looked as ugly as a defeated candidate, which was something entirely new for him.

Shorty and the Kid, in the meantime, had bought themselves an outfit and hurried aboard with all dispatch, calculating to make a sensation when they showed themselves on deck.

And they did so; for just after the steamer cast off her lines and proceeded on her way to Hong Kong, they came up out of their cabin, each dressed in a flashy Japanese costume, which fitted them quite as well as the natives are fitted, and which they had found at a clothing store near the dock.

At first they were not recognized, although everybody regarded them as a pair of the funniest little Japs ever seen.

Shorty sauntered to where his dad was sitting, gloomily regarding the scenery on shore and in the bay, but he did not notice them.

"Halloo, dad!" said he.

"Halloo, grandpop!" added the Kid.

The old man started and looked at them.

A pair of more decidedly transformed roosters it would be hard to conceive.

Did you ever see the Japanese costume?

Well, just fancy those two bad eggs dressed up in such rigs.

"How yer was, dad?"

"How's yer royal nibs?"

The old man couldn't help laughing at them in spite of his ugly feelings, and by this time the other passengers had tumbled to the racket, and began to gather around the group.

"What the devil do you call yourselves now?" he demanded, after looking at the two for a moment.

"Japs, dad, Japs."

"Yessee, me lillee All Right," added the Kid, going through with a little dance step that he had seen that famous Japanese boy do on the stage.

"Well, I should say you was all right now."

"Course we be. Goin' ter start pig tails right away. Ho Sham's goin' ter strike 'em out for us this afternoon."

"Well, if he should throw you both overboard it would be doing a better thing for you."

"Nixy, dad; yer thinkin' of der other passengers, now."

"Well, perhaps I may as well accept the amendments," said the old man, smiling.

"We tried ter buy pig tails, but couldn't. Never mind, though, we'll have bully ones by the time we get back to New York."

Well, in spite of the beautiful scenery which is visible on leaving Yokohama, and on entering the inland Sea of Japan, Shorty and the Kid had a good crowd around them, seeing which, Shorty began to sing, and he and the Kid made a song and dance of it as he progressed.

"We are jolly—jolly boys.

Hi-hi-hi-hi! (Chorus and break.)

Two such happy, Jappy boys,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

Got a pop, but got no gramma,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

All de way from Yokohama,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

But we're here ter sing our song,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

An' work de racket to Hong Kong,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

Our poor ole daddy got knocked out,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

But once more we are on der route,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

But do not think us quite so green,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

Because our pigtails can't be seen,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

We're naught but happy Jappy boys,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

Dancing, prancing hobble-de-hoys,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

But now our little prance is done,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

An', hoping we've your friendship won,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

We'll tell der captain: 'Let her rip!'

Hi-hi-hi-hi!

An' so continue on our trip,

Hi-hi-hi-hi!"

They finished this performance with a rattling breakdown which drew applause from every pair of hands within sight and hearing.

For they were the lads who could do it.

"Well, Shorty, this takes the cake," said the captain, who had been an admiring spectator.

"Does dis yer snatch der bun, cap?"

"I think it does."

"What in the world did you buy such an outlandish rig as that for?" asked the old man.

"Couldn't get any other. We struck a Jew dealer,

but he had no Yankee rigs. He said he'd make us one while we waited, but we concluded dat it would want repairing before we got aboard, an' so took these. What's der matter with 'em?"

"Oh, I suppose they will do well enough for a pair of scamps like you," said he, turning away and looking towards the shore.

"Jus' wait till we get ter Hong Kong an' we'll swear dat you're our dad an' dat yer've gone back on us an' got inter English togs; then see 'em go for you," said the Kid, and this produced a laugh.

"I don't care what you do, so long as you keep away from me," growled the old man.

"What a—way yer have, dad," said Shorty.

"Give him a chance ter weigh anchor, cap," the Kid chipped in.

But the old man made no reply. He knew only too well that he would get the worst of it if he made any reply to their chaff, and so the interest gradually died out, and the passengers returned to watch the beautiful views of the many verdant islands which dot the bosom of the Japan Sea, one of the most placid and beautiful bodies of water on the face of the earth.

Finally Ho Sham made his appearance and took a look at Shorty and the Kid.

"Belly bad Jappee," said he.

"What der yer soy?"

"Belly bad Jappee. No plig-taillee; no good."

"We're reformed Japs; we abominate pig-tails!"

"Clothee bellee good; no plig-taillee, no good," was all the comments Ho Sham could make on the two young Japs, and with a big grin on his mug he went forward to the forecabin.

"Soy, what er' we goin' ter do now?" asked the Kid, seeing that interest had turned from them to the beautiful islands of the sea.

Shorty gazed languidly around.

"Give it up," said he, finally.

"Let's go to sleep; I'm sleepy."

"So be it," and he yawned.

They both sat down in chairs upon the deck, and composed themselves to sleep, being sleepy from the loss of it the night before.

The other passengers were grouped around, delighted and enthusiastic over the magnificent scenery that was continually changing as they threaded their way among the islands.

But what cared Shorty and the Kid for all this? Nature may have done her best in Japan. She may have even slopped over in this particular portion of the globe, but they were sleepy and took no stock in anything else.

The old man sat with his back to them, and was wholly absorbed in the views around him.

In a few moments they both sat in their chairs, sound asleep. The loss of sleep the preceding night; the stillness and fragrance of the air; the dreamy languor all around, was too much for them to resist. They snoozed.

In a few moments Ho Sham came near and discovered them.

He stopped and looked inquiringly at them.

Then a grin began to steal over his mug, and he looked carefully around, as though to see whether he was observed or not; and, finding that everybody was absorbed in the glowing beauties around them, he laughed, or tee-hee-d right out.

"Allee same jokee, likee Shorty. Me makee heap fun, so be," and he started for his quarters.

Returning after a moment's absence with something in his hand, he again looked cautiously around among the passengers.

No one appeared to be taking the slightest notice of him, or even to be aware of his existence.

There was a look of earnestness on his face that amounted almost to fiendishness, as he stole cautiously towards the sleeping jokers.

Standing close by them, he again glanced around to make sure that he was not watched, and then drawing a small brush from somewhere up his sleeve, he dipped it into something which he held in his hand, and proceeded to paint an intensely blue spot on each of their noses, about the size of a marble, after which he sauntered away through the crowd of passengers and was soon lost to sight, if he had been seen at all.

Shorty and the Kid slept on, all unconscious of their ornamentation, which stained deep into the skin; and those around them were too much occupied to notice anything about them, anyway.

"Me hunklee wiv Shorty now. Me jokee allee samee likee Melican man. Me tough class now, bettee you. Allee samee likee one bloys," chuckled Ho Sham, as he crept away out of sight.

He had, indeed, got partially even with Shorty, for the intense blue with which he had stained the nose of both him and the Kid was indelible, and could only be worn off after a long time.

Night shut slowly and serenely down, so softly that it was scarcely perceptible; and just as the beautiful landscape was lost from view, the supper bell rang and drew all hands away.

The bell also awoke Shorty and the Kid, but as it was then quite dark, they did not see the beauty spot which adorned the nose of each; and after the usual number of waking growls, they made their way to the cabin saloon, both of them being very hungry.

The old man, Shorty and the Kid sat on one side of the table, but as neither of them felt much like talk, they scarcely looked at each other.

But Shorty and the Kid, in their queer costumes, queer to see them in, though not strange where they were, attracted considerable attention, although only a few of those at the table, nearest and opposite to them, saw the blue spot on their noses; and even those few simply thought they had put them on themselves just for a lark, and so took but little notice of the fact.

Finally Shorty looked up at his dad, with half a fired-off grin on his mug.



"Halloo, dad!" said he.  
The old man looked at him sternly.  
"How's yer appetite, dad?"  
"Never mind my appetite; what's the matter with your nose?"  
"Nothin' as I knows of," replied Shorty.  
"Well, I should think there was."  
"What is it, pop?" asked the Kid, looking up.  
"And what is the matter with yours?"  
"Give it up. Does she want wipin'?" said he, going for it with his handkerchief.  
Then Shorty discovered it.  
"What's dat blue on yer snoot, Kiddy?"  
"Well, what's der blue on your snoot?" asked the Kid, laughing, as did others.

"Which we ain't."  
"If we had brains——"  
"Big as beans."  
"We'd er never gone ter sleep on deck."

They both tugged at the conundrum again, but with no better result. It did not seem as though any of the passengers could have done it, for if so, they would have manifested more interest in it; but as it was, they noticed that only a very few at the table appeared to observe it, and even they only in a general way, not as though it had been the result of any particular conspiracy, or that it amounted to much, anyway.

"Der yer tumble?" asked Shorty.  
"No; I grumble."  
"Well, we're in for it."

him in his Japanese suit from the first, but now when he spoke to him with that blue nose, he barked and tried to bite him.

Shorty found the doctor alone and explained the situation, but such a laughing at as he got was not very encouraging.

"It serves you right, Shorty, for now you know how it is yourself," said he.

"Oh, doc, I don't squeal, but I want some flesh-colored paint. Got any?"

"No. The best thing both of you can do is to let me skin your bugles. They'll heal in a few weeks," said he, laughing.

"What! skin my bugle! Nary skin! Just 'nough on it now to cover der meat."

"But a new skin will grow in a short time."



They painted a round, blue spot over each eye, about as large as a hickory nut, and then they painted his ears, and gave him a "dab" on the chin just for luck.

Shorty wiped it and looked at his handkerchief, but there was nothing to be seen.

"Kiddy, somebody's played a snap on us," whispered Shorty.

"But dey can't get 'way wid my appetite if dey paint me all over blue," saying which, he at once tackled a big beefsteak savagely.

The old man glanced savagely at them, but never suspected for a moment that they had not done it themselves, just to provoke a laugh, and so finished his supper without speaking further, as did the Kid and Shorty. They were trying to think who it was that had taken advantage of them while asleep.

But they finished their supper before they finished their problem, and then without loss of time made for their cabin.

Each one of them looked in the glass. Each rubbed his nose, but the spot could not be rubbed out.

Then they each began to wash their noses, but after scrubbing away with soap and water for a long time, and then wiping them vigorously with their towels, they again looked in the glass, and found the spots as blue and brilliant as ever.

Then they turned and looked at each other again.

"Kid, we're did," said Shorty.

"Don't kid me; who did it?" demanded the little fellow, savagely.

"We're blued."

"An' I'm blued if I wouldn't like to know who by."

"By thunder, I'd like to know."

The Kid rubbed his nose once more, and strained to see the effect as he looked in the glass.

"Why are those spots like a persistent story-teller dat nobody wants ter hear?"

"Give it up."

"'Cause dey won't come off—see?"

"Oh, come off you! But what are we to do?"

"If we had paint——"

"An' we'll have ter skin for it if we get dat color off of our noses."

"Blue-nosed Japs!" and Shorty laughed heartily.

"My dear, I've an idea."

"Oh, dear!"

"It was Ho Sham."

"But you can't prove it."

"Any more than I love it. But I think so, allee samee," replied the Kid.

"The almond-eyed skunk!"

"Has surely got hunk."

Again they both fell into a reverie, but the more they thought of the matter the more certain they felt that Ho Sham had worked the snap on them, finding them asleep on deck, for the sake of getting hunk with them for the many rackets they had played on him.

It was almost too much for them to believe, however, that the Chinaman knew enough for such a trick, even if he dared to play it. But they finally remembered what an adept he was at sleight of hand, and concluded that, after all, he knew much more than people gave him credit for.

"Waal, all right, dere's no use squealin' 'bout it. Whoever worked it is a good one, an' we must make der best of it," said Shorty.

"Der best of it! How?"

"What time is she?" and he consulted his watch.

"Nine o'clock. Hol' on, Kiddy, I'll go an' see der doc, an' see if he ain't got some paint."

"Look out now, dat he don't give yer somethin' dat'll turn it red or green, or some other color."

"Nixey. Guess he must have some paint. I'll try him, at all events," said he, going from the cabin.

The Kid felt more sick of it than Shorty did, for he knew that the grand laugh would be on them the moment they showed themselves the next day, and he couldn't stand such things so well as his dad could. Besides, his dog, Liver, refused to recognize

"Not if I nose it! Can't yer work der paint popt?"

"Well, Shorty, if you will promise to play no more practical jokes during the voyage, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the doctor, finally.

"Shout it, doc."

"I keep paint for covering up bruises which the passengers are liable to get from being thrown against things by the motion of the boat, and I'll let you have enough to paint your bugles a few times until the stain wears off, provided you promise me."

"All right, doc; dere's my flipper," said he, giving him his hand cordially.

"Well, here it is. You can rub it on with your finger," said he, handing him a small box of flesh-colored paste.

Taking it back to their cabin, after expressing the most profuse thanks, he and the Kid began to paint their noses, and in a short time the blue spot had entirely disappeared from view.

Grateful for what they had received, they shook hands and grinned, after which they proceeded to retire.

## CHAPTER XIX.

It was with feelings of the greatest satisfaction that Shorty and the Kid awoke the next morning, to find the paint on their noses hardened and very flesh-like, while the blue spots upon them were scarcely noticeable at all.

It was about the toughest and best snap that had ever been played upon them, and they suspected that Ho Sham, the old man's Chinese body servant, had been guilty of doing it, while they were asleep on the deck, after the fatigues incident upon their adventures at Yokohama.

It will be remembered that both of them were now dressed in Japanese costume, which, however, did not



matter much, seeing that they were plowing the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan, bound for Hong Kong, China, and in reality there is but little difference between the dress of a Chinaman and a Japanese. But these comical little fellows who had made so much fun on board the steamer ever since leaving San Francisco, looked even more comical in these dresses, and produced any quantity of amusement for the passengers. As soon as they dressed, they went on deck, where already a large number of passengers had congregated to see the beauties of the Orient, through which they were so smoothly plowing.

Ho Sham was not there, for he was most likely helping the old man make his toilet, but they had agreed to watch him closely, and observe whether or not he manifested any astonishment at seeing the blue spots obliterated.

The captain was up before the lark (that is, supposing there had been any "lark" on board) and naturally he was one of the first persons they met.

"Ah! good-morning, Shorty. How do you feel?" was his genial salutation.

"Cap, never felt of anything so nice."

"As what?"

"As myself."

"Good!"

"Yer bet."

"How fine—lambs wool?"

"Clear silk, cap, clear silk!"

"How about that blue nose?"

"Oh, only a little funny racket, cap."

"Ah! that's all, eh?"

"Cert. Twig?"

"Oh, yes, but I didn't know but that somebody had put up a job on you."

"No job, cap, on der boys," said Shorty, placing his fingers alongside of his nose and looking comically significant.

"Then of course everything is even?"

"Perfectly level."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for, although I like a job now and then, you have kept the thing up at such a lively rate that the passengers have had hardly time to breathe. But, tell me, Shorty, what are you going to do when you reach Hong Kong?"

"Have some fun, of course," replied Shorty.

"Well, of course, that was to be expected. But how long are you going to remain there?"

"Give it up, cap. We aren't traveling on time."

"And it is devilish lucky that you are not."

"How's dat?"

"Because, if you were, you'd get knocked out of time right straight along," replied the captain.

"Don't make it so stiff, cap."

"Oh, you are very bad; and if you ever succeed in getting around the world without being chewed and gobbled up, I shall be surprised."

"Cap, we're goin' ter surprise yer."

"Well, I hope you will; but it will only be good luck if you do."

"Good luck! Why, cap, we've got a whole cargo of it," replied Shorty, enthusiastically.

"By Jingo! I believe you have," said the captain, laughing, and going forward to the bridge.

Shorty and the Kid, left alone, could but appreciate the beauties which surrounded them, and while wrapped in the contemplation of them, Ho Sham came on deck.

Neither of them noticed him.

But his quick almond eye took everything in without loss of time.

He contrived to see their faces. He saw that the blue spots had left their noses by some means or other, and he wondered.

"Flunny business play lout?" he asked, of himself, and he wondered.

From behind the mizzen-mast he gazed at them for a long time, but the entire absence of anything like blue spots on their noses rather bothered him, and he began to think that he was not half so smart as he thought he was, and that Shorty was the boss after all.

"Chinaman no good. Shorty boss. Me no makee allee yitce. Clussee fool!" and feeling that he didn't amount to much, he withdrew without being seen either by Shorty or the Kid.

The breakfast bell rang, and there was a grand rush for hash.

Shorty and the Kid were in their places, but nobody seemed to laugh because the blue spots were not on their noses. In fact no one appeared to take notice one way or the other.

Finally the old man came down, and took a seat beside them. He gazed inquiringly into their faces. He did not see the blue spots.

"Halloo, dad! Glad ter see yer," said Shorty.

"Well, I am glad to see that you are not making such fools of yourselves as you were last night," said he.

"Fools?"

"Yes, fools—clowns! It was bad enough when you presented yourselves in this hideous Japanese costume, but when you supplemented it with blue spots on your noses, that was a trifle too much, and I am glad to see that you have washed the evidences of your foolishness away."

Shorty and the Kid exchanged winks.

From what the old man had said, they knowing him as they did, it was evident that he supposed that they had put those blue spots on their noses for fun; for a masquerade, and not knowing that they were covered with paint, he was evidently glad that this part of the business had been dropped.

This only confirmed them in the belief that Ho Sham was the guilty party.

They watched for him.

But he did not make his appearance until some time afterward on deck, and then he looked so honest and

unconcerned, that both Shorty and the Kid were puzzled as to whether he knew anything about the matter or not.

"What der yer say?" asked Shorty, after they had both watched Ho Sham for some time.

"Pop, I hold up my hands," said the Kid.

"Don't think he did it?"

"Can't catch on, pop. If he did, he's a good un, for he don't give it away a cent's worth."

"Dat's what's der matter. But yet I believe dat he worked it."

"Yet yer can't prove it."

"We'll play a racket on him."

"How? What for?"

"For fun, an' ter make him squeal if we can."

"All right. How?"

"Well, if he did it, he's got der paint somewhere 'bout himself or in his cabin."

"Cert."

"We must find it if he has."

"All right. How?"

"Mum! We'll get him full an' go through him."

"Yes."

"This very day."

"Good 'nough!"

"You take him first. Wait 'til der ole man's got done with him for der day, an' den take him down in der cabin saloon an' fill him up."

"All right. I'll do it. He'll fill up easy."

"Yer bet he will! Did yer ever see a John dat wouldn't?"

"Nary."

"All right. Watch yer chance."

"Bet on me, pop."

"Fill him full, an' when he gets ter whoopin', I'll go through his cabin."

This being agreed to and arranged, the Kid went in search of Ho Sham.

As yet he was engaged upon the old man, fixing him up, for his nibs had come to be quite a dandy since he had come to own a body servant, and it generally took Ho Sham an hour or two every day to get him fixed up as he wanted to be.

But while waiting they concluded that the fun had all gone out of their Japanese suits, and so resolved to change them for their English clothes, which in the meantime had been renovated by one of the under stewards, and made to look quite as good as ever; at all events good enough to last them until they could get to some place where new suits could be purchased.

After dressing again like Christians, they went on deck and joined the other passengers, who were so intently watching the numerous scenes of beauty through which they were passing.

The old man had not yet come on deck, and they knew, of course, that Ho Sham was still at work upon him. So they waited and watched, for their hearts were in the business to such a degree that they could think of nothing else, and had there been a first-class chance for a racket outside of that, it is doubtful if they would have taken any notice of it, as well as they loved them.

Finally the old man appeared on deck, arranged like a sunflower in all its golden glory, and while Shorty went to make his peace with him, the Kid still lay in wait for Ho Sham.

"Good-mornin', dad," said Shorty, approaching him with the utmost respect.

The old man looked at him a moment, as if to read what was up, or likely to be, and yet without speaking.

"Glad to see yer lookin' so bully, dad. Why, yer a masher!" said he, looking him over from top to toe.

"Hump! I might say that I am glad to see you looking a trifle more like a Christian than you did yesterday. The idea of dressing up in such outlandish rigs and painting blue spots on your noses just to get up a laugh. Why, it was simply ridiculous; a dead give away," said he.

"Give away; how?"

"Why, it looked as though you had lost your grip with the passengers and could not win a legitimate laugh, and had to resort to clown business in order to raise one."

"Oh, we only wanted ter change der biz, dat's all," replied Shorty, and this again led him to believe that the old man knew nothing at all about the blue spot racket, and supposed that they had put them on themselves. It must have been Ho.

"I don't like it. I believe in having fun of course, but you have been carrying the thing too far ever since we left San Francisco, and unless you stop it, I am going to remain in Hong Kong and return on this same steamer."

"Dad, I tumble."

"Well, I hope you do."

"I weaken. Goin' ter shut down."

"Good."

"Square off."

"Let me see some evidence of it."

"See my little paddies?" he asked, holding up his hands.

"Yes."

"I holds 'em up, I's done."

"Done with what?"

"Rackets."

"Well, provided you are, we will continue our journey around the world," said the old man.

"Good 'nough. Shake!" said Shorty, offering his hand.

"There; let's see if we can't put an end to this nonsense. We've had too much of it lately."

"Cert. No more. All done. Shake again!"

They shook and Shorty winked to himself, and in order to throw him more completely from the scent, he jumped right in and got on his good behavior; taking uncommon interest in the different islands

they passed; almost monopolizing the guide on board and drawing around the larger portion of the interested passengers who wished to hear the history of every place they passed.

I would like to give the reader some of these wild and romantic histories regarding islands that had in the dim past been the abode of petty rulers and ambitious Japanese warriors, when every little province of the vast empire was ruled by feudal knights, but so long as Shorty and the Kid are on board, I fear you would take but little interest in those historical recountings.

Meantime the Kid had struck Ho Sham, and got him all ready. And he soon convinced himself that he was the guilty party, by the inquiring looks which he bestowed upon his nose, as though to find out how he had done away with the indelible blue which he had placed upon it.

But yet he was cunning enough not to say anything about it, and the Kid was smart enough not to make any allusion to it: he simply manifested some delight at seeing Ho look so well, and suggested that they go down below and have a quiet drink all by themselves, in memory of their arrest at Yokohama, and their subsequent release, and of course the Chinaman was only too ready.

And the glasses were filled, and the Kid proposed a toast, like this:

"Say, Ho, here's to his royal Japanese nibs, may he get knocked out some time."

"Belly good! Hopee gettee stuffin' knockee lout, so do," replied Ho Sham, drinking his brandy.

And they sat by the table until the Kid had fired eight or ten drinks of brandy into him, and he began to be heavy.

Then Shorty came upon the scene, and, acting as though he believed that Ho Sham had not yet had a drink, he ordered another for him, and down it went with a relish. A Chinaman never stops a thing of this kind until he is utterly helpless. Whether drinking liquor, or smoking opium, they go to the furthest extreme before stopping. In fact, they never stop voluntarily; they keep on until they drink or smoke themselves into insensibility, and then they sleep it off, and imagine themselves in Heaven.

The last "corker" was too much for him, and he began to weaken, while the Kid, who had stuck close to him all the while, had scarcely drank a thimbleful, so well had he managed it.

But when they saw him weaken, and fall forward on the table, they knew the job was finished, and, calling one of the waiters, they had him take Ho Sham on his back, and carry him to his cabin forward.

He tumbled into his bunk like a log, and there he lay like a log, dead drunk.

Shorty and the Kid at once began to hunt through his traps in search of the stain which they themselves had got under the paint, and as he possessed a very scanty lot of baggage, it did not take long to explore it.

Shorty found the blue stain.

That was what he was after.

He and the Kid exchanged winks.

There lay Ho Sham on the broad of his back, indulging in a drunken snore.

Shorty winked at the Kid once more, and then, taking up the brush, he proceeded to paint the Chinaman's nose blue—the entire nose—after which they painted a round, blue spot over each eye about as large as a hickory nut, and then they painted his ears, and gave him a "dab" on the chin, just for luck.

Then they put the paint back where they found it, and left Ho Sham alone in his glory, in his obliviousness, and returned leisurely to the deck, where they soon after joined the old man, and resumed their interest in the scenery.

Two more quiet and well-behaved fellows never were seen. In fact, they were so well behaved that it attracted the attention of the passengers, who were wholly unused to this sort of a thing from them.

As for the old man, he was talking with and listening to a learned old rooster, who was giving him a history of Japan, and the remarkable events which had taken place on her inland sea, and he was so entirely absorbed that he had not even noticed the short absence of his sons, or that either one of them had returned to the deck.

Two hours passed on and Ho Sham awoke.

He had a big "head" on him, but he gazed wildly around his little cabin. The first thing his eyes rested on was an empty cognac bottle, which the jokers had procured and placed beside him.

It looked like one of the old man's bottles, and for an instant Ho Sham did not doubt but that he had been up to his tricks again, and had stolen another one of his master's bottles of brandy, on which he had got staving drunk.

And what a headache! It seemed to him like broken chinaware.

"Junk some more," he growled, resting on his elbow. "Allee bloke lup!" and he shook his aching head sadly. "Me slare lof—me no mo! me slare lof—so be," he ruminated, and then he got out of his bunk and steadied himself towards the door.

Opening it, he made his way into the main saloon, where he could see a clock, for he had a curiosity to know how late it was.

Only twelve o'clock! What a hurrah had passed over him in two or three hours!

Going back to his cabin, he bathed his head in cold water and laid down again, hoping that the ache would pass away. But during all this he had not caught sight of himself in the glass.

Thus far it all seemed natural enough to him, for he knew his weakness, and that whenever he got a chance to get away with one of the old man's bottles



of brandy, he did not hesitate to do so. This he knew, and for a long time he simply regarded himself as a victim of overloading, and he tried to brace up with all his might, lest his condition should give him away to his master.

Then he happened to think of the Kid, and somehow or other he was associated with this drunk, but exactly how he could not tell.

It might be only a fancy, but it seemed to him that both Shorty and the Kid had something to do with it, and yet, while he ruminated upon the subject, he fell asleep again, and continued oblivious for at least another hour.

It was well for him that the attractions through which they were sailing were so strong that all ordinary things were forgotten, for the old man was so completely taken up that he did not notice his absence, and scarcely would have noticed his presence. In fact, he never thought of him at all, which was badly for Ho.

But finally he awoke and felt better; yet there was a certain amount of anxiety regarding the wants of his master, and with as little loss of time as possible, he made his way on deck.

Shorty and the Kid, who had been on the lookout for him so long, espied him the moment he showed his head on the companionway stairs, and turning their faces toward the shore, they appeared deeply enamored with the scenery, and busy in swapping speculations regarding it.

Ho Sham was still sleepy and heavy, but he felt it to be his duty to report to his master, and towards him he made his way.

"Me heah," said he.

"The old man looked up.

"Wantee?" he asked, respectfully.

"Ho, don't make a fool of yourself."

"Me no; me allee yitee."

"What are you trying to do? imitate Shorty?"

"Me no; me sklare."

"But what are you painted up in that style for?" he demanded.

"Me no."

"Shut up! Go and wash yourself," said the old man.

"Me lash allee yitee."

"Shut up, I tell you! Go and wash those clown marks from your mug, or I'll discharge you."

As yet Ho had not looked in a glass, but seeing how angry his master was, he went to a glass in the saloon cabin and took a look at himself.

He started back in astonishment.

Whence came that blue nose and those blue ears?

There was something wrong.

Without loss of time he hurried back to his cabin, and went for soap and water.

Neither of them did him any good. That blue nose and those blue eyes still remained.

This almost paralyzed him. Recognizing the color, he rushed to where he kept it. There it was just as he had left it.

What did it mean?

"Blazee!" he muttered to himself. "Slum funny blizness, guess."

Once more he tried to wash it off; but all to no purpose, and he finally went on deck just as he was, and received the grand laugh.

"Didn't I tell you to go and wash yourself?" demanded the old man.

"Me washee—washee like blazee."

"But how about that nose?"

"Slum funny blizness; guess," said he, with a big grin.

"That will not do. So go below and remove that color from your face, or never more be servant of mine."

"Blouncee?"

"Yes, bounce, if you can't appear decent."

"Me hopla die!"

"What for?"

"Me ne; me junk. Somebody funny blizness," said he, with great earnestness.

The old man looked at Shorty and the Kid, but they were entirely taken up with what they saw ashore, and did not notice him.

"Another racket, eh?"

"Hap," mused Ho, with an uneasy, far-away look.

"All right. This settles it," said the old man, with great vehemence.

## CHAPTER XX.

HO SHAM, with a blue nose, blue ears, and a dot of blue between the eyes on his forehead, and a dab of blue on his chin!

Indelible blue! Think of it!

The particulars of this racket will be remembered from the last chapter!

Who did it?

Ho Sham had been drunk and could not remember anything, but he was the most comical-looking Chinaman that ever was seen, and everybody laughed as he came among the passengers on deck.

The exquisite beauties of the Inland sea of Japan, through which they were sailing, could not keep the passengers from gathering round the badly painted Chinaman, and as they had not found anything to laugh at for a long time, this proved to be quite a relief, and they improved it.

Shorty and the Kid also drew near, as if to learn what the laugh was about, but they looked as honest as rabbits, for they knew that the old man was watching them sharply, and that he evidently regarded them as the guilty parties.

"Where did you get that nose?" asked the captain.

"Give up, clap," replied Ho, grinning.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" one of the passengers asked.

"Me no. Me go sleepee dlunk; wakee wis nose allee samee likee sky."

"Went to sleep drunk, eh? Well, that is how it serves Chinamen who get drunk on American brandy," said another of the passengers.

"So be?" asked Ho, greatly interested.

"Certainly. Didn't you know that before?"

"Me no. Me sklare Chinaman. Me no."

"Square! You have been stealing my brandy," said the old man, indignantly.

"Me no. Buy ginnee lof steward."

"Buy gin! You was never known to buy a mouthful of gin in your life, so long as you could get it for nothing."

"Me allee sklare, so be."

"If you are, how are you going to square yourself with my brandy?"

"Me no. Slorty steal," said he.

"Hoy? What der yer soy?" asked Shorty, walking to the front when he heard his name mentioned.

He Sham started back as though he was about to get a club on the head.

"Me no; me allee yitee," said he.

"Yes, of course you are all right when you can get enough to drink without paying for it," replied the old man.

"Me no unlerstan," he replied, pretending ignorance of the language, as he often did when there was no other way to escape.

"But you are a thief. Do you understand that?" said he, savagely.

"Me good Chinaman."

"Well, perhaps you are a good Chinaman, but that don't make you any the less a nuisance. Now go and remove that paint from your face, if you can do so."

"Me allee bloke lup," said he, sadly.

"Say, you'll get all smashed up an' fired overboard for der sharks if yer don't take back what yer said 'bout me," said Shorty.

"Me no say."

"Yes, yer did. Yer said dat I stole dad's brandy. Now take it back," replied Shorty, stepping up in front of him, with a savage look.

"Me yes; me leaken."

"Waal, it's der healthiest thing yer can do is ter weaken."

"Now go below and clean yourself," said the old man.

"Me rubbee; he no comee loff."

"Go skin yerself!" said the Kid.

"Yes, get some sand paper an' rub off."

"Go below! Get out of sight," the old man insisted.

"Say, did yer say anything 'bout me?" the Kid demanded, doubling up his fists and facing him.

"Me no say; me allee yitee."

"Go below, I tell you!" roared the old man.

"Me go," said he, turning away.

He left a laugh behind him, but there were not a dozen passengers who did not believe that Shorty had in some way or other been the cause of the Chinaman's comical appearance.

Even the doctor thought so, and taxed him with it in this way:

"Shorty, what did you promise me when I gave you the paint?"

"Me? Why, held up my hands, doc!"

"And promised?"

"No more funny business."

"Well, how is this?"

"What, doc?"

"This Chinaman."

"What has he been doin', doc?"

"What has he been doing! You have just seen him!"

"Yer mean der funny business, doc?" he asked, with a great show of innocence.

"Of course I do. Do you know what I think, Shorty?"

"Couldn't tell ter save my beauty, doc."

"Well, I will tell you what I think."

"Go it, doc."

"I think you put up this job."

"Job! What job, doc?"

"This painting of the Chinaman."

"Doc, up goes my hands!"

"What!"

"See my elevated paddies?"

"Yes, I see them."

"Ever know der Injun?"

"What Indian?"

"Honest Injun."

"Of course."

"I'm on it, doc."

"How?"

"I'm shoutin'."

"How?"

"A good swear."

"That you didn't?"

"Cert."

"Hold on."

"What to?"

"Wait a minute."

"What for?"

"Put up your little hands again!"

"Up they go, doctor!"

"You didn't work this racket on the Chinaman?"

"Doc, don't force me."

"That settles it."

"How, doc?"

"You admit it."

"Nixy, doc."

"Of course you do. But you have gone back on your word, Shorty," said the doctor, looking at him gravely.

"Doc, got ter work some things, yer know."

"But how about your promise?"

"Doc, how does a 'bottle' sound?"

"Well, better than no shout at all."

"I howl."

"That makes it a trifle better."

"Don't it square der biz?"

"Well, yes, I guess it does. But I say, Shorty, you are a very bad one," said he, looking at him most solemnly.

"Me!"

"Never saw a worse one."

"Nonsense, doc!"

"Fact. How is that poor Chinaman to get out of that paint?"

"Give her up, doc. Didn't he work it on us?"

"I think he did."

"Waal, are we duffers?"

"But this poor devil has no means of getting rid of his color."

"No! Why don't he study chemistry?"

"Ordinary chemistry would not assist him."

"Waal, how's he out?"

"Because nothing will remove the color that you have put on him."

"Doc, yer becomin' personal," said Shorty, looking extremely sober.

"That is all right, Shorty. The bottle will make it all right," said he, laughing.

"Of course. But der John?"

"Oh, you have fixed him."

"Doc, don't get personal."

"Well, all right. But he is fixed all the same," said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders.

"Doc, dat bot," said he, leading the way to the steward's below.

That bottle was quickly "punished" for both of them were good at that sort of business.

At the same time it was rough on Ho.

He thought so, too, for after washing himself again, and scrubbing with soap and water, he finally came to the conclusion that it was indelible, and that somebody had played it on him pretty bad.

"Me slamee bangee no good! Slorty play funny business on me; me no good!" he muttered to himself.

"Everybody play funny business on me; me no good; me play lout; me jackass, so be."

What to do he didn't know. How to get rid of the blue stain puzzled him. He knew how to use it, but not how to get rid of it the same as Shorty and the Kid had done. While bemoaning his luck, the old man sent for him.

He didn't want to go worth a cent, but he knew if he failed to do so he would lose his position, which would be decidedly bad.

So he went to the old man's cabin, where he was waiting to be shaved again.

"What in thunder do you mean by this? Why don't you remove that paint from your person?" he demanded, savagely.

"Me no clan; stickee likee dam."

"How came it on, anyway?"

"Me givee lup."

"Don't you know?"

"Slorty, 'spect."

"Why, how the deuce could it have been put on by any one without your knowing it? Were you drunk?"

"'Spect yes," he replied, sadly.

"All right; you lose your position," said the old man, decidedly.

"Me no bad Chinaman," he pleaded.

"You are not, eh? Well, I should say you was a very bad Chinaman; and if you are not bad, you certainly are a very great fool, and I'll be hanged if I want such a looking, blue-spotted, blue-eared imp in my employ, so get out."

"Where go?" he asked, piteously.

"Go jump overboard. That's the best thing for a fool like you to do. Go now."

Poor Ho! In reality, he hadn't another word to say; and with a heavy heart he left his master's cabin and returned to his own, where he remained long and sadly.

"I wonder if these rascals really did paint him up in that manner?" mused the old man. "They must have the paint, for it is just the same color they had on their own faces. They must have found him drunk, and did it for a lark. But why can't he remove it the same as they did? There is something wrong about the business, and I'll be hanged if I'll have him around me any longer. I might have known, however, how it would have been, for those two young devils can hardly let me alone, to say nothing of a Chinaman;" and while jawing away to himself, he went to work to make his own toilet.

Of course the matter was talked over among the passengers, and the joke afforded them a great deal of amusement, although not a few of them maintained that the joke had been carried too far.

Ho Sham kept in the seclusion of his cabin, and bemoaned his hard luck.

Shorty and the Kid, in the meantime, had come on deck again, where they laughed and commented on the "speckled Chinaman," as they called Ho, at the same time watching to see when the old man came up, for they expected to get a terrible blowing up from him.

But while talking about it they made up a plan between them how they should carry out the racket they had begun.

So when the old man came on deck, looking like a thunder-cloud, the Kid stole away, leaving Shorty to meet the storm.

And meet it he did, for old daddy went for him "bald-headed," of course, for he didn't wear a wig, and although Shorty protested that he was innocent of the matter, he refused to believe him entirely.

Meantime the Kid went to the old man's cabin and hooked a bottle of brandy, which he took to Ho Sham's quarters as a peace offering, feeling certain



that it would be a welcome relief in his present state of feelings.

"Halloo, Ho. How yer was?" he asked, cheerily. "Me no good; me allee blokee lup. Olee man bouncee," said he, sadly.

"What! bouncee yer?"

"So be."

"What for?"

"Slay clussee fool."

"Waal, what did yer want to do der clown business for?"

"Me no. Slumbloody do; me no. Olee man fire me lout."

"Oh, he'll get over his huff in a day or two. Here, take a drink," said he, producing the bottle of stolen brandy.

proceeded to apply it with a brush, the drunken Chinaman being wholly oblivious to everything.

It only took a few moments to cover up all the blue spots on his face and make his flesh look natural again, after which they stole quietly out, knowing that he would lay in his helpless stupor long enough for the paint to dry, so that it would not wash or wipe off.

In this they were right, for he slept like a log until the next morning, when he awoke with a terrible headache.

He gazed around in a dazed sort of way, and it took him some time to recall all the events with which he had lately wrestled.

"Junk some mo'," he muttered, as his eye fell upon the half empty bottle.

Ho Sham up into the corner, where he sat down heavily upon a lot of bottles.

"Me allee yitee—hoopla! Me chum black for you and be good Chinaman, so be," said he, pulling himself out of the smash.

"Nobody wants you. Git out!" roared the old man, white with rage.

"Me shavee, slamplo—fixee lup all yitee."

"You are a jackass, and I don't want you."

Shorty and the Kid had all the while been listening outside.

"Me no jackass; me sklare; me no mo' Slorty an' Kild; me be sklare, allee samee as good Melican man."

"I don't believe you. Get out!"



"I'll be hanged if I want any such a looking blue-spotted, blue-eared imp in my employ, so get out!" "Where go?" he asked, piteously.

"Me no; me slare loff," said he, sadly.

"Nixy. Take a ball an' yer'll feel better."

"Me no claree."

"Yer won't! Well, yer've got 'em bad an' no mistake. Here, I'm goin' ter take one," said the little rascal, evidently seeing that his victim mistrusted him.

The Chinaman watched him cautiously, for he wanted a drink in the worst way.

"There, I'll leave der bot here with yer, an' I'll go see der ole man. I'll make it all right for yer."

"No—no; paintee no lof; ole man slay clussee fool," he protested.

"Oh, I'll fix it all right for yer," replied the Kid, going from the door.

But he crept stealthily back again and heard Ho Sham helping himself to the brandy. Then he knew the game would work, for now that he had nothing to do, he would never stop until he had finished the bottle or drank himself into insensibility.

Going on deck he took a seat near Shorty and told him what he had started. This was just what they had hoped to do, and so they quietly waited.

But by this time the old man had got done growling at Shorty and was now seated, sullenly, back towards him, and refusing to speak to either of them.

Nothing further was done for an hour or more, after which Shorty and the Kid went down to see how Ho was getting along with the brandy. He seemed to be getting along first-rate. At all events the brandy was, for it had got the Chinaman down, and he lay in his bunk, snoring like a pig.

Finding that shaking would not arouse him, they at once proceeded to business.

Going to their cabin, the Kid returned with the paint which the surgeon had given him for the purpose of covering up the blue spots which Ho Sham had placed upon their own noses, and Shorty at once

Then his mind grappled with his happenings, and he remembered that the Kid had given it to him the night before. He also remembered that the old man had fired him out of his employ, and the question of what would become of him was a tough one to solve.

Finally, after bemoaning his lot for some time, he got up and washed himself, hoping the cold water would quiet his aching head, after which he wiped and took a look at himself in the mirror.

Presto!

The blue spots had all disappeared, and he was looking very much like himself again.

What did it mean? He scarcely believed the evidence of his eyes. He looked and looked again. He twisted his head this way and that, and felt himself over carefully with his hand.

"Hoopla!" he yelled, at last. "Me all yitee now, so be. Allee gone; me allee yite again. Me bully bioy some mo'!"

And in the ecstasy of his delight he started on a run for the old man's cabin.

The old fellow was up and just commencing to dress when the delighted Chinaman burst into his cabin.

He started back in alarm.

"Hoopla—whoop!" yelled Ho Sham, as he entered and began to dance around.

"Hi—ho! here! what the deuce is the matter with you?" demanded the old man.

"Me allee yitee some mo'! Paintee allee gone!" and in the wildness of his delight, he seized the old man and began to waltz him around the cabin.

"Stop, stop, I say!" cried the old man, as he attempted to free himself from the Chinaman's embrace.

"Hoopla! Hunkly doly some mo'!"

"Stop your noise, I tell you, and get out of here."

With a sudden wrench he freed himself, and pushed

"Me slare lon Bible," he protested.

"Bah! you don't know enough to swear."

"Hi! me slare likee damee clussee, so be."

His earnestness rather got the best of the old man, and he began to melt.

"Well, if I try you once [more, may I throw you overboard if you go back on me again?" he finally asked.

"Allee yitee; jumpee loverblord self if no goodee Chinaman," said he, earnestly.

"Very well; I will try you once more if you promise to have nothing to do with those rascally boys of mine."

"So be. Me slare!"

"And don't allow them to have anything to do with you. You want to have your eye on them all the time, for they are continually up to some mischief. Don't speak to them at all; don't notice them, for if you do, you are sure to get the worst of it all the time."

"Me slake 'em."

"Well, the best thing you can do is to shake 'em. They are a bad gang. How did you get the paint off your face?"

"Me no. Me go sleepee dlunk; wakee lup alle yitee; paintee alle go."

"That's strange. Let me look at you," and the old man took a closer view.

It didn't require such a very close look to convince him that the blue paint had not been removed, but simply washed over with something nearly flesh color, although in fact a shade or two lighter than the Chinaman was. Yet it served the purpose, and he at once concluded to say nothing about it. So long as ignorance was bliss, it was folly to be wise.

And yet it only confirmed him in the belief that Shorty had worked both rackets, although how, when, or where he could not of course tell.



"Allee gone?"  
 "Yes. But I tell you to beware of those boys, or they will kill you."  
 "Me slake."

"See that you do. Now get to work and shave me without any further nonsense," said he, throwing himself into a chair.

With all the adroitness and dexterity that he possessed, he went to work upon his master and began lathering his face.

Meantime the old fellow was trying to get it through his head, how it was that those spots came upon Shorty and his Kid, and made up his mind to convince himself whether or no they had got rid of them in the same way that they had been covered up on Ho Sham.

"Yes; Sim. I'm tired," replied the Kid.  
 "Weakenin' on fun?"  
 "Waal, let's rest awhile, anyhow."  
 "Rest?" and Shorty looked as though he hardly understood what the term meant.  
 "Rest on der ole man an' Ho, anyway."  
 "Kiddy, are you sick?"  
 "Yes."  
 "I thought so."  
 "Sick of rackets on der same chaps all der time, at all events."  
 "All right. We'll give 'em a rest. But we must have some fun wid somebody."  
 "Try yerself, pop."  
 "Or I might work some fun out of you."  
 "Oh, yer can get yer ole suction hose in on me an'

was, for he had had many opportunities to witness manifestations of it, and on that point he had resolved to work. Yes, Brown regarded himself as a sort of a "masher," and his wife was foolish enough to believe that every lady who saw him was in love with him, and on that account she was very jealous and had her eye on him continually, or at least, whenever she thought there was any danger of another woman doing so.

But in order to carry out the snap as he desired to, he had to make friends with one of the colored waiters; yet he had no difficulty in doing this, for the young coon was a great admirer of Shorty, and was only too glad to be taken into his confidence.

This part of the business being arranged, he wrote the following note, imitating a lady's hand:



Before Brown could recover from his astonishment sufficiently to take her part, his enraged wife had stripped bonnet, veil, wig, and dress from her rival.

"Kiddie, come here!" whispered Shorty, drawing the little fellow away up the stairway to the deck.  
 "Here's another big racket!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE racket which Shorty and the Kid played upon Ho Sham will be remembered, as also the fact that it nearly lost him his position with the old man, who, however, was induced to give him one more trial.

Both of the young rascals had listened outside of the old man's cabin door to the comical interview, in which Ho Sham presented himself with the blue paint removed from his face, or, rather, covered up by flesh-colored paint, and begged his way back to favor again with final success.

And after Ho Sham had begun to shave him, Shorty thought of something new in the shape of a racket, and drew the Kid away to the promenade deck, where they could talk it over quietly.

But the Kid refused to see it.

"Why not?" asked Shorty.

"Oh, give us a rest."

"What for?"

"Ter rest."

"What's der matter?"

"Tackle somebody else. Give Ho Sham an' der ole man a rest. Jus' look, we've been workin' 'em both for all der worth ever since we left New York, an' I say it's no more'n fair ter give 'em a rest."

Shorty looked serious. He could but feel that what the Kid had said was true, and he now wished that he had said nothing about it.

"Well, what shall we do?" he asked, after reflecting a moment.

"Dry up."

"What! Sim?"

pump out all der fun yer can get; I won't squeal," replied the Kid, smiling.

Shorty made no reply, and throwing overboard the stump of the cigar he had been smoking, the Kid walked forward, leaving his father alone by himself, although he did not long remain so, for several of his admirers soon gathered around him to draw him into conversation, knowing full well that they would be well rewarded.

Among the number was a fat old fellow, an Englishman, who had evidently become suddenly able to travel, and was what we call in this country "Shoddy," or new-made aristocracy.

Shorty had noticed him from the first, and had not failed to observe that his wife was fearfully jealous of him, although for what reason it would be hard to tell; for he was as homely as sin, besides having ways that were certainly repulsive to decent people.

But he was always ready to laugh at Shorty's jokes. They cost him nothing, and on board the steamer he could laugh as loud as he pleased, and when he did so, it sounded like an agitated fog-horn.

Shorty had thought the matter over and concluded with the Kid that it was about time to change victims, and he now made up his mind to work a little fun out of this old rooster.

His name was Lysander Brown, and he showed by every word he said that he was very fond of himself, besides very conceited; and so, while Shorty was entertaining them with stories and jokes, he was at the same time thinking how he should work a racket on him.

He finally made up his mind just how he would do it, and without loss of time he proceeded to business; for it was just as impossible for him to live without having fun as it would be to live without eating.

Shorty knew how vain and conceited old Brown

"TO THE MAN I WORSHIP:—Can you conceive how dreadful it is to love a man who by law belongs to another? I have watched you continually ever since we left America, and have learned to love you so intensely that I have ceased to have the power to repress my feelings any longer. I must at least tell you that I love you, even if you do not return my passion. Oh, how I envy your wife! What a Heaven she lives in if she enjoys your love! I can say no more, and even if I did it would simply amount to the sentiment—I love you!"

YOUR SILENT ADMIRER."

This note he entrusted to the porter to deliver as though he had received it from a young lady who had made him promise not to divulge her identity.

Dolph Johnson—that was the coon's name—followed instructions, and went on deck to find the masher. Shorty kept him well in sight, and saw the note delivered.

"Eh! letter for me?" asked Brown.

"Yes, sah," replied Dolph, respectfully.

"Who from?"

"From a lady, sah."

"A lady! Who?"

"I was told not to tell, sah!"

"The deuce you was!"

"Yes, sah," and he moved away.

"What's this—what's this?" Shorty heard him mutter to himself; and then looking carefully around to make sure that his wife was not observing him, he proceeded to tear open the perfumed envelope.

As he read the passionate epistle a smile wreathed his rotund face, and he was evidently much pleased with it.

"A mash, by Jove!" he chuckled. "Well—well, what would Mrs. Brown say if she could only see this?" and then he laughed like a man who had done a big thing and was very much pleased with himself. "Clean, dead gone on me!" he said, after reading it over again.



"Now this is jolly. I wonder who she is? By Jove, I've noticed that all the ladies have had their eyes on me ever since I have been on board, but who can this one be who is so badly mashed? By Jove, I must find out, you know. Wonder why she didn't say so before? But may be she is going as far as England, and by that time we may have some deucedly jolly times. I'll write her a note in reply and try and draw her out; I will, by Jove!" Saying which he went to the clerk's office, and begged permission to write a letter.

It ran as follows:

"DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND:—I have read your letter with pleasure. I would dearly like to know you, for one who possesses such ardent feelings must certainly be lovable. Can we not meet on deck to-night?"

"LYSANDER BROWN."

Sealing this, he proceeded to hunt up Dolph, and told him to take it to the lady who had sent him with her note.

Dolph shouldered the shilling which he gave him, and, making sure that he was not shadowed, he proceeded to deliver the note to Shorty, who was waiting for it.

He read it aloud.

"Dolph, der bait's took. Now der racket will work like a steam engine."

Dolph laughed, and appeared to feel as good as ever a darkey did over the prospect of fun.

Shorty wrote this in reply:

"DEAR FRIEND:—I am so happy over reading your dear letter that my poor heart flutters so I can scarcely write. I will be alone on deck to-night at ten o'clock. Do come then, and take me to your heart, if only for an instant."

UNKNOWN."

This was also delivered, and a happier coxcomb than old Brown was could not be found anywhere, either on land or water.

It was then nearly sunset, and without loss of time he visited the barber's quarters and told him to do his best and spare no expense. He was bound to mash that girl so she would never recover from it.

Meantime Shorty wrote this for Dolph to put under Mrs. Brown's cabin door:

"MRS. BROWN: Your husband will be on deck this evening at ten o'clock, with a young lady. Watch him."

A FRIEND."

She read that letter ten minutes after it was written, and while her husband was in the hands of the barber.

"The per-figus wretch!" she exclaimed. "But I might have know'd it. He allus was a goin' arter other women, an' since he has got his fortune he's worse nor ever. But I'll fix him. Yes, an' I'll fix her, too, that I will, for she, of course, knows that I'm his lawful wife, the hussy! Oh, I'll pretend not to know whatever he is up to, but I'll watch him."

Shorty overheard this while listening just outside of her cabin-door, and he quietly let a few friends into the snap. Strange as it may appear, when he spoke to the old man about it, he was delighted, and fell right in with the idea. He was quite willing to have rackets played, provided they were not played on him or his servant, and so he was delighted, as was the Kid, whom he had also posted.

They took things quietly (much more so than Mrs. Brown did), and lounged about the decks until dinner time, when everybody met at the table.

Brown came in a little late, but he was arrayed in all the glory of tonsorial art.

Gotten up to kill.

His wife was at the table when he came into the cabin, and one glance at him convinced her that what she had been informed in the anonymous note was true.

Her heart jumped up into her mouth so far that she came near biting a piece out of it, but by great exertion she managed to hide her emotion.

"Why, lawks, Lysander, how nice you smell!" she said, as he took a seat by her at the table.

"Well, what of it?" he grunted.

"An' how starchy-parchy you be spruced up, to be sure. One would think as how you was dressed for to go out callin' on some great lady."

"Oh, shut up, and let your victuals fill your mouth!" said he, aside to her.

"Did you fix up so nice to please me, Lysander?"

"No; I did it to please myself. I hadn't anything else to do, and—well, that's all there is about it. Eat your supper."

"But I can't help thinking how nice you look, my dear."

"Well, hold your tongue about it! Do you want everybody to hear your silly chatter?"

Shorty was hearing it, at all events.

This put an end to her compliments, but it did not put an end to her thinking:

"Oh, the per-figus wretch! Right into my face an' eyes ter do such a thing! But I'll show him a thing or two. I'll let him know that I'm not to be insulted right to my head!"

Brown of course did not know what was going on, either in his wife's head or the heads of the conspirators, but he took little notice of her anyway. His heart beat fast as he glanced up and down the table to see if any of the ladies returned his smile.

There were about twenty ladies on board, some of them young and beautiful.

Which one was it whose heart he had won?

His wife followed his gaze, particularly anxious to find out that same thing.

However, he was rather pleased than otherwise to see that his supposed fair unknown had the firmness and good sense not to give herself away in such a place, even by a look.

That was the sort of a girl he wanted.

"Shall I promenade with you this evening?" asked his wife, after they had finished supper.

"No; I am not going to promenade."

"Ther evening is so pleasant and blamy."

"Bah! What's blamy?"

"Why, you know what I mean, Lysander," said she, in a hurt tone of voice, for he very often corrected her pronunciation.

"Well, I think you had better know yourself before you attempt to use such words. At all events, you should know better that to pronounce blamy blamy."

"Oh, I should so like to walk with you on the deck this evening an' hear you talk."

"Bah! I have an engagement with the captain in his cabin to play whist."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; so you go to bed."

Saying this, he left her and walked away towards the smoking-room.

"Will I go to bed? Will I, Lysander Brown? Not if I know myself. I'll not go till I've had my revenge on that shameless hussy, and h'expoused you to everybody on board, that I won't," she said to herself.

By this time it was quite dark. Some of the passengers had retired, weary with a long day's sight-seeing, while others were gathered on deck, smoking, chatting, or enjoying the balmy breezes which were wafted from the fragrant shores of China on their right, or the spice-growing islands on their left.

Shorty and the Kid, with the help of one of the sailors, had arranged an old sail into a sort of shelter, behind which they could listen to all that took place without being seen, while the others in the conspiracy got as convenient places as they could without exciting Brown's suspicion.

The time before ten o'clock seemed long to them all especially so to Brown and his wife.

She had retired to her cabin, where she fumed the time away, saying to herself what terrible things she would do, and working herself up to high pressure.

Finally, just before ten o'clock, the enveloped figure of a female stole up from the cabin, and after glancing around for a moment, took a chair, and sat down by herself on the port side, and only a few feet from where Shorty and the Kid were.

She had scarcely seated herself when Mrs. Brown stole up on deck. She shrewdly guessed that the lone female was her husband's innamorata, so she took up a position behind the ventilator where she could see without being observed herself.

Just at ten Brown came from the captain's cabin and glanced hurriedly around.

Everybody appeared to be minding their own business, and his wife was undoubtedly in bed.

Walking forward, he soon espied the lone female.

"Ah, there she is, the dear little pullet, promptly on time and waiting for me. Come, Brownie, old boy, brace up and complete the conquest."

Taking a chair, he approached, and placing it alongside of her, sat down.

The lone female looked up like a startled fawn.

"Ah!" she exclaimed.

"Good-evening; I am glad to meet you," said he, in his blandest and most winsome tones.

"Oh, thank you so much," said she, manifesting a reasonable amount of emotion.

"On the contrary, allow me to thank you for the pleasure. But how unfortunate that we could not have met earlier in the voyage."

"How could we? I was so timid. It was only desperation at last that nerved me to write you."

"Thank Heaven for that desperation!"

"What would your wife say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"No, because she will never know it."

"I am so fearful. Are you sure that we are not being observed?"

"Oh, no. We are in the deep shadow; besides, she is in bed long ere this."

"Is she?" thought Shorty.

"You must think me a very bold girl."

"Not at all. It is not unseemly or bold to make an honest confession. You have noticed ere this that my wife is not a natural mate for me. I married below my station."

"Alas! how sad," she sighed; and then Brown made so bold as to take one of her hands in his.

"Why had we not met earlier in life?"

Her answer was another tender sigh, and her head drooped forward like a rose.

Brown hitched his chair up closer and put his arm around her waist, drawing her closer to him, and she never resisted a bit.

"But now that we have met, we can love," and he kissed her through her veil.

"Oh, I should be so happy if—"

"If what?"

"If you were free."

"I'll do anything to obtain you," and he hugged her closer to himself.

"Can you get a divorce from her?"

"I'll try it," and then she snuggled closer to him.

"How sad that two loving hearts should be separated."

"Yes, very sad. How I hate this darkness, that prevents me from seeing your lovely face."

"Ah! you might not love it if you saw it."

"I am positive that I should. How far are you going, pray?"

"To Calcutta, to join my friends."

"Good! By the time we reach there we shall become better acquainted, and can map out our future. I feel that I love you dearly, and where true hearts love, fortune is often kind."

"And you will not regard me as too bold?"

"I shall never think of it."

"And you forgive everything unlady-like?"

"With all my heart. Cannot I visit you in your cabin?" he asked, tenderly.

"Wouldn't there be danger in it?"

"I'll brave all danger for the sake of being alone with you," and again he sampled her lips.

By this time Mrs. Brown, unable to stand it any longer, had left her place of concealment and taken up another nearer to them.

Conversation seemed to have died out, and everybody appeared to know that something was about to happen.

"This trusting love on your part makes me hate the woman I am married to," said he.

"Oh, if something would happen to her!"

"Yes, if there only would!"

"Do you think there will?"

"I am taking her around the world in the hope that something will happen to her."

"Oh, so kind of you, dear friend."

"Tell me your name, sweet one."

"Call me Rose."

"Oh, Rose! My favorite flower, and now my new-found love!" he exclaimed, hugging her.

Mrs. Brown could stand this sort of thing no longer, and darting from her place of concealment, she flew at that veiled beauty like an enraged tigress.

"Oh, you shameless trollop! You wish that something would happen me, do you? I'll see that something happens you," and before Brown could recover from his astonishment sufficiently to take her part, his enraged wife had stripped bonnet, veil, wig, and dress from her rival.

And there stood the colored boy, Dolph, in his proper dress, while those in the racket came forward, laughing and applauding.

Dolph shot away into the darkness and made for his quarters. He had received more than he bargained for, and his first object was to escape recognition.

However, everybody saw that it was a man, and that answered every purpose.

Both Brown and his wife stood dazed for a moment, and then she went for him again, giving him the greatest tongue-lashing that ever a man received.

This, together with the shouts of laughter, made it too hot for him, and understanding that he had been made the victim of a sell, he turned and hurried to his cabin, closely followed by his jawing wife.

The conspirators met and shook hands over the success of the racket, and from that time until midnight there was nothing else talked about, everybody voting Shorty a brick.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Do you remember the racket on Mr. Brown?

Mr. Brown remembered it, at all events, and it was many a day before his wife or the passengers on board the steamer allowed him to forget it.

He didn't care so much for his wife, for he could fight with her or clear out when she made it too hot for him, but the people who knew about the sell he dreaded to meet.

If ever a man felt foolish Brown was that man, and when he fled from the laughing throng he was tempted to leap overboard and drown both himself and his troubles.

But his wife was close at his heels, and her tongue was going like a rattle.

"Oh! but I have found you out now, Lysander Brown," said she, the moment they were alone in their cabin.

"Go to the devil!" he snarled.

"I shan't do it, Lysander Brown, I shan't do it. Of course you would be very glad to have me go; in fact, you are takin' of me around the world a-hopin' that somethin' will happen so as you can get rid of me. I heard you say it."

"But don't you know—"

"Yes, Lysander Brown, I knows all about it, I does. I heard it from your own lips, so I did. I'm no mate for you, amn't I? Well, if I'm no mate, I'll show you that I'm a match for you when you get me started. You married beneath your station, did you? What was you when I was fool enough to take your name? What was you but a hawker of wegitables? There, now, and I war a-livin' out to sarvice—which h'occupied the 'ighest station in life?"

"Will you shut up?"

"But when your aunt died and left you a few thousand pounds, you forgot what you used to be, an' pretend as how you married below your station! What brass—that brass, Lysander Brown! And now you be a smirkin' at every woman you see an' tellin' of 'em that you wish I was dead. For shame on you, Lysander Brown."

"Will you shut up, I say?"

"No, I will not shut up. I heard you a-tellin' that person—"

"You fool, that was all a joke."

"Well, you didn't know it until I put in my little work."

Alas! how true he knew that was.

"But it serves you just right to have everybody a snickerin' at you. You thought as how it was a gal all the time."

"No, I—"

"Yes, you did. I heard you talkin' your soft nonsense to her; I saw you hug an' kiss her, an' it serves you right that it proved to be a joke, and that what you thought was a female was only one of the colored waiters."

"Oh, I knew all about it. It was only done to have some fun with you; to let the passengers see what a jealous old fool you are."

"I know better, Lysander Brown, for you hate a colored person as you do pisin, an' to see you a-huggin' an' a-kissin' one, an' a man at that. Oh! that's



too thin; you can't choke that down my throat. Serves you right!"

Brown knew that it did, but at the same time he would willingly have given a thousand dollars to know who it was that put up the job on him.

He did not make his appearance at the breakfast-table the next morning, and he resolved not to do so again during the voyage, that was now, fortunately, near its end.

And when they arrived at Hong Kong, China, he made up his mind to remain there somewhere, in seclusion, until the other passengers had left in consequence of their journey, or else continue his own by a different route.

Yes, they were now approaching the beautiful half-English, half-Chinese city of Hong Kong.

The beautiful scenery of the Sea of Japan was nearly all left behind. For five hundred miles the noble steamer had plowed the placid waters of this island and mountain-studded sea, whose panoramic scenery, with its charming cities of Hiogo and Nagasaki, and the river port of Osaka, in combination with its thousand beauties, cannot be surpassed in the world.

Such clusters of grotesquely-formed hills and mountains, and all so richly clad with brushwood, trees and open carpets of most brilliant verdure, encircling the windings of the narrow passes, running into innumerable creeks and bays, in seeming defiance of all geographical observations, that there is perfect bewilderment of ever-changing but never-ending beauties. All these were left behind, and they were now about to end this portion of their long journey at Hong Kong.

All pranks and tricks were forgotten now, and preparations made for landing.

The Shortys had made up their minds to spend at least a fortnight in Hong Kong, and go from it to the great city of Canton, and other points of interest within a reasonable distance of their stopping-place, and so they all busied themselves in getting ready to disembark.

Several of the passengers, Shorty among the rest, wanted to see Brown and say good-bye to him before they left the ship, but he stuck resolutely to his cabin, and refused to show up.

The parting between the Shortys and their fellow-passengers was a regretful one, and each one felt that he or she owed an exceedingly pleasant voyage to them especially. It had extended over more than a month since leaving America, and had it not been for the little jokers it would have become monotonous and tiresome.

The captain, officers and crew parted with them regretfully, for they had learned to like the little rascals immensely.

"Shorty, if ever you go to San Francisco again, I should be pleased to have you take another trip with me. In fact, I will give you a free passage any time," said he, reaching down to take a farewell shake of his hand.

"Cap, I couldn't do better. Never had so much fun in my life as I have had on board yer ship," said he.

"And we can all safely say that we never had so much fun on any trip that we have taken."

"All but Brown,"

"Yes—yes; all but Brown," replied the captain, and a merry laugh followed.

"Love his nbs for me when he shows up, an' tell him that he mustn't be so fresh hereafter."

"I guess he will not be. I think that little racket cured him pretty effectually. But good-bye. God bless you, Shorty. Write me when you get back to New York."

"All right. You shall hear from me."

By this time the gang plank had been run out, and the three Shortys were the first to waddle ashore, but as they did so, those remaining behind them, passengers, officers, crew and all, sent up three rousing cheers, which sped them on their way to a hotel in the English Quarter of the city.

"Now, boys, let us have no nonsense, while we remain here," said the old man. "If we are going to see and learn anything about the country, we have got to drop all nonsense, and pay strict attention to business."

"Dat's me, dad," said Shorty.

"I chip in on dat," added the Kid.

"Well, see that you do. We have had fun enough since we left New York, and now that we are in a strange land, of great interest, let us attend to it, and when we get on board of another steamer to continue our journey to India, then there will be a better chance."

"All right. Where's Ho Sham?"

"He is coming on top of the baggage, that is following us in a van. See him?" he added, pointing from the rear window of the coach.

They both took a look and began to laugh.

"Dat's a picture!" exclaimed Shorty.

"A first-class comic!" added the Kid.

In truth it was, and the old man himself could not help laughing at it.

The baggage-van was piled up high with trunks and bundles belonging to different passengers who had left the steamer at Hong Kong, while the baggage belonging to the Shortys was on top, and perched on the highest sat Ho Sham, wildly clutching this way and that to retain his hold and to keep the articles from falling off, as the van rattled over the uneven road.

"Say, dad, dat John's worth his weight in whisky," said Shorty.

"For what particular reason?"

"Why, he's der boss fun-maker an' don't know it."

"Well, see that you let him alone. If he amuses you, let that suffice. Only think how you have raised the deuce with that fellow ever since I took him."

"But he arn't squeezed dry yet, dad."

"Never mind; my patience has been squeezed dry,

and if you play any more jokes on him, I tell you positively, I will go no further on the journey, but will take the steamer back to America."

Shorty and the Kid swapped winks.

They had heard him make such threats before, but to tell the truth, so far as they then knew, they intended to keep the promise they had made to the provoked old man and give Ho Sham a rest.

From the carriage window they saw what a quaint and curious old town they had struck, and the sights and sounds were so strange, that they attracted their entire attention.

A ride of nearly half an hour brought them to the hotel, situated in the English Quarter, as it is called, and here everything looked differently, and not so very much unlike other large American or English towns.

The three little tourists attracted a deal of attention as they leaped from the carriage and waddled into the tavern.

At first it was believed that they belonged to a race of dwarfs from some part of the world, but they soon showed that, although they were undoubtedly dwarfs, they were genuine Americans.

The first thing to do, of course, was to get into the rooms assigned them, and fix up a bit and rest awhile before setting out to see the sights.

Ho Sham was delighted at finding himself in his native land again, and he flew around like everything to get things settled.

"Me allee yitee now, so be. Me black China 'gain; allee hunkly doly now," said he.

"Is this your native place?" asked the old man.

"So be. Me alle don't care a centee now."

"Oh, I suppose you will be leaving us, now that you have got back home again?"

"Me no. Me sklare Chinaman. Me only tickle likee—tee-he, allee samee cos get black home 'gain. Me stlickee you allee samee, like sklare Chinaman," he protested.

In fact, during their stay in the Flowery Kingdom, they calculated that he would be more useful than ever, in the capacity of interpreter and guide, for he was, undoubtedly, well acquainted in the larger cities of China, being naturally of a roving disposition. In fact, he claimed to have visited every city of any importance in the kingdom and to be well acquainted with every point of interest.

By the time they were ready to go out, the gong yelled dinner, and they were shown to the dining-room to partake of their first meal in the land of China.

They were seated at a table by themselves, and presently a waiter approached them. He started and took a look at them.

"Halloo, Shorty!" said he, at length.

Shorty looked quickly up at hearing his name mentioned, and who should he see standing before him but Shanks, a chap who will be remembered by the early readers of the Shorty sketches.

"What! Shanks?" he exclaimed, leaping to his feet and extending his hand.

"By the great horn spoon! How do you do? Well—well, this is good for sore eyes."

"Halloo, Shanky!" chimed in the Kid.

"Halloo, Kid!" and he shook hands with the little runt most earnestly. "How do you do, Mr. Burwick?" he asked, also taking the old gent by the hand. "Well—well, this beats the deuce!"

"I should say so, ole pard. How came yer away out here, an' how long yer been a bean slinger?"

"Been here over a year. Started out with a show; lost all my money; creditors after me; skipped 'em; had just soap enough left after selling my super to pay my passage to Hong Kong; paid it; came here dead broke; got a job as waiter, and here I am, head waiter."

"Whew!" said they all, as he finished his graphic narration.

"Fact, and none of the Johns under me are good enough to wait on you. I'm your man."

"Good enough. What yer got?"

"Oh, about the same as you'd find at any American or English hotel. What brought you here anyway?"

"Goin' round der world."

"What! Around the world?"

"Cert."

"What for?"

"For fun."

"Well, I might have known that. But say what you'll eat, and we'll talk by-and-by."

The order was given, and Shanks retired to fill it, and attend to his other duties as head waiter. What a change!

"Waal—waal! Dat grabs der bolliver," said Shorty, after Shanks had gone.

"Yes, dat captures der biscuit," said the Kid.

"Who would have thought of such a thing?"

"Why, it seems 'bout so long since I saw him in New York," said Shorty.

"Time flies, my boys, and great are the changes that overtake a man."

"Well, I should say so. But I'm glad we met him here, for he'll show us der sights."

"Oh, yes, he may be useful in that way."

"Shanks, a Chinaman; Shanks, boss bean slinger!" and all three of them laughed heartily.

But that dinner was first-class all the same, if they were in China. It was so much like what they would have got at home or in any European city, that they could scarcely tell the difference.

After they had finished they went to the front of the house to enjoy a cigar and see the sights that were continually passing, and after passing about an hour in this way, they were joined by Shanks, who at once began to steer them around to places of interest, all the while making personal inquiries or talking over old times.

In this way the whole afternoon was most pleasantly and profitably taken up, and at dark they returned to the hotel.

Ho Sham was mad. He wanted the honor of showing them around, and the idea of a foreigner cutting him out of the office that should naturally have been his, made him feel like standing Shanks on his head.

"Want to go to the theater this evening?" he asked, after they had finished supper.

"Cert."

"A Chinese show shop?" asked the Kid.

"Yes; but we have a first-class English theater here if you had rather take that in."

"No, let's scoop in der China. What's der play?"

"Romeo and Juliet," said Shanks.

"What!" they all three exclaimed, for the idea of that beautiful love tragedy being translated into the Chinese language was enough to make the bones of Shakespeare kick up a dust in his coffin.

"All right, we'll scoop in *Romeo and Juliet*."

"Yes, and take Ho Sham along for interpreter," said the old man, who saw that his servant was disappointed at not being asked first.

"Cert. Shanks don't know China."

"Well, I have picked up considerable broken China since I have been here."

"Waiters often do."

Laugh on Shanks.

"Get out, you runt!" said he, laughing.

"Have ter pay for it, I s'pose?"

"No, pick all yer want for nothing."

"No, but der breakin' of it."

"Oh, go to the deuce! Yes, I am picking up all I can of it, for one of these days I'm going to start a show of some kind here."

"Have a play called: 'Shanks; or, the Bold Bean Slinger of Hong Kong.' How'd dat be?"

"Well, Shorty, I'll bet that would be a good title for a minstrel snap."

"Of course it would."

"But, come, the Chinese theaters begin to show as quick as it is sunset."

"All right."

A carriage was procured and the four of them got into it and were driven to the theater, Ho Sham riding behind on the trunk rack.

But he made himself very useful, for he knew all about buying the tickets of admission, and also knew enough to magnify his own importance by assuring the manager of the theater that his master was a rich and powerful American mandarin, and that the other two were his sons, who were accompanying him around the world on a tour of observation.

This had its desired effect, for instantly every servant about the place was called, and the party ushered into the theater with all the pomp that would have attended the conduct of a Chinese mandarin of the first-class.

Shanks tumbled to the racket at once, but the others were completely taken aback at the honors and attention shown them.

And the assembled audience was greatly moved at sight of the strangers and the attention showed them, believing them to be great men of a little race like themselves.

Presently, after they had been seated in regal style in seats where none but nabobs of the first water were allowed to sit, the manager and several of his officials approached.

Pausing in front of them, they bowed almost to the floor, paying their respects, as was customary when any great gun honored a theater.

"Look out or yer'll scrape yer snoot on der floor!" said Shorty.

"Hello, ole man!" said the Kid.

"Hush!" whispered the old man.

"Yes. Keep mum. They think you are some big guns," whispered Shanks.

"We aren't, we're only little pistols."

"Yes, revolvers," said the Kid.

"Be quiet, will you?"

"Muchee big man think heap Melican mandarin," said Ho Sham, who was sitting at the feet of his master, the customary place for servants in China while attending their masters to places of amusement.

"Oh, dat's der racket, eh? Dat's good 'nough for me. Did yer work it, Ho?"

"So be," said he, smiling.

"Bully boy with a China eye!"

"Me makee slolid, so do, eby time."

"Hush! here come the players," said Shanks.

Sure enough, they began to come on for the tragedy, there being no curtain to ring up and no scenery to change. True, there had been a racket of tom-toms and gongs, but neither of the Shortys suspected for a moment that it was intended for the music of an orchestra.

But that play! That "Romeo and Juliet!"

The characters were dressed so nearly alike that it was hard to tell the males from the females, and the servants of the two houses (powerful mandarins) looked about as well in point of dress and arming as their masters did.

And such a jargon!

Ho Sham attempted to explain the play and interpret it as it progressed, but the few English words that he had command of only served to make matters worse.

"Hi Ching," said he, speaking of the *Romeo* who had just come upon the stage, with a sword, as if looking for a muss. "Hi Ching sweetie lon Wing Wee. Ole Wee no see it. Allee timee row in street, makee fight likee devil. Tom Wang fightee Hi Ching—gettee stuffin cut lout blelly. Heap row, many killee. Hi Ching run 'way wiv Wing Wee an' mally. He run 'way 'cos big prince tellee go devil, an' no comee black. Wing Wee smokee opium an' go dead junkie



Make big mourn, think dead an' puttee in tomb allee samee likee stiff. Hi Ching come black on the sly an' think dead, an' he make kill heself. Then she come allee yitee putty klick an' see Hi Ching dead. She makee gleat bah! She kill herself allee samee like Ching, an' then allee luggee lof," said he, meaning that this finished the piece.

And so it did, for the moment the sorrowful *Juliet*, or Wing Wee, as she was called in the Chinese cast, had "bah'd" over the dead body of her *Romeo* as much as she wanted to, and evidently a great deal more than the audience wanted, she proceeded to stab herself somewhere among the folds of her flowing grave clothes, and to tumble over upon her lover.

Then they rested for applause, which being given the supes came on and dragged the dead bodies off, and the play was done.

It was fortunate that Shanks had told them at the start that the play was "*Romeo and Juliet*," for otherwise they would never have suspected anything of the kind. It bore about as much resemblance to the original as Chinese letters bear to Roman, although it was undoubtedly the best translation that could be made.

As the "American mandarins" were on the point of leaving the theater, Chinese servants belonging thereto hustled them into palanquins and bore them away in sober triumph, leaving Shanks and Ho Sham to follow in the carriage.

"Where are they going to take them?" asked Shanks.

"Heap junkie; much tea; blully time," said he, and Shanks knew that they were being taken to some banquet.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

SHANKS and Ho Sham followed the servants who were bearing the Shortys away to some place for a banquet, believing that they were American mandarins whom they were bound to honor.

China and the United States being on the best of terms, commercially and otherwise, and the supposed mandarins being representatives of that great but far off country, the managers and their friends took it upon themselves to give them a "lay out," as we call it in this country.

The Shortys themselves, of course, did not know what was going to be done with them, but from the honors shown them before and now, it was quite evident that nothing bad was intended, so they lay back and let the boat sail, as Shorty expressed it.

Well, they were taken to a beautiful garden, magnificently illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and with pomp and ceremony conducted to a raised pedestal on which stood three seats of honor, while below them were seats arranged for meaner mortals.

As for Shanks and Ho Sham, they were entirely left out in the cold, although the old man finally got his servant admitted to act as interpreter. This left Shanks to cool his shins alone outside, and had it not been for the fact that the whole thing was a mistake that greatly resembled a first-class farce, over which he was obliged to laugh in spite of himself, he would have felt hurt.

After all had been seated, a gong suddenly struck, and every Chinaman arose and made a most reverential "salaam" to the honored guests.

Then at the sound of the gong again, they all became seated. Another stroke, and about a dozen waiters came into the room, bearing trays of most tempting dishes, and deftly and silently proceeded to set them before the guests, while later on the others were also waited upon.

The cooking was different from what they had ever partaken of before, but this was not the worst feature of the business before them; for instead of knives, forks, and spoons being given them to eat with, they each received a pair of chop-sticks, straight skewers made of wood, about the size and shape of a butcher's skewer used to hold meat in place.

The old man attempted to look and behave serious, and to eat with the chop-sticks, but he made even a worse mess of it than either Shorty or the Kid did, and kept them continually on the grin.

"I say, Ho, haven't they got knives and forks?" the old man finally asked, turning to his servant.

"No forkee. Knife kill piggee; shavee headee, so be."

"I say, Ho, haven't they got a spoon?" asked Shorty, who was trying in a most comical way to balance a delicate morsel of something on his chop-stick.

"No spoonee," replied Ho, shaking his head.

"Waal, they seem ter be spoony enough on us, at all events. Wonder if they've got any baked beans?"

"Beanee no goodee fior Chinaman; makee windy on stomlack, so be. Allee goodee thing," he added, pointing to the various dishes with a look that plainly told that he would like to get a whack at them.

"Oh, yes, bully—I guess, but I haven't been able ter taste 'em only by lickin' this stick. But I know a snap, Kiddy," he added.

"What is it?"

"Look," said he, and taking a knife from his pocket, he proceeded to split the chop-stick up about half the length, and to fasten it open so as to make quite a respectable fork of it. "How's dat for forkin' hash?"

"Bully," and the Kid proceeded to do the same thing.

But Ho Sham informed them on the quiet that they must not allow those who were honoring them to see what they had done, or they would regard it as an insult to their customs, therefore the old man refrained from following the example of the others, and continued to struggle on with a chop-stick, trying to imitate the Chinamen.

"Oh, it's a racket ter invite us here ter grub, an'

then give us matches ter eat with. But they don't fool us much, do they, Kiddy?"

"What der yer soy? Waal, I guess not."

"There was no intention of fooling us. They are treating us with great honor, and I hope you will, at least, behave yourselves," said the old man.

"Why don't yer brace up, an' have some style about yer?" asked Shorty, frowning upon the Kid.

"I'm bracing up, now dat I can wrastle with my hash," replied the little fellow, making away with a dish of something that pleased him.

"Well, if this isn't a lark!" mused Shorty.

"I should smile," chipped in the Kid.

"I only wish dat Shanks was here ter take it in. Wonder why they didn't take him for a mandarin?"

"Too biggie; too muchee way up," replied Ho Sham.

"Is dat so? I allus told Shanks he'd get left if he didn't stop growling. But if der gang could only be here now an' see us!"

"Be quiet, will you?" demanded the old man.

After they had eaten all they wanted to, or all they could with their chop-sticks, the wine and dessert began to come on in large quantities.

None of them had ever tasted such drinks before, and as for roasted snails and rats' livers for dessert, they rather weakened on them.

Ho Sham tried to explain how good they were, and how only the great ones of earth were invited to partake of them; but after he had told them the nature of the dishes, he would have had to furnish them with new stomachs before they could eat them.

However, at the old man's suggestion, they pretended to eat them so as not to give offense, and so the feast went on, though very little of it went down with them.

"I wouldn't swap a glass of lager and a pretzel for der whole lot," growled Shorty.

"It is a grand banquet," said the old man, who had taken his cue from Ho Sham.

"Bah! a New York free lunch lays all over it," sneered the Kid.

"Pity yer hadn't brought Liver along; he'd helped yer get rid of it."

"Yes, an' it would 'er helped get rid of him. No, sir; Liver is a thoroughbred dorg, and he'd never take ter this hash."

"Do be quiet," growled the old man.

"They don't understand what we are chinnin' 'bout. Maybe they think we're praisin' their swill."

"Swill! Why, it's a splendid banquet."

"For a hog, yes."

"Hush! Now that wine is good," he added, tasting of another kind that one of the waiters had poured out in a glass about as large as a thimble.

Ho Sham protested that nothing but nabobs of the first order drank that kind of wine.

"Waal, I'm second order; give me beer or whisky."

This talk made Ho wildly indignant, but for his master's sake he said nothing. But both Shorty and the Kid kept on making fun of everything until the nuts were brought on, and as they were something more like what is eaten by European nations, they managed to finish their meal upon them.

Then when all was over, the manager got up, and after making a profound bow to the Shortys, he began a speech.

That speech might have been very eloquent, or it might have been only an advertising dodge. At all events, they didn't know anything more about it than they did about the language of a mule.

But after he had got through, Ho Sham informed the old man, while everybody was bowing to him, that he was expected to reply to it, and speech-making being a weakness of his, he at once arose to the task.

"Gentlemen of China; citizens of Hong Kong; I thank you from the bottom of my heart—"

"And his boots" (put in by Shorty).

"for all these demonstrations of favor. But I am not presumptuous enough to take all the credit of it to myself—"

"Oh, no, we're here" (Kid).

"but ascribe it to the high esteem in which you hold my native country."

"Ireland" (Shorty).

"I will not trouble you with a long speech which you may possibly not understand—"

"Oh, they understand as well as you did them."

"but in conclusion, let me express a hope that the great countries of America and China, the antipodes of the earth, may be drawn nearer and nearer to each other in the bonds of reciprocal, brotherly love."

As he sat down, Shorty and the Kid leaped upon their stools, and swinging their hats, called for three cheers for the great American mandarin.

They cheered, but nobody else did, for they hadn't the slightest idea what it all meant, although they supposed that everybody did so in America, and so regarded it as all right.

Ho Sham attempted to interpret the speech to the Chinamen present, and finally succeeded to such a degree that it brought forth many hearty responses from those present.

This ended the festivities, and all three of them were escorted to the carriage which, with Shanks, was yet in waiting, and after more demonstrations of respect they started for the hotel.

On the way back they enjoyed a hearty laugh over the racket which Ho Sham had started, and which had turned out so unexpectedly.

Even the old man unbent the dignity he had assumed, while receiving the honors, and now laughed as heartily as any of them over the joke of mistaking him for an American mandarin.

But on reaching the hotel the first thing they did was to order a bottle of wine to wash the last of that Chinese banquet from their mouths.

"I suppose we have eaten rats, cats, dogs, and the Lord knows what else," said the old man.

"Don't b'lieve I got any in mine," said Shorty, placing his hand on his stomach and listening.

"What makes you think so?"

"'Cos I don't hear any row down there. But there surely would be if them varmits got together."

"Well," said Shanks, lifting his glass, "here's to the great Melican man mandarin," and laughing, all drank the toast.

"Say, don't do dat ag'in," said the Kid.

"Why not?"

"'Cos he's liable ter make a speech."

Well, it was nearly two o'clock in the morning when they got through laughing and talking over the humorous events of the evening, and it was finally agreed, if the fun panned out so handsomely, that they would remain at Hong Kong for a longer period than they had intended.

If the mugs of all three of them could have been photographed after they fell asleep that night, they would have been pictures worth having.

I wish every reader could have a set.

On the following day they were all up at a reasonable hour and down to breakfast, where they found Shanks attending to the duties of his position, but ready to meet them with a cheery greeting and order for them the best that the house afforded.

"Well, what are you going to do to-day?" he asked.

"What are we goin' ter do? Say, Shanky, we're goin' ter travel right straight now as American mandarins. Dad, he's goin' ter play the heavy biz, an' we're goin' ter waltz along as princes of der blood. Hoy, what der yer soy?" answered Shorty.

"Well, mind you make keno."

"How?"

"Don't overdo the business."

"Oh, no; not much. We arn't a goin' ter kick over a good thing; eh, Kiddy?"

"I see a prince, I is," replied the little duffer, throwing himself back in his chair and thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his vest.

"Well, Shanky, we're goin' ter have some fun, an' make this place howl. Want ter go 'long?"

"I can go with you this evening, but not to-day. Ho Sham will show you around, and I'll chip in for to-night's racket," said he.

"All right."

Ho Sham knows all about the Chinese portion of the town, and you are well posted regarding the English, so we can get along very well," said the old man, who was feeling first-rate.

Finally, after finishing their breakfast, they each set fire to a cigar and started out on foot, under the guidance of Ho Sham, to visit the renowned gardens, situated a short distance out from the old Chinese city, and also one of the largest cemeteries belonging to the corporation.

The road leading to these points took them through what, to a Chinaman, is the most ancient and interesting part of the city, but which did not prove to them half so entertaining as a walk through the Five Points slums of New York would have been.

The streets were narrow and filthy, and the stench which greeted them on either hand might have been very agreeable to a Chinese coolie or a demoralized hog, but to people accustomed to anything like cleanliness and public decency, it was simply disgusting. In fact, some of the places nearly made them sick.

The people seemed to live out of doors in the mud and filth, and especially the children, who appeared to revel in it, while the women, half-clothed and disgusting in their conduct, were even more repulsive than the opium-smoking men.

The Shortys, as they walked along through these disgusting streets, attracted much attention, and quite a crowd of curious people followed them wherever they went.

"Good Chinamen?" asked the old man of Ho Sham.

"No goodee Chinaman. Stinke too muchee," replied Ho, holding his nose.

"Oh, this is bully—for hogs," said Shorty.

"No, makee hoggee sickee."

But they presently emerged from the slums and came out into a better portion of the city, where there were fine bamboo-houses and most delicious gardens, together with cleanliness quite as marked as filth had been in the other place.

One curious feature which they observed was that the crowd of dirty, curious people that had been following them ceased to do so the moment they entered the confines of respectability, and now they were entirely unmolested, and were greatly pleased with what they saw and the perfume of flowers which filled the air.

While in this neighborhood they visited a celebrated Joss House, or the temple of the idol "Yum," that is worshiped with much devotion by the more educated and refined Chinamen throughout the flowery kingdom. The temple is always open, and those who feel inclined can enter at their leisure and worship to their hearts' content without money and without price; for there are no pews to let or to pay for there, the floor being entirely bare and open, and with the exception of kneeling at the altar of old "Yum" by those who wish some especial favor at his hands, he has to take his offerings from a congregation standing and moving about.

"Bellee big godee," said Ho, with veneration.

"Yes, I see he has a big belly," said Shorty, for in truth the idol was nearly all stomach.

"What do they pray to it for?" asked the old man.

"He makee evybody tellee truth, so be."

"Well, then, I think you had better stack a few chips on ole Yum-Yum," said the Kid, laughing.

From here they went to the cemetery, where thousands of good and bad Chinamen have been planted for the last five hundred years. They were surprised



at the beauty of the place and the great reverence shown the dead, and after tramping through the paths for some time, they halted at a tomb where a peculiar ceremony was going on.

Ho Sham explained it to them.

The Chinese believe that after a person dies he becomes a spirit, and in order to send after him the things he may need in the spirit-land, they must be burned upon his grave and pass into invisible gasses so that the spirit can recover them.

They were burning the clothing worn by the late defunct, thinking that he perhaps might be in need of it in his new sphere, and although the ceremony may seem ridiculous, it is just as genuine to them, and is as much believed in as is the religious observances of other nations.

hands a cup of tea for each, and it was tea. None of your mixed, colored, and doctored stuff that is sold in this country. It was simply delicious, and, as Shorty remarked, tasted like hot champagne.

"Ah," exclaimed the old man, turning his eyes upward in a sort of ecstasy, "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate!"

"Don't see what *you* want of it then."

"At last we find it in perfection. Do you know, boys, I am going to have a chest of this shipped to me at New York, if he will sell a single chest? Ask him, Ho, if he will be gracious enough to sell me a chest of this tea."

Ho Sham resorted to Chinese and asked him. But the tea-grower refused to sell him a chest. He would, however, regard it as an especial favor if the great

came to a house, the keeper of which resembled an American livery stable keeper, the only difference being that he had Chinese coolies instead of horses, and palanquins instead of wheeled vehicles.

Ho Sham soon made their wishes known, and in a very few moments each of them was seated in a very presentable palanquin, all ready to continue their journey back to the city.

But Ho suggested that they take a roundabout course, as there were beautiful temples, minarets, gardens, mansions, and the palatial residences of the Chinese nobility to be met with in great numbers, to say nothing of the general beauties of the route.

Never were they more amply repaid than they were in making this detour. Ho Sham trotted along by the



"Go it, yer duffers—go it, pig-tails!" yelled Shorty, shouting and urging his men along. "Two ter one I beat yer!" exclaimed the Kid to Shorty.

"Did he send for a fan an' his summer togs?" asked Shorty of Ho Sham.

"So be," said he, with a sigh.

"Dat settles it. He's got where it's warm."

It was fortunate that none of the mourners understood what he said, or Shorty might have been a candidate for a fan and summer clothes himself; for to speak lightly or disrespectfully of the dead, is one of the greatest sins known to Chinamen, and the offender is liable to be put to instant death.

But Shorty was always lucky.

After remaining in this place for an hour or so, Ho Sham conducted them to the gardens, and they were amply repaid for their trouble, for a more beautiful scene never greeted the eye of man. Flowers of rare and peculiar fragrance; trees, ranging in height from three inches to one hundred feet; birds and ferns and all conceivable kinds of rare shrubbery greeted the eye on all sides.

After spending an hour or two here, they went in another direction to a tea farm, belonging to one of the largest tea-growers in China.

Here again Ho Sham's ingenuity showed itself, for in presenting the Shortys to the owner, he once more represented the old man as an American mandarin of great wealth and power, traveling with his sons to see the world.

Then he acted as interpreter for them, and an animated conversation was kept up for some time, ending in an invitation to enter his mansion and partake of his hospitality.

"Ho Sham, yer a daisy. Yer'd be der boss steerer on a free lunch route," said Shorty.

Ho grinned all over himself at the compliment.

And that hospitality was not to be sneezed at, either, for in everything the tea-grower showed himself to be an educated first-class man.

Among other rarities, he prepared with his own

American would accept a chest as a present, and consequently the arrangement was soon made, and after thanking him through Ho Sham for his kindness and hospitality, they prepared to return to this city.

"Dat's a lucky escape," said Shorty.

"How? Lucky escape for who?" asked the old man.

"For der Chinaman."

"What do you mean?"

"I was 'fraid dat yer'd make a speech ter his nibs," replied Shorty, laughing.

"Oh, you go to thunder!" and bowing again to the great tea farmer, they waddled away down through the beautiful and fragrant gardens toward the road leading back to the city.

But they did not return by the same road on which they had come. There were other gardens and points of interest to be seen, and while they were out and about it, they concluded they had better see all that was especially worth seeing.

"Soy, I kick," finally growled the Kid.

"What der yer kick?" asked Shorty, and the old man stopped to see what the trouble was with his diminutive grandson.

"I kick ag'in any more of dis yer leg biz. I'm played out in der pins, an' I kick."

"All right, Kiddy, yer just lay right down here in der road an' kick till yer get rested, then follow on. We won't walk very fast."

"Well, I am somewhat tired myself. I wonder if we hadn't better get a carriage?" asked the old man.

"Gettee palanquin pluty sloon," said Ho Sham, pointing ahead to a cluster of houses where such modes of conveyance were kept for hire.

"All right. Let's hurry on, and we shall soon be able to get along without difficulty."

Reluctantly the little fellow consented, and all three of them waddled on for about half a mile, when they

side of the old man's palanquin, and explained everything of interest to him.

Shorty and the Kid, however, took but little stock in anything. Everything was beautiful and fragrant, it was true, but there was no fun to be had, and that always made them sick.

Finally they reached an elevation from which they could look down upon the city, and far out upon the China Sea, while behind them towered the Nanking Mountains, from which came spicy breezes.

"I say, let's have a race," suggested Shorty.

"Good nick!" exclaimed the Kid.

"Race how?"

"I'll bet a bot that my Johns beat your Johns."

The old man smiled.

"Will they race?" he asked of Ho Sham.

"So be, go likee blazee, glivee tokee."

"All right; they shall have five tokee each, and ten each to the two that beat in the race to the bridge," said the old man, manifesting much enthusiasm and earnestness.

Ho Sham explained the matter to the coolies, and they were delighted with the idea. Catching up their palanquins, they started as hard as they could run down the inclined road to the city.

"Go it, yer duffers—go it, pig-tails!" yelled Shorty, shouting and urging his men along.

"Two ter one I beat yer!" exclaimed the Kid to Shorty.

"Good! I chip ten on dat bet."

Even the old man and Ho Sham were yelling at his two coolies, and being in advance, it looked as though they were going to win the race and the bets.

"Whoop her up, yer lazy duffers!" yelled Shorty, and they began to draw up to the old man.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE three Shortys were being borne towards the



city of Hong Kong, each riding in a palanquin, and between the carriers of those Chinese vehicles they had gotten up a race, each one betting on his pair of coolies, and they were racing down the inclined road at a high rate of speed.

A reward had been promised the coolies, and they were doing their best, although the Shortys were shouting, and urging them on to greater efforts.

Ho Sham could scarcely keep up with the fleet-footed coolies, and lagged, puffing and blowing, behind.

The old man's palanquin was slightly ahead, he having the strongest coolies, as of course he should have had, on account of his greater weight. Shorty was next, and the Kid was last in the race.

"Git on, yer snoozers, git on!" he yelled. "Why don't yer whoop 'er up? Now, then! One—two—three! Shake up ther busy bee! Go it!"

The coolies did not understand the language used by their patrons, but they understood from the shouts, and from what Ho Sham whooped, that they were expected to do their yellowest, and they jumped in bald-headed.

Of course the old man had the advantage, for he was ahead, and had Ho Sham to talk to his coolies, who were both the strongest and the fleetest of the lot.

"Jump in!" cried the Kid.

"Go for 'em!" yelled Shorty.

"Skip the gutter!" whooped the old man.

"Now, then!"

"Fetch 'em!"

"Spread yer legs!"

"Spread yer toes!"

"Once more!"

"Whoop her up!"

"Go it!"

The last from the old man, who was now being closely pressed, and he began to fear that he was going to be beaten, and that, of course, would be bad for him.

Away the bearers of the palanquins flew, with the speed of horses almost, and the occupant of each, by this time, became so excited that he was shouting at the top of his voice, and urging his coolies to the very best they could do.

Down the long incline they went, whooping at each other, and at their coolies, who were, of course, doing their very best, on account of the reward that had been offered them.

It was not the easiest ride that either of them had ever enjoyed, but the novelty and fun of the thing made it more enjoyable than anything they had ever taken in concert.

The old man, who had been so staid ever since they had landed in China, was now as full of life as either of the youngsters, and, looking back, he derided them, and laughed until his ribs ached, to see their palanquin men try to keep up with him.

But this laugh did not last long.

The old man was ahead in the race, Shorty was next, and the Kid behind.

But suddenly there came a break.

The foremost man on the old fellow's palanquin tripped and went to grass.

This, of course, sent down the other fellows who were engaged with him.

Down they went, and the palanquin, containing the old man, went end over end in less than no time, spilling the old fellow and breaking the palanquin all to pieces.

What followed might have been expected, although it took but a moment to develop it.

Being under such headway, the coolies who were bearing Shorty could not stop, no more than could those who were doing the "fast" for the Kid, and the result was, that Shorty's men tumbled over the old man's, the Kid's fell upon his, and another such a smash and mix-up was never seen.

Shorty's men appeared to stumble over those of the old man, and to turn a complete somersault, heels in the air, while those who were bearing the Kid did the same thing, and a most complete wreck was the result.

An instant afterward a calm observer might have taken in the whole thing.

Shorty's head had been forced through the top of his palanquin, while the legs of the Kid, projecting through the top of his, were two of the sights that were to be seen.

As for the old man, he was so badly mixed up with the two Chinamen who were conducting him, as he thought, to victory, that it would have been hard to tell which was Chinaman and which Anglo-Saxon.

Ho Sham was the only man of the party who was not broken up.

All in a heap they lay, squirming like a bunch of fish-worms.

And it was no easy matter to disentangle them, for all three of the palanquins were so completely wrecked that neither of the occupants could free himself for a long time.

Ho Sham flew to the rescue of his master, and worked like a beaver, at the same time calling upon the demoralized coolies to extricate themselves and lend a hand at rescuing their passengers.

Finally the old man was separated from the splinters of the wreck, and led to a seat by the side of the road, a badly broken-up specimen of Melican man.

Those who tried to liberate Shorty found that it was impossible to do so without first tearing out the top of the palanquin, the broken pieces of which were closed tightly around his throat.

As for the Kid, he was yelling like a stuck pig, and Ho Sham ran to help the stupid coolies who were trying to liberate him.

By some means or other he had turned a complete somersault and driven his feet through the top of the

palanquin, where they were held the same as Shorty's head was.

It was a case of reverse, and he didn't like it.

But, after working for some time, both he and Shorty were set at liberty, and once more felt themselves right side up on the road. There were no bones broken, but blood flowed from several wounds which each had received.

It was a comical picture when all three stood up and faced each other.

The old man, however, was not in a humor for joining in the laugh which Shorty began.

He got up to try his pins again.

"How's yer machinery, dad?"

"Boiler and valves all right?" chirruped the Kid.

"Confound you! I'm all broken up," he groaned.

"Better pick up your pieces," said Shorty.

Meantime, Ho Sham was expostulating with the demoralized and frightened coolies, who began to be indignant and to inquire who was to pay for the wrecked palanquins.

"Confound you, Shorty, it is all your fault!" the old man growled, as he limped back to his seat again.

"Me?"

"Yes, you—confound you!"

"Say, I believe yer'd say 'twas my fault if yer corns ached," replied Shorty, laughing again.

"Well, you are responsible for more of my trouble than all the other causes combined."

"Nonsense!"

"You are. You are forever doing something that leads to trouble. Now this accident never would have happened in the world if you had not suggested a race."

"Waal, s'posin' I did; yer'd no need ter chip in if yer didn't want ter," replied Shorty.

"But that does not remove the blame from you for having suggested it."

"S'posin' I should ask yer ter go hang yerself—got ter do it?"

"Oh, shut up! You are the pest of my life, and I wish I had never set out to make this journey with you."

"Dat's right. Oh, give it ter me!"

"Somebody ought to give it to you with a big club," the old man growled.

"What 'er squawlin' 'bout?"

"Look at me!"

"Look at me," replied the little rascal.

"Clap yer binnacle lamps on me," suggested Kiddy.

"We're all crushed."

"Yes, and all on your account. I've a great mind to swear that I will proceed no further."

"Arn't goin' ter stay out here, be yer?"

"No further on the journey around the world, I mean. I'm sick of it."

"Waal, yer look sick."

"And you have a cheek to tell me so?"

"Waal, don't we look sick, too?"

"Ho Sham is ther only whole man in ther gang," mused the Kid, and they turned to look at him.

But he didn't look as though he would remain whole for any length of time, as those six coolies were shaking their fists under his nose, and the wildest kind of China was being slung around and at his devoted head, as he attempted to convince them that it was all their fault, and not that of the passengers whom they carried.

In fact, he worked upon them to such an extent, that he finally convinced them that the party could have them arrested and sent to prison, for doing them bodily harm.

This, however, did not mend matters. They knew they would be held for breaking the palanquins by their employer, and as it would take them nearly a year to work it out, and as they were also liable to be arrested by the Americans for doing them bodily harm, they became desperate, and finally resolved on murdering the Shortys, robbing them of enough—or more—to pay for the damage, and thus put an end to the whole thing.

Ho Sham tried to reason with them, but all to no purpose, and finally he informed his master all about the trouble and the danger.

But by this time they had become wrought up to a high pitch of desperation, and while he was yet talking to the old man, they drew their knives, and with a wild whoop, darted towards them.

Quick as a flash each one of them drew a pair of revolvers and presented them at the would-be assassins.

At sight of these glistening instruments of death, which they had often heard of, they recoiled, each striving to get behind the other, and calling upon Ho Sham to intercede in their behalf.

"Have a pill?" asked Shorty, as they recoiled.

"Better take one of mine. Bet a dollar it'll settle yer stomach," said the plucky little Kid.

"Back!" cried the old man, as he drew his pistols, which he knew so well how to use.

"Holee lon'; don' shootee!" cried Ho Sham, who evidently wished to save his countrymen.

"Well, if we spare their lives, tell them to take up their wrecks and depart at once, or by the eternal jumping jack we'll let daylight through them," said the old fellow, now fully aroused and entirely forgetful of his bruises and scratches.

A hurried conversation between Ho Sham and the blood-thirsty, vindictive coolies now took place, and without stopping to gather up anything, they turned and ran like so many deer back toward the place from whence they came.

"The cowardly rascals!"

"No goodee Chinaman. Belly bad coolee," said Ho Sham.

"Bad! Guess they'd have been good enough for us if we hadn't had our pops with us," said Shorty, returning his to his pocket.

"Dat's a true cackle, pop," added the Kid.

"Yes, they would have murdered us if we had not been armed," said the old man. "That shows the necessity of carrying our weapons."

"Dem pops is great persuaders, dad. Dey persuaded dem duffers ter git up an' git without speakin' once," said Shorty, laughing.

"You are right, my son. But what are we to do now? It is a mile or more to the city. Can we walk it?"

"Cert. Come on."

"But I am very lame."

"Well, hire a mule."

"But where?"

"Where they have one ter let."

"Bah! do be serious."

"Waal, I should call this serious business, anyhow yer take it."

"Ho Sham!" the old man called.

"Here be."

"Is there no conveyance that you can get to take us back to the hotel?"

"Me fix," said he, starting on a run for a cluster of houses about half a mile distant.

"That fellow is invaluable," said the master, gazing admiringly after him.

He turned to his boys, but at this time they were going carefully over themselves in order to find out the amount of damage they had sustained, and this business the old fellow himself at once proceeded to go into.

They soon found that outside of scratches, thumps and bruises, it could be summed up as follows: Smashed hats, torn clothes, bloody shirt bosoms, and dirty faces and hands.

There were no bones broken, nor anything else done that could not be repaired; but it was enough. They didn't feel a bit slighted because there were no bones broken. They thought they had got all they wanted as it was.

They did the best they could at repairing the damage, and by the time they had done so, in a temporary manner, Ho Sham returned with a large palanquin, borne on the backs of two stout donkeys, and ample in size for all four of them to ride with almost as much comfort as they could in an American hack.

"How's this for high?"

"Donkey high."

"High, low, jackass an' der game!"

"Waal, der game's ours, anyway."

"An' der jacks while we hire 'em."

"An' we're high."

"Well, let us hope that we shall not get laid low," said the old man, grunting as he got into his seat, and tumbled upon the cushions.

"Now, whoop 'er up!"

"You just shut up. We don't want to hear anything whatever from you. Let the drivers alone, and they will attend to the business all right. No more of your nonsense, at all events," said the old man, turning savagely upon Shorty.

"Dat's right. Abuse me because I am a poor half-orphan," whined Shorty.

The drivers of the donkeys started them up, and the journey toward the city was begun. True, it was not quite so fast as they had ridden, but it was undoubtedly safe, a thing which the old man highly delighted in, after the exceedingly rough experience of late.

"Belly goodee," mused Ho Sham, who sat on the front seat with his master.

"Well, there is one consolation about it, at all events, Shorty cannot get up a race between the donkeys, since one of them is harnessed to the front of the shafts, and the other to the rear pair."

The palanquin was very much like those used by hand, only the handles were enough longer to enable a donkey to take the place of a coolie, the handles forming thills, and attached to the saddle.

They journeyed toward the city in very good form, and no more devilry was indulged in by either Shorty or the Kid, they both having enough to do to watch the many sights which greeted their eyes from the windows of their carriage.

Finally, after riding about half an hour, they arrived at their hotel. It was by this time nearly dark, and Shanks began to feel anxious on account of them.

But after discharging their donkey-palanquin, the first thing they all three started to do was to change their clothing, and do what they could to repair the damages, by way of washing and sweetening. The task, however, was not a slight one by any means.

The next thing in order was something to eat, and there was no mistake about it, they were each of them prepared with good appetites.

An hour or two later Shanks accompanied them out for a stroll, and the evening passed without any untoward event, beyond the strange things which met their eyes wherever they went. In truth, their visit to Hong Kong was full of interest and entertainment whichever way they turned.

The next morning they all three of them sat upon the front piazza of the hotel, smoking and watching the curious sights (some of them Chinese and some of them English, and some "arf an' arf"), and in all respects taking the world easy.

They had made no arrangements for the day, and while dozing in this way, Shanks joined them.

"Well, rosebuds, what are you going to do to-day?" he asked, slapping Shorty on the shoulder.

"Goin' ter loaf an' grow fat," replied Shorty.

"I guess we will make another excursion through the old Chinese portion, by-and-by," suggested the old man.

"Yes, an' I'm goin' ter take Liver 'long with me," said the Kid, stroking his hairless pug pet.

"Bah!" exclaimed both Shorty and the old man.

"Oh, he won't bother you," said the Kid.

"He'd better not," growled the old man.

"Yes, if I could have my way, he'd never bother me ny more," snarled Shorty.



"Oh, go'n shoot yerself!"

"Say, Shanks!" said Shorty, beckoning him to come near him again. "Say, don't yer know of some Chinese sausage factory that'd buy dat purp?"

"No, they don't work dogs into sausages in this country; they are too great a luxury," said Shanks. "But, say, aren't there no way we can get rid of dat kiode? He's a bloody nuisance."

"Yes, I know a way," said Shanks, aside.

"Hush! go inter der bar-room, an' I'll join yer."

"All right," and Shanks sauntered away.

Shorty presently joined him.

"Now, what der yer say?" asked he, anxiously.

"If you go down through the coolie district, what we should call the 'slums' in America, and he takes that dog along with him, some of them will be sure to steal him," said Shanks.

"Snatch him?"

"You bet. They'll follow a dog for miles if they can't get him without. They live on dogs, cats, and rats, and a good-looking dog, one that appears to have been brought up in style, is a bonanza to them."

"All right. Which way is it?"

"Take this street right here by the hotel to your right and keep on for a mile or so straight ahead, and you'll be sure to find the locality, that is if you haven't got cotton in your noses."

"Good rack! We'll work it!" exclaimed Shorty, and they shortly afterwards separated.

Shorty took the first opportunity he could get to inform the old man of what the prospect was in case they could only get the Kid to take a walk through the coolie district with his purp, and he was very much pleased at it, for he hated Liver as heartily as Shorty did.

"Say, Kiddy, we're goin' ter take a walk. Goin'?" Shorty asked, after remaining silent for a few moments.

"Walk? I'm on it. Come, Liver," he added, whistling to his dog.

"Better not take dat kiode," said Shorty.

"Better yes! Don't yer s'pose he wants ter get a little fresh air, an' see der sights?"

"All right," replied Shorty, and he and the old man sauntered on ahead.

The Kid followed, and Liver followed the Kid.

Both father and grandfather were in the conspiracy against that hairless purp, but they walked leisurely along, looking at the thousand and one curious things on either side, and never a thought of any conspiracy entered the brain of the Kid.

A portion of the road lay through some of the quaintest parts of the town, and beautiful bazaars lined most of the way; stores where one could buy a lovely silk dress as cheaply as a calico one in the United States.

At other stores they sold tea, and by the assistance of Ho Sham, who accompanied them as interpreter, they learned that it could be bought at retail for a trifle more than a cent a pound, our money.

Oh, perhaps the tea merchants in America don't make anything worth mentioning!

On and on they strolled, until finally they began to get to a poorer neighborhood, where the shops were smaller, and the buildings, as well as the people, far less pretentious. They were evidently approaching the coolie quarters that Shanks had told of.

Shorty and the old man contrived about now to get the Kid and his dog ahead without doing anything to arouse his suspicions, and he waddled along, the dog trotting on ahead of him, looking at the various sights, while Ho Sham walked respectfully behind.

But presently both Shorty and the old man began to notice that Liver was attracting considerable attention from the lazy denizens.

It will be remembered that the hair had all been removed from the dog before they left California. He had kept him blanketed until after reaching Hong Kong, and now the weather was so balmy and so mild, he threw the blanket aside, and walked him around in his bare skin. Think of a pug dog in a bear-skin! (Ten days!)

Now was Shorty's opportunity, and seeing a Chinaman gazing after the dog with a dreadful hungry look, he motioned to him.

"Good bow-wow, sabee," said he, pointing to the unsuspecting Liver.

The man looked confused.

"Tell him it is all right, and that he may have the dog if he will catch him and run like the devil," said the old man, turning to Ho Sham.

He did as directed, and the moment that hungry coolie heard it, he darted forward like a greyhound, caught up the pug, and started down the road as hard as he could go.

"Hi, halloo! Put down dat dog! Stop thief!" yelled the Kid, starting after him as fast as his duck legs could carry him.

The others remained behind to laugh and to hope that the Kid would never succeed in overtaking the dog-stealer.

But the plucky little runt was determined not to give it up, and in a few minutes he was entirely out of sight. Then they followed on and began to be alarmed.

## CHAPTER XXV.

SHORTY, the old man, and Ho Sham followed after the Kid, who was in pursuit of the coolie who had stolen his dog, but as he had disappeared from sight entirely, they began to get alarmed.

"Run ahead, Ho, and see if you can find him," said the old man, earnestly.

"So be," replied Ho, darting away in the direction the Kid had taken.

"That would be a deuce of a joke if we lost the Kid on account of that confounded dog," said he,

thoughtfully, and they both hurried along after Ho Sham.

"Oh, he'll fetch up all right," said Shorty.

"Well, he might not. Hurry up!"

They ran for some distance, and finally lost sight of Ho Sham.

Where the deuce could he have gone to?

They stopped, and waited for him to re-appear, but they waited so long that they both began to feel shaky regarding the Kid. Where was he?

There are no policemen in China such as we have here, and as neither Shorty nor the old man could speak with those around them in the absence of Ho Sham, they knew not what to do.

They watched and waited, but no signs of either Ho Sham or the Kid greeted them.

But after waiting until their patience was nearly exhausted, their attention was attracted by a ruction about a block ahead of where they were standing, and the next thing they saw was poor Ho Sham being thrown into the street by a lot of coolie ruffians.

The old man and Shorty hurried to the spot, revolvers in hand, knowing from experience that nothing short of that would assist in the rescue.

The poor fellow was being beaten and kicked in a most unmerciful manner, while the 'heathens' were shouting and evidently calling for his life.

A shot from the old man's revolver into the crowd produced a panic instantly, and the devils scattered like so many frightened rats, one of them carrying away a piece of American lead, and Ho Sham was enabled to struggle to his feet.

They both ran to his assistance.

"Are you hurt?" asked the old man.

"Oh—oh! me allee bloke lup!" he moaned, as he limped slowly to a shop door.

"What did they assault you for?"

"Flor fun, guess," he whined.

"Fun! Well, it might have been fun to them, but you don't look as though you had enjoyed it much," said the old man.

"Me allee bloke lup."

"What did they do it for?"

"Me go lin hunt Kid. Coolie knockee stuffin' out and blake mugee."

"But where is ther Kid?" asked Shorty, anxiously.

"Me gib lup," groaned Ho.

"Haven't you seen him?"

"Me no. Me get kick out."

"Well, this is becoming serious. Arn't there any officers in Hong Kong?"

"Mandarin, so be."

"What the deuce shall we do?"

That was a conundrum that none of them could successfully wrestle with.

"But we must find him," said Shorty, and while he went in one direction, the old man went in another.

Meanwhile, Ho Sham was conversing with a Chinese shop-keeper, and when he learned the cause of the excitement, he informed him that he had seen the little fellow running down the street, and that he had turned into an alleyway just beyond.

Ho Sham then called Shorty and the anxious old man, and led them towards the alleyway that had been pointed out to him.

This way and that they looked, but without getting a sight of the stray Kid.

Ho Sham went looking and inquiring, until a crowd of curious people gathered around, and looked anxiously upon the perplexed trio.

But the longer he was missing the more they became alarmed, and finally they began to act like people insane.

"Ho Sham, give it out that I will give a hundred dudos to anybody who will return him."

Ho made the announcement, and instantly there was great interest manifested by everybody.

Men, women and children began to make search through the horrible rookeries which stood in the neighborhood, and in less than fifteen minutes it seemed as though the whole locality was engaged in the search.

It was indeed a curious spectacle, but both Shorty and the old man were so greatly interested that they failed to see the comical side of the picture.

It was more of a tragedy than a comedy to them, and after the lapse of half an hour they began to fear the worst; that the Kid had been murdered by some of the savages thereabouts, and his body secreted.

What a sequel to their little joke.

Which way to turn or what to do they knew not, but finally the grandfather resolved on visiting the English and American ministers to obtain whatever power and influence they possessed, leaving Shorty and Ho Sham to continue the search.

An hour more passed before the officers of the law could be set in motion to engage in the search, and even then they did not appear to be anxious to go very closely into the by places and secret dens that abound in this portion of the city.

They made something of a show, however, and kept up at least the appearance of a search for an hour or more, but without finding a solitary trace of the Kid or his dog.

And by this time the mystery had grown to such dimensions that nearly every coolie in that part of the city was engaged in the search.

The old man and Shorty were so greatly affected that they could scarcely speak, and it was not until it had become nearly dark that the officers of the law abandoned the task and returned to their respective headquarters.

But neither the father nor the grandfather of the missing Kid could give over the search for the little fellow. Yet they were so nearly worn out that they concluded to leave Ho Sham in the vicinity to guide the search and return to the hotel.

But before doing so, they told him to double the re-

ward offered, in the hope of stimulating the coolies to still further exertions, and perchance to induce the culprits to return him, supposing him to be still alive and held for ransom.

With heavy hearts they rode back to the hotel.

Alighting in front of it, they naturally looked up to the piazza, and there sat the Kid fondling his dog, Liver, and grinning all over his little body.

Shorty and his dad started back as though they had suddenly encountered a ghost.

"Good Lord!" they both exclaimed, and then Shorty whispered to the old man:

"Sold, dad! Dead sold. Ther little cuss has scooped us in bad."

"Hello, duffs!" cried the Kid. "What's der matter? Want ter buy a dorg?"

For a moment neither of them could speak. The sudden relief from the terrible suspense which they had been in for so many hours, and then to come suddenly to understand that the whole thing had been a sell all the while, was too much for them.

The old man fairly staggered, but Shorty braced up the quickest of the two.

"How—how is it?" asked the old man, still standing upon the sidewalk and looking intently at the laughing Kid.

"It's a sell," said Shorty.

"But how—are you sure of it?"

"Sure of what?"

"Is he really there? Are you—"

"Oh, dat's no ghost business!"

"How strange," mused the old man, still looking intently at the little rascal.

"Say! want to buy a purp?" he called.

"Come on, dad. He's all right. I guess he tumbled to our racket, and played this on us."

"But how could he?"

"Easy snap. He dodged and got away."

"Dodged and got away! But how could he and we not see him?"

"On, come on," said Shorty, impatiently, for the old man was decidedly broken up by this unexpected change in affairs.

In a dazed sort of way he followed Shorty up to the piazza where the Kid sat, and at that moment Shanks came out.

"What der yer say?" piped the Kid, while Shanks began to laugh, evidently knowing all about the racket that had been played.

"I soy yer a duff," sneered Shorty.

"Oh, my boy, how ever could you do it?" the old man asked, almost whimpering, as he reached out his eager hands to the little runt.

"Do what?"

"Run away from us and keep us searching for you all day long. What made you do it?"

"I didn't run away from you."

"Yer didn't?" exclaimed Shorty.

"No; I run after der kiode."

"But you ran out of our sight."

"An' der purp ran out of mine—or der John did dat had him. But I got him."

"Which—der John or der kiode?"

"Both. I run him inter a house, an' he said dat you duffs gave him der purp; but I pulled my pop on him an' he weakened."

"An' so yer got yer Liver?"

"Yer dig down an' get at yer last nickel, an' bet it dat it did," replied the Kid, proudly.

"But why did you not return to us?"

"Why? Because yer played a snap on me in tryin' to give away my dorg, and so I thought I'd skip out an' let yer have some fun lookin' for me, eh, Shanks?"

Both Shanks and he laughed loudly over the affair, but neither Shorty nor the old man joined with them.

"Yer a little snoozer, anyhow," said Shorty, as he turned to enter the hotel.

"But I didn't lose my dorg," said the little runt, patting Liver affectionately on the head.

"It's a pity you hadn't," muttered the old man.

"But I will say it was a cruel trick to play on your old grandfather."

"Where's Ho Sham?"

"That's so, by gracious! We left him down there still looking for you."

At this Shanks and the Kid laughed heartily.

"I must send for him," he added, turning to go into the hotel office.

"And so Ho Sham has been left behind to keep up the hunt," mused Shanks.

"Yes; what a racket—eh?"

"Best I ever knew."

"They won't try no more rackets on me'n Liver, I guess," he chuckled.

The affair created many a laugh, when it became known about the hotel. But Shorty pretended not to care a snap about it, and went for grub.

The old man, however, sent a servant after Ho Sham, informing him that the Kid had been found, and for him to return at once.

But the Kid had been to dinner, and still remained on the piazza while the others were in the dining-room, and until Ho Sham returned.

The Chinaman was quite as much astonished as Shorty and the old man were when he saw the laughing Kid.

"What be?" he asked.

"Meat," replied the Kid.

"Meatee?"

"Yes, Liver."

"How come homee?"

"Walked."

"How doggee?"

"He walked, too."

"How hoopla gettee 'way?"

"Showed my pop."

"Poppee good, so be."

"Yer bet."



"Huntee allee China lover, no find," said he, at which the little fellow roared again.

"Is that so?"

"So be. Evlybloody huntee. No find. Me gettee beadee bloke; gettee kickee stuffin' out."

"That's too bad, Ho, but yer chipped in on der joke."

"Me no chippee; me no jokee."

"Yes, der did; yer told der coolie ter take my kiode an' run away, an' it's no more'n fair dat yer should share der fun."

"Me, no—me no fun; me allee bloke pieces; me no fun allee samee. Ole man tellee me hoopla how coolie grabbee dlogee."

"Oh, he did, did he? Dat makes me hunk," replied the Kid.

Well, in a day or two the thing was laughed out and forgotten, and again all three of them busied themselves in visiting places of interest.

Among the other places which they visited was the great city of Canton, the first city and port that was open to the commerce of the world.

Here they spent a whole week, and even then did not have time enough by half to see all of the magnificent buildings, gardens and public works. Here the Chinese Emperor, the "Son of the Sun, Sister of the Moon," resides, although he is seldom if ever seen by his people, and no one not a king or emperor is permitted to approach within twenty yards of him; and even then they must not look at his muchness on penalty of having their eyes destroyed.

On this account the Shortys did not call on his royal nibs, as they had upon the King of the Sandwich Islands. But they saw much that was more entertaining than the sight of his pig-tailed highness would have been.

There was little or no fun indulged in by any of them, possibly because their time was all taken up in seeing the many strange and interesting sights which met them on every side.

Finally they returned to Hong Kong, with the intention of continuing their journey toward the far-off land of India. They all felt that they had seen China ware enough, and wanted a change.

At Hong Kong they engaged passage on one of the Peninsula and Oriental steamships from there to Calcutta, India, although the steamer made several stops between the two places.

It was a large commodious steamer, the *Great Mogul*, and as they had a journey of four thousand miles before them, they were pleased with a view of what was to be their home so long.

The captain of the *Great Mogul* was a jolly Englishman, red of face and fat of belly; a lover of the good things of this life, and a man, every inch a sailor, and one who loved to see others enjoy themselves as well as he did.

He had made the acquaintance of the Shortys at the hotel where he lived when his vessel was in port, and, like almost everybody else, he took a great fancy to them, especially to Shorty himself, who had treated him to a full account of the fun they had enjoyed on the steamer between San Francisco and Hong Kong.

Captain Plum, of the *Great Mogul*, was an intimate friend of the captain of the *Yokohama*, and he set up nearly all one night to hear Shorty tell of his adventures.

"Well, we shall now have a matter of four thousand miles together, and I hope we may have as much amusement on board as you had in coming from America here," said the captain.

"Cap, shake!" said Shorty, leaping to his feet, and they grasped hands. "We'll work it."

"Good! Have your things brought aboard to-morrow, and I will see you comfortably settled."

"All right!" and with another glass of wine they parted.

The next afternoon the *Great Mogul* sailed, and China and the Chinese would soon be left behind. But the only regret was that Shanks had to be left behind as well. Yet he had a good position, and was full of ambitious hopes of getting into the show business again, and redeeming his fallen fortunes. So with a hearty hand-shake and the exchange of many good wishes, the old-time friends were once more parted.

The first day or so out was given to getting settled and watching the beauties which loomed up on every hand while sailing through the Chinese Sea.

But everything finally got settled down to the solid business of the voyage, and the passengers began to look around for amusement and entertainment.

As for Shorty and the Kid, they were with the captain the greater portion of the time, engaged in telling stories and making fun.

But on the second evening out the weather was rainy, and the passengers were all driven to the main cabin saloon, to the smoking-room, and to the mid-dies' quarters, where they engaged in cards or reading to kill the time.

Finally the captain persuaded Shorty to go down among them with his banjo. He took it upon himself to introduce him to them, in the course of which he said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the pleasure of introducing to your notice a minstrel who is well known and highly appreciated in America as well as in Great Britain. At my solicitation he has consented to give you a few samples of what he can do, and having heard him myself, I can confidently assure you that you have a treat in prospect that will do much to relieve the monotony of an evening below decks. Allow me to present to you the renowned Shorty."

"Cap, yer make me dizzy," said Shorty, bowing in his own peculiar way. "Ladies an' gents, I guess der cap's a pretty good sailor, but boss showman's der racket he oughter struck," he added, and this created a laugh and a good impression right away.

A twang or two on his banjo, as he took a seat,

brought in those who were in adjacent rooms, and anxiety was on tip-toe.

Shorty was bound to make a hit, and away he went over the strings of that banjo, producing the most marvelous melody, clear cut as are the notes of a pipe, chaining every eye and ear. Probably not one of his listeners ever imagined that there was half so much music in that simple instrument, and one and all felt that none but the hand of a master could produce it as he did.

On he rattled, playing sometimes fast, sometimes slow, sometimes a sentimental tune, and then a comic song; sometimes a waltz, which almost persuaded the hearers to get up and glide around the cabin to its bewitching suggestions, and then a jig which nobody could resist, and full a hundred heels were timing themselves to it as he played.

The playing lasted for fully fifteen minutes, and when he finished, the applause fairly shook the *Great Mogul* from stem to stern. He had done just what he intended to do; made a hit.

Of course there was a call for more, and a hearty, earnest one it was.

In response to it he gave them one of his famous comic songs, and this created a storm of wild applause, as it had done so many times before.

Thus Shorty became a prime favorite among the passengers the second day out. He was such a comical little fellow, they said, and from that evening he did not lack for invitations from those who wished to be entertained and entertain him in return.

Meanwhile the old man and Ho Sham were busy with each other in a tonsorial sort of way, or studying the islands past which they sailed. He did not appear to take much notice of the boys, and was regarded by those on board as a studious old rooster, greatly unlike his chickens.

But of course it could not be long before Shorty must be up to some mischief. He had already got on excellent terms with the sailors and officers, and enjoyed many privileges which the other passengers did not. Especially was he liked by the sailors, for he had taken his banjo down into the fore-castle and played for them for an hour or more, and convulsed them with his funny stories.

One day while some of the sailors were at work at the foremast deck, Shorty saw a rope running from the deck to the fore-truck, and a bright idea at once seized him.

Ho Sham was standing near, watching the men who were aloft. Shorty whispered to two of the sailors on deck, and then, taking up the end of the rope, he fastened it quickly and securely around Ho Sham's middle.

"Hoop-ho-hi!" cried Ho Sham, the moment he saw that he was tied.

"Up he goes!" yelled Shorty, to the sailors, who quickly obeying, the frightened Chinaman went flying up through the sails and rigging, yelling all sorts of murder, until he reached the mast-head.

Those who had witnessed this sudden ascension laughed heartily as they followed him with their eyes, saw him kicking like a newly-caught lobster, and heard him plead to be let down again.

The old man sprang to his feet and demanded that his servant be let down. An officer of the deck told the men to lower him at once, and slowly he began to approach the steamer's deck.

The old man was furious, but he said nothing to Shorty; but he had a few words with the captain, who stood by laughing while he was coming down.

A crowd surrounded him, but the moment the rope was detached from his waist, the old man caught it up, and without being seen, quickly fastened it with a slip-noose around Shorty's waist.

"Up he goes!" cried the old man, and the captain laughingly nodded assent to the sailors.

Shorty struggled with all his might, but the work was so quickly done that he had no time to escape from the rope.

The sailors pulled lustily, and up went the joker, even faster than Ho Sham had gone.

Up, up he scooted until he fetched up hard and fast against the topmast head, flopping like a newly-hooked fish, and yelling murder to be let down.

"There, I wonder how he likes that himself?" asked the old man, who had not been able to resist the temptation to treat him to some of the same that he was always ready to give others.

Ho Sham danced with delight.

"Hi-hi! Shorty catchee all samee like me!" he squeaked.

"Oh, let him down," pleaded the Kid.

"Lower away!" said the captain, and the men allowed him to come slowly back to the deck again, where he was greeted with a laugh.

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, Shorty," said the old man, laughing.

"All right. That's one on me. Now look out for der next duffer," said Shorty, rather angrily.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"You shouldn't get mad at being forced to take your own medicine, Shorty," said Captain Plum, of the *Great Mogul*.

"Oh, I don't squeal, cap; not a cent's worth. Dat fall was on me. All I say is we'll see who'll be der next sucker, dat's all," replied Shorty, trying to arrange his clothing, which had been so roughly twisted about his body by the rope which had carried him to the foretopmast-head.

"Well, it serves you right. You are forever playing some joke or other on my servant, and now see how you like it yourself," said the old man, turning and walking away.

"Oh, I like it, dad! I'm dead in love with it," replied Shorty, looking after him.

"Say, der ole man's comin' on gamey, eh?" asked the Kid, of Shorty.

"Well, I should smole a smile if he isn't. But, oh, just wait!" replied Shorty. "He's der duff dat frowns down rackets an' snaps. See if I don't make him sick afore we leave der ship."

The captain and all hands laughed heartily, and finally both Shorty and the Kid joined in.

"Well, that is all right," said the captain. "We want all the amusement we can get, and each one should be willing to contribute his share of it."

"Dat's so. Next!" shouted Shorty.

"Can you play a hornpipe?" asked the third officer, addressing Shorty.

"Cert; I can play everything on dat banjo from der 'Devil's Dream' ter 'Ole Hundred.'"

"Very good; then we can have a dance here amidst-ships by a couple of sailors who can do it."

"Good call! Kiddy, go down-stairs an' get der banjo," and the little fellow hurried below.

You have seen a sailor's hornpipe danced on the stage, I dare say, but it does not fall to the lot of many people to see a genuine one, danced by genuine English sailors, and upon the deck of a vessel, where that style of a dance seems to belong.

Shorty had seen many stage dancers do the business, but he readily allowed that these two Jack tars took the cake. They were loudly applauded by the passengers, who had gathered around to witness it.

"Bully boys!" shouted Shorty. "Folks, dat's all wool, an' a yard wide!" and whipping a crown gold piece into his hat, he extended it to the others. "Say, dancin' makes sailors awfully dry," he added, and the coins fairly rained into it.

The sailors did not expect such a shower, but it did not frighten them much.

"Say, give me back my crown, won't yer?" asked Shorty, as he handed his hat to one of the men.

"Sartin, yer honor," replied the sailor, and selecting a crown from the pieces, he handed it to Shorty, who looked very earnest. "Thar yer be."

"Nixy, Jack; I meant der crown of my hat," replied the joker, at which there was another laugh from the many who stood around, and who could scarcely understand why he demanded back his money, unless he was very mean, and had only put it in to encourage others to do so.

The sailors laughed heartily as they rejoined their comrades and explained the joke.

"Say, pop, snap out my baby jig," whispered the Kid, and before the passengers were aware of what was intended, the little runt leaped into the circle, and began one of the most comical dances that any of them had ever seen.

It would be hard work to describe that dance. It was made up of those comicalities taught to him by Shorty, and which had convulsed many audiences during his career upon the stage.

The passengers nearly went wild over it, and applauded the little fellow to the echo.

"If the Kid can do so well, what can the old ram do?" asked one of the officers.

"Der old ram can't butt agin dat," said Shorty, and the general belief was that he could not.

He then struck off into a medley, and gave them some more of his inimitable style, holding passengers and officers in a close group around him.

"Say, Kiddy, see if yer can find Ho Sham."

"All right," and he started for the cabin.

"If we can only get a dance out of him, it'll take der cake, sure," said Shorty, as he still continued to knock various bits of music out of his banjo, which he appeared to be simply fooling with.

The Kid found Ho Sham, and after teasing him for a few minutes he succeeded in convincing him that no joke was intended; that the passengers wished to see him dance.

"No funny blizness?" he asked, again, as they started forward.

"Nix, only what yer make yerself."

Still with some suspicion he followed the Kid, who led him into the circle of passengers.

"Halloo, Ho. Dance?"

"No jokee?"

"Nix."

"No slingie lup lin riggin'?"

"No—no. We want yer ter sling yerself on der deck an' show us some of yer style. Here," and Shorty struck up a lively jig.

Ho Sham began to grin. Then he shot out his hands with the fore-fingers pointing with great rapidity and in various directions.

After he had kept this up for some time, he began to souse himself up and down without lifting his feet from the deck, and very much as a person would do sporting in water that was only waist deep, at the same time wriggling and twisting himself to keep time with the music, and finally his head began to wag this way and that, so that his whole body, with the exception of his legs, was in motion.

The whole thing was very little like dancing, but it was so exceedingly comical and grotesque that it riveted the attention of the passengers, there being few if any of them who had ever before seen a Chinese solo dance.

But the fun of the thing had not come yet, for after continuing this grotesque business for a few minutes longer, he caught on to the time and began to dance with his feet, rattling the time upon the deck with his wooden shoes, something like an old-fashioned clog-dancer.

Shorty winked to the captain, and began in a gradual manner to increase the time, which he knew the Chinaman was bound to follow.

Faster and faster he played; faster and faster Ho Sham made his feet, and hands, and head go, until it really seemed as though he would break himself all to pieces.



The passengers began to smile, for they gradually tumbled to Shorty's racket.

"Hi—hi! ho—ho! Holey lon!" Ho finally cried.

"What's der matter?"

"Allee blakee lup! Me no—me no!" but he didn't seem to have the power to stop dancing while Shorty kept up the music.

"Chip in an' show us some of yer style!" shouted the Kid, who was watching him closely.

"Stillee allee glone—windee allee glone, too," he panted.

Finally, after they had all enjoyed the laugh, Shorty suddenly stopped the music, and Ho Sham as suddenly ended his performance by throwing himself down upon the deck in a sitting position, seemingly hard enough to have made him round shouldered for life.

The *Great Mogul* made stops at Sumatra, Ceylon and Madras, in India, before reaching her destination at Calcutta.

As for Ho Sham, he was in his native latitude almost, and so did not mind the heat so much, but his master was completely exhausted by it, and both Shorty and the Kid would not have objected to a first-class ice-house to sleep in.

Clothing that they had worn without discomfort in Japan and China were burdensome now, and they were both reduced to the thinnest possible clothing they could procure.

At Hong Kong Shorty had bought a suit that looked like large figured calico, and was made like a little boy's suit, the waist and trousers being buttoned together at the waist, thus enabling him to do without

"Oh, bully! It was jolly cool up there."

"What makee squeal?" asked Ho Sham, who grinned, as he swung the big fan.

"What's der matter wid yer? I squealed 'cos I felt so good. I was mad as thunder when they took me down," replied Shorty.

"Yes; I noticed that you was mad about something," said the old man, laughing.

"Me so be, too," put in Ho.

"Oh, no doubt," sneered the Kid.

"Flunny likee thunder!"

"Oh, very funny. But don't any of yer jump over the ditch till yer get ter it," remarked Shorty.

"Well, now that you have tasted of the medicine which you love so well to give others, I hope you will be more sparing with it."



"Well, there's one consolation," mused the old man, after becoming a trifle cooler. "What is it?" "It's too cussed hot for you to play any of your confounded practical jokes." Shorty and the Kid swapped winks. "That so, dad?" "How did you like your trip up to the masthead?" the old fellow finally asked. "Oh, bully! It was jolly cool up there."

But it was only a way he had of finishing his dances, and which must be very amusing in a ball-room where all the men do the same thing at the same time.

A round of applause and several pieces of money rewarded him, and although he was undoubtedly very tired after his dance, he did not stop to rest before scrambling around to pick up the filthy lucre that had been thrown at him.

"There was no sham about that dance," said the captain.

"Ho-ho!" chirped Shorty, at the pun.

"And I guess there is no sham-pain resulting from it, either," suggested a passenger.

"Hole on! Der next man dat does it treats!" exclaimed Shorty, and after the laughter had subsided, no further puns were attempted.

"Me blus' belly almos'," mused Ho Sham, after convincing himself that he had gathered in all the coin.

"Oh, dat's nothing. Bet yer'd do it again right off for a few coins," said the Kid.

"So be. Me do," he replied, looking around to see if a repetition was demanded.

But the passengers had had enough of that Chinese hop-Scotch, and were inclined to be more merciful to him than he was to himself.

This ended the entertainment, and Ho was given the banjo to carry down to Shorty's cabin, while the passengers turned to amuse themselves in various ways.

They were plowing through the China Sea, rapidly approaching the equator, which runs through the wonderful islands of Borneo and Sumatra, now only eight or ten degrees away, and of course the heat began to grow intense.

The nearest the Shortys had yet approached it was the Sandwich Islands, and they are some twenty degrees north of it; but now the sun was putting in his fine work in red-hot style.

anything else but a gauze undershirt and a light straw hat.

But it was one of the most comical make-ups ever seen, and when he and the Kid came on deck with them on, both being very much alike, they created as much laughter as the lazy and exhausted condition of the passengers would permit of.

For all the world they looked like a pair of school-boys at a short distance, but they resembled anything else quite as much when seen closer by.

But the suits were exceedingly cool, and for that reason the passengers all wished that they had one like them.

"Well, if old Sol drives me outer this, he'll have me clean out in my skin," said Shorty, laughing.

"I only wish I had bought me a suit like it," remarked the old man.

"Why, I thought you had a suit of wind."

"Suit of what?"

"Wind. Don't Ho Sham keep fanning yer?"

"Yes. Here, Ho, what in thunder are you doing over there?" he called, to his servant.

"Me slee fishes," said he, returning from the rail, over which he had been gazing into the sea.

"Well, I'll make you see stars if you don't keep that fan a-goin' over me," he growled.

"So be," replied Ho, resuming the wind manufactory.

"Well, there's one consolation," mused the old man, after becoming a trifle cooler.

"What is it?"

"It's too cussed hot for you to play any of your confounded practical jokes."

Shorty and the Kid swapped winks.

"That so, dad?"

"How did you like your trip up to the masthead?" the old fellow finally asked.

"Oh, I shall, dad. I'll do it up in what-der-er-call it—homeopathic doses."

"But don't you kill chickens quite so near home as you have been doing," replied the old man, as Shorty and the Kid moved away to another portion of the deck.

Neither of the jokers said much about the matter; but Shorty especially felt that the old man was somewhat too fresh. And for that reason he began to study up some new racket that would add a little salt to his stomach.

But what should it be?

He had worked so many that it now seemed almost impossible to get a new one.

And when we think of the number he had originated and worked upon different people since we first met him as a foundling on the door step of a poor-house keeper, it is not to be wondered at that he had to scratch deep to find something new and original.

One by one, in a long, laughing procession, they ran through his mind.

There was many an old one that he might have played on him, but if there was anything in the world that disgusted him, it was a "chestnut," or the revival of an old joke.

The old gentleman knew nearly all of his old snaps, either by actual experience or by reputation, and so he was laboring with himself to get up a new one for his especial benefit, although it was almost too hot for anything but slumber, with fan accompaniments.

Even the Kid bent his gigantic brain to the elucidation of a new snap, and together they both worked and studied.

Seated under one of the awnings which hung over the deck of *The Great Mogul*, they tried to keep cool and to strike a new idea, but it was the toughest job



they had ever tackled, owing to the great heat, perhaps.

The passengers were sprawled about the decks, each one trying to do something that would keep off the sun or keep a breeze stirring, and as the old man had said to Shorty, it seemed as though the equatorial heat knocked all thoughts of anything but keeping cool out of every head.

"Think of anything?" Shorty finally asked.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"That it's devilish hot," replied the Kid, languidly.

"Bah!" and Shorty fanned himself.

"Yer think of anything yerself?"

"Yes."

"What is she like?"

"An oven."

"Bah! Wish we could have a hurricane, or something lively."

"Jump overboard, and let the sharks have some fun with yer."

"Oh, I wouldn't cheat a poor shark with half a mouthful. Dat would be an insult, after they've followed their ship so long," mused the Kid, glancing over the rail at the school of ravenous sharks who had followed them from Hong Kong.

"Set Liver on ter 'em," was about the last suggestion that Shorty could offer, so wholly was he overcome by the oppressive heat.

Those who have ever gone from the temperate to the torrid zone will remember the lead-like oppressiveness that falls upon a person at first. In fact, sailors say that it always affects them as they approach either way to the equator, and lasts them until it has been crossed, no matter how many times the journey may be made.

Unable just then to think up anything that was new in the shape of a practical joke, Shorty concluded to abandon the attempt until it became a trifle cooler; and after lounging around for a while, both he and the Kid went back to the quarter-deck where sat the old man.

Ho Sham was still languidly fanning his perspiring master, at the same time wishing that he had somebody to do the like for him.

Stripped as near to the skin as decency would allow, all three of them sat there and wished there was no such thing as an equator.

"What's a 'quator for, anyhow?" asked the Kid.

"Ter save people from buyin' coal," said Shorty.

"Waal, who wants any coal, anyhow? I don't see no use of a 'quator, nohow."

"What sort of a globe would it be that had no equator, I'd like to know?" asked the old man, faintly.

"A darn sight better'n this. North pole beats this higher nor a kite."

"Are yer hot, Ho?" drawled Shorty.

"Hot likee fire, so be," replied Ho.

"Well, gentlemen, can you manage to keep warm?" asked Captain Plum, approaching them.

"No, cap. Wish I had some snow ter rub on my frost-bitten ears," growled Shorty.

"Aren't got a pair of arctics on board, have yer?" the Kid chipped in.

"No, but I can favor you with a pair of snow shoes if you want to promenade the deck," said the jolly captain, laughing.

"About how long will this heat last?" the old man asked, anxiously.

"Well, that depends, sir."

"On what?"

"How fast we go."

"Oh!" and the old man gazed solemnly out upon the glittering water, while the others smiled and swapped winks over his discomfiture.

"Seriously, Mr. Burwick, it will only last a few days after we cross the line."

"I hope not. But you don't seem to mind it much."

"No. I have spent the greater part of my life on and near the equator. But I presume that one of your old-fashioned American winters would knock me out as quickly as this does you."

"I dare say. I only wish I had one of them just now to mix with this intense heat. Whew!" he added, and the others groaned.

"How long a stop do you make at Sumatra?"

"About two days—according to freight."

"Anything interesting about it?"

"Well, I should say so. It is an oblong island, the most southerly one in the archipelago, and is about thirteen hundred miles in length."

"So large as that!" exclaimed the old man.

"Yes, and contains nearly three millions of inhabitants. It is one of the richest islands possessed by England, abounding in wonderful mineral wealth, and producing the finest cotton, tobacco and fruit crops to be found in the world. And as for beauty of scenery, there is nothing finer in the world."

"How about the animal kingdom?"

"Nothing finer exists, in shape, color or variety. It is the sportsman's paradise."

"Oh, I allus shakes a pair-o'-dice," said Shorty; but nobody noticed the pun, and he didn't care a snap whether they did or not.

"Ah! do you know, captain, I have half a mind to get a guide and go out a few miles. I am very fond of shooting."

"People traveling by this route frequently stop here for a few days' shooting, and follow by the next steamer. At all events, you could procure donkeys and a guide, and see much of the country while we are discharging freight."

"I'll do it. When shall we reach it?"

"We are passing along the coast now, and have been all day," said he, pointing south to a low line of land that lay almost out of sight in spite of its high mountains, now hidden in the haze.

"But when will you make port?"

"To-morrow morning," said he, turning away.

"All right; we will go."

"Who?" asked Shorty, suddenly.

"Why, we will go, eh?"

"Not a drop for me, dad."

"None in mine, pop," echoed the Kid.

"Very well. Ho Sham and I will go. I have read much about these equatorial islands, and I am determined to see what I can of this one."

"All right; yer may have it. I'll give it ter yer. I don't want it; it's too cussed hot."

"Very well. If you wish to travel like dumb, driven cattle, and see none of the wonders which line the way, all right. I shall see all I can, even if the heat is intolerable."

"I've been ter sea all I want ter," Shorty growled.

"Ho Sham, I believe you told me once that you had been a mighty hunter in these latitudes, did you not?" asked the old man.

"Me bluddy hunter. Shootee telephant, tiger, lolly-pod, lion—"

"Say, did yer ever shoot a caterpillar?" asked the Kid, starting up.

"Me yes; me shootee clatpillee," replied Ho, without, however, stopping to think what a big difference there was in the sizes of the two animals.

"Ever shoot a wild rabbit?"

"Me kill rabee wiv stone, so do."

"Very well, Ho, we will get a guide and go out to the country, taking arms along with us so as to be prepared if we see any game."

"Kill me a baby elephant, won't yer, pop?" asked the Kid.

"I think Liver is all the baby elephant you want."

"Shoot me a tiger, will yer, dad, I want der skin ter take home for a sleigh robe," chaffed Shorty.

They bothered and joked him all day about his proposed hunting excursion, but they couldn't joke him out of it. That night, however, Shorty and the Kid came to an understanding about it.

"We'll get a pair of donks and foller 'em, eh?"

"Cert, an' we'll have more fun than he does, yer bet. I'd like ter see a tiger go for them a few! Whoop!" and they both laughed heartily at the idea of the old man going for big game.

"Mum's der word," was the last that passed between them as they fell asleep over the arrangement.

The next morning when they awoke, the steamer had reached and was nestling at her stopping place.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE morning was bright and beautiful, and before the sun rose above the mountains which run through the center of the island of Sumatra, it was delightfully cool, even if they were under the equator.

The passengers were early astir to catch the coolness of the morning, and the Shortys were seldom left when there was anything good to be had.

The old man and Ho Sham soon appeared, dressed and armed for an excursion out into the country, where they expected to find some game, and as the steamer was not to resume her journey until the next morning, several other passengers availed themselves of the opportunity of going ashore to see the bright, smart British port and the luxuriant surrounding country.

But none of them were so enthusiastic as was the old man, although Ho Sham made a very good second so far as appearances went.

Shorty and the Kid leaned over the rail and watched them as they proceeded to get ready, all the while ready themselves to follow after them, when they could do so without being seen, for they had made up their minds that there would be some fun.

At length everything was arranged, and each mounted upon a donkey, they followed their guide out into the country in the direction of the haze-veiled mountains.

But no sooner had they got a short distance away than Shorty and the Kid procured donkeys, and started in pursuit, calculating on keeping them in sight, in order to see what was done.

The whole landscape still remained in the mountain shadow, but a more lovely series of views their eyes never rested upon.

There was a gradual ascent as they approached the distant foot-hills, and they were presently enabled to look back and down upon the city and out upon the waters of the Gulf of Siam, while on either hand the most beautiful flowers, fruits, trees, and a thousand varieties of tropical growth greeted the eye.

"If ever there was a Paradise on earth, this must have been where it was located," mused the old man, as he gazed around and his senses caught up the fragrant loveliness.

"Belly good," was all the praise Ho Sham had to spare for it, however.

The rarest birds of song and prey, in almost endless shapes and colors, perched upon the trees over their heads or near the road, and now and then, unable to withstand the temptation any longer, the old man would bag one of them, greatly to the delight of his servant.

The guide finally led them into a grove of palm-trees, for by this time the old man had become so bold over his success with his gun that he longed for larger game.

After entering the woods, he put spurs to his donkey and led the way himself, Ho Sham having all he could do to keep up with him, and at the same time act the part of a retriever and game-bearer.

Finally the old man abandoned his donkey, and left him in charge of the guide, while he, followed by Ho Sham, penetrated still further into the woods in quest of game.

Shorty and the Kid also entered the palm grove a

short distance away, and hitching their animals, they shouldered their guns and at once got upon the old man's trail.

They had proceeded only a short distance, however, when they heard a wild cry of fear, and the next instant, Ho Sham, mounted on his frightened donkey, came dashing through the woods at break-neck speed, bellowing like a frightened calf.

"Halloo!" cried Shorty, but he never noticed him, and was soon out of sight.

"Dad's in trouble, I guess," said he, grasping his gun and hurrying in the direction from where Ho Sham had come, followed by the Kid.

"Oh, Lord—oh, Lord!" they heard before they had gone many yards, and they knew the old man's voice.

Bursting through the undergrowth into an open space, they beheld the old fellow on his knees before a huge boa constrictor, whose body was coiled around and supported by the limbs of a betel tree, while his ugly head reached nearly to the ground, where he seemed on the point of making a dinner upon the incautious hunter.

He had come so suddenly and unexpectedly upon him that the terrible scare nearly paralyzed him. He dropped his gun, and then dropped himself—to his knees, where he remained utterly unable to move from fright, or to do more than moan and repeat little pieces of prayers and asking to be excused from dining with that overgrown fish-worm.

It was a comical sight as well as a sensational one, but Shorty never thought to laugh at it.

"All right, dad, I'll vaccinate him," said he, at the same time firing both barrels of his gun right into the monster's open mouth.

The head of the boa-constrictor was blown all to pieces, owing to the close range at which Shorty stood, and he instantly began to writhe and fling his wounded business-end around in a way that was awful to behold.

"Get up, dad. That worm don't want any dinner now," said the gamey little hero.

"Guess I'll leave my card with him, too," said the Kid, firing a charge of shot into the writhing body that was now slowly relinquishing its hold upon the tree and beginning to slip down.

"Oh, Lord—oh, Lord!" groaned the old man, as Shorty assisted him to his feet.

"Did he bite yer?"

"I d'know—I—"

"Stick his stinger inter yer?"

"N—n—o."

"Be yer hurt, anyway?"

"Oh, Lord—oh, Lord, what an escape!"

"Don't forget ter bet it was."

"I—I never saw him until he swung his awful head down, and—and—"

"Why didn't ye shoot him?"

"I didn't have time, my son."

"Waal, why didn't yer skip?" asked the Kid.

"I was paralyzed with fear."

"Guess he'd paralyze the devil. Where's Ho?"

"He thought the devil was after him, sure," said Shorty, laughing for the first time.

"Where is he?"

"Who, the devil?"

"No, Ho Sham. Hark!"

"That's him; here he comes."

"Yes, in company with the guide."

The terrified Chinaman was not, however, inclined to come very near.

"Ho—ho—hi!" he called.

"Come here, yer big duffer," said Shorty.

"Yes, come here," added the old man.

"Where be?"

"Why, here."

"Where snakee?"

"He took a tumble."

"Where go?" he asked, making his way into the opening with great caution.

"Where did you go?" demanded the old man, turning savagely upon him.

"Me no go; donk go likee debil; take me," replied Ho, earnestly.

"A nice servant you are to protect your master, arn't you?"

"Donk do; me no. Where snakee?"

"There he lies, writhing in death."

"Who killee?"

"My son!" replied the old man, proudly pointing to Shorty. "Had it not been for his timely appearance I should have been no more by this time, and you would probably have been on board the steamer."

"Shorty bluddy bloy, so be," mused Ho, going nearer to the still writhing snake.

"But, by the way, how came you here?"

"Came on donks, dad."

"But I thought you were not coming."

"Well, we thought we'd come and see ther fun, an' got in just in time, eh?"

"I should say you did, my boy. You have saved your father's life; embrace me."

"Can't do it, dad."

"Why not?" the old man asked, in astonishment.

"Haven't got a rope with me," said Shorty, with one of his characteristic grins.

"Oh, pshaw! Haven't you any sentiment in you?"

"No; it's too hot for this latitude. But what are yer goin' to do with yer game, dad?"

"Why, Ho Sham has it."

"No, I mean your big worm there."

"Oh, that's your game. What do you propose to do with it?" asked the old man, and he smiled, or came the nearest to it that he had since his scare.

"Let's take it ter town."

"But how?"

"Can't we hitch a couple of donks ter it?" asked Shorty, addressing the astonished guide.

"I think I can fix it, although two of the party will



have to walk back to town," said the guide, who spoke very good English.

"All right. You an' Sham don't mind walkin', if yer get paid for it. So go ahead and drag him into town as quickly as possible, for I want ter have his skin stuffed and sent home ter Barnum."

"That's a bully idea," said the Kid.

"I told der old man I'd send him somethin' nice, an' I'll bet they never saw a bigger worm than that in America."

"Oh, he's a dreadful monster; and only to think that he came so near swallowing me."

"Well, dad, we'll stuff his skin with somethin' not half so juicy an' jolly as you are."

"Oh, my son! Embrace me!"

"Yer'll have ter lay down, then, for I arn't got any step-ladder here," and again Shorty laughed.

The old man turned away disgusted.

Meantime the guide was engaged in procuring a long, tough vine, something like our wild grape-vine, but more flexible, out of which to construct some sort of a harness for transporting the huge boa-constrictor.

"Goin' to hunt more, pop?" asked the Kid.

"No, my boy; this has so completely unstrung me that I cannot do more to-day than return to the steamer. See how I shake?"

"If that shivering only came from cold, now?"

"I always had a dread of snakes, even small ones, but this monster coming upon me so suddenly—oh! it was a dreadful shock!"

"Broke you all up, hey? Well, I don't wonder. I don't feel very stiff myself," said Shorty, soberly.

This was undoubtedly true, for when, a few moments later, he attempted to shoot a beautiful bird of paradise, he missed it, although close by.

The Kid, however, did better, for he brought down a monkey that had begun to throw cocoanuts from the top of a tree at the party.

"Dat's my ham," said he, running to pick it up. "I'll have it stuffed an' send it ter der ole man, Barn."

Meanwhile the old man, being all broken up, had begun to retrace his steps for the purpose of getting out of the woods and back to the place where he had left his donkey.

No more hunting for him, in that place. The "worms" on the trees were altogether too large and hungry.

But the guide, assisted by Ho Sham, finally got a stout vine securely fastened around the neck of the almost defunct boa constrictor, and with the assistance of a rude yoke for the donkey, the monster was hauled out into the opening.

Here his huge proportions could be seen, and the guide at once pronounced it the largest and longest serpent ever seen in the vicinity, it being fully twenty-five feet in length, with a girth around the middle fully equal to Shorty's.

"Holy Moses! How's that for a fish-worm?" exclaimed Shorty.

"Say, might bait a whale with him, eh?" suggested the Kid, as they followed the monster.

"Well, I should murmur yes. Wonder if ole St. Patrick could have got away with him?"

"Give it up. But he came near getting away with our St. Burwick, though."

"Ough!"

Ho Sham was very nervous as he led his donkey, and kept looking back as though fearful that the big snake might come to life again.

The whole party arrived in town late in the afternoon, exhausted and played out.

But that enormous constrictor created the wildest sensation, and crowds of people followed along to see it as it was being hauled along through the streets in the direction of the steamer, the general opinion being freely expressed by both natives and foreigners that it was the largest one of the kind ever killed on the Island of Sumatra.

The passengers, officers and crew of the steamer flocked ashore to see it, but it was very hard work to make them believe the truth of the matter, and that it was not one of Shorty's jokes.

When, however, all doubts had been set at rest, he became a first-class hero, where he had hitherto been a first-class joker and comedian; and when he expressed his intention of having the skin stuffed and sent to Barnum, in the United States, the surgeon and his assistant begged permission to do the job, for they wanted just that sort of a subject for their dissecting table.

And so this was nicely arranged, and before the steamer was ready to sail, the surgeons had provided themselves with everything necessary for the business of preparing and stuffing the skin.

As for the old man, he retired to his cabin, almost completely exhausted with the hunt and the uncommon excitement of the day.

Ho Sham attempted to appropriate a good share of the honors for killing the monster snake, and after it had been hoisted on board, and taken to the surgeon's quarters, he got a group of steerage passengers around him on the fore-castle deck, where he attempted to give them a history of the remarkable capture.

But his hearers were so mixed in point of nationality that only a few of them understood what he attempted to tell, whether he spoke in Chinese, Japanese, or the Arabic, all of which languages he could speak, to say nothing of his "English."

The sailors, however, understood English better than any other language, and as he was desirous of making friends with them, he carried on his conversation in "Pigeon English."

"Me belly good shootee, so be," said he. "Big snakee go until lile man; me shootee headee loff."

"Get out! That comical little fellow, Shorty, shot the snake," protested a sailor.

"Me shootee; s'lep me blob."

"You lie! you and your donkey ran for dear life. What are you giving us?"

"Donky run; me no run," said he.

"No; but you took good care to cling to the donk," replied the sailor, whereat there was a roar of laughter that effectually broke the Chinaman down, and he retired on the pretext that his master wanted him.

But he didn't attempt to claim any further honors, except among a few Japanese and Chinamen on board, who could not understand English, and with them he continued to be a hero—a big hero—the hero of the huge snake, in fact.

The heat remained oppressive for a week or more, and until a cold north-east monsoon struck them and life once more became endurable, and the passengers congratulated each other on the change.

Meanwhile the surgeons had dissected the huge constrictor, and set up his skeleton by coiling it around the walls of their quarters, after which they proceeded to stuff the skin in fine style, while Shorty prepared a written account of the capture to be forwarded to his old friend Barnum, as the Kid did with his monkey.

Onward plowed the noble *Mogul*, favored by the most propitious winds and tides, making her way northward, into and across the Bay of Bengal, toward the Island of Ceylon, belonging to India, and the last stopping place but one before reaching Calcutta.

"Kandy is the capital of Ceylon," remarked Captain Plum to Mr. Burwick, while they were conversing about the wonders of that island.

"Kandy?" asked Shorty, rousing up.

"Yes, Kandy."

"Oh, yer givin' us taffy, cap!" and again did Shorty relapse into his seat and pull at his cigar.

Well, at the island of Ceylon they stopped for a day almost, landing and receiving freight, and the like, and the passengers, the Shortys among the rest, had a chance to stretch their legs once more upon the firm, unyielding earth.

But they didn't go hunting any more. They had enjoyed all the equatorial hunting they wanted for the present, and it was agreed not to indulge in any more of it until they reached India proper.

The sail from Ceylon to Calcutta is about fifteen hundred miles, due north, and they all experienced a sense of relief as they started for a less suffocating atmosphere, although to a clime where nature has been scarcely less lavish than she has right under the equator.

But, of course, something had to be done to help to kill the time, although there were a great many who devoted their whole time either to reading or to the study of what they were passing by.

The majority, however, felt the time hang heavily upon them, and were continually on the lookout for novelty, and this was one thing that made Shorty so popular on board.

He and the Kid were seated astern one day, each trying to keep cool, at least, taking things as cool as they possibly could.

The Kid was caressing his hairless pug-dog, Liver, but after awhile he put him down upon the floor and proceeded to yawn lazily.

There happened to be a cat on board the steamer who didn't feel lazy, especially when he saw a dog anywhere near-by.

Jack was the ship's cat, and a great big, fine-looking fellow he was.

He had evidently been looking for Liver for a long time. At all events, the instant the Kid put him down Jack went for him.

In an instant there was a fight.

Jack grappled with Liver, and they went over and over upon the deck, the dog yelling canine murder, and the cat was putting in the fine work with both teeth and claws, red hot!

Shorty laughed, as he always did, whenever anything happened to the Kid's Liver, and joyously encouraged the set-to.

But the Kid was on his feet in an instant, and making a rush toward the combatants, he gave that cat a tremendous kick.

The kick was either too much, or the cat had too firm a hold on the dog, for it knocked them both overboard together.

Shorty yelled with delight, while the Kid howled to have the steamer stopped, and a rush was made toward the stern.

A few words explained matters to the captain, who instantly signaled to stop the vessel.

"Confound your bald-headed pug, but I wouldn't lose that cat for fifty pounds! Lower a quarter-boat aft here, and pull for the cat, Jack!" said the captain.

"Never mind der purp," added Shorty.

"Don't let 'em forget my Liver, cap," pleaded the Kid.

"Anything the matter with your liver? If there is, you had better go and see the doctor," replied the captain, while his orders were being rapidly executed, amid laughter and general excitement.

A crowd of passengers were leaning over the side of the vessel, watching the sorry combatants who had, on reaching the water, abandoned their fight, and were swimming for dear life.

The boat once in the water, the sailors lost no time in rowing back to the struggling animals.

"Never mind the purp!" shouted Shorty.

"No—no! Soy, bring in der kiddle; a pound note, if yer bring in der kiddle!" cried the Kid.

The sailors in the boat heard that, you bet, and the result was that Liver was taken in soon after Jack had been picked up.

But the moment they had shaken the water from themselves, they grappled again in renewal of the fight, and the sailors had all they could do to pull them apart.

Jack's back was four degrees higher than his tail

and head, and wet though he was, he seemed red-hot for a continuation of the fun, while Liver appeared perfectly contented with what he had already enjoyed.

The steamer by this time had come almost to a stand-still, and the boat pulled alongside where the davit hooks were again fixed, and with a jolly hand-over-hand "ye-ho!" it was brought up into the slings again, and the steamer once more began to forge ahead.

"What a fuss for a mere cat and dog!" said several of the passengers.

"Especially the dog!"

"Gentlemen, the mother of that cat once belonged to the Duke of Wellington, and on that account I prize him very dearly," said the captain.

"The Duke of Wellington!" exclaimed several.

"I have his proven pedigree."

"We don't blame you, Captain Plum. No true Englishman could have done less."

"But how about the dog?" asked one of them.

By this time the Kid had his pet and was carefully wiping the salt water from his person. He heard the question, and instantly came to the front.

"Soy!" said he, getting up into a chair and holding the shivering dog under his arm.

"Hear—hear!" cried several.

"Yer cat's a Juke of Wellington cat, is he, cap?"

The captain bowed and smiled.

"Dat's no good!"

"What! No good?" demanded some Englishman, to whom the name of the "Iron Duke" was almost sacred.

"Nixey. See dat purp? Dat's a George Washington purp, dat is," said he.

"Who was George Washington?"

"Der boss of der gang! Der fust in war, der fust in peace, an' der fust in der hearts of his countrymen, and don't yer forget, children."

Several Americans on board applauded the sentiment.

"Dat purp's great grandmother belonged to der immortal George, an' he laid all over der juke," said the little fellow, proudly.

The Englishmen on board did not appear to think so, however, and the result was a hiss on their part that mingled without blending with the cheer which the Americans sent up for the sentiment regarding the respective merits of George Washington and the Duke of Wellington. In fact, had it not been for the forethought of the captain, there is no knowing to what an extent this dog and cat business might have gone.

But he managed it all right and harmony was once more restored among the passengers on board *The Great Magul*.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE next stopping-place on the route to Calcutta was Madras, India, but as the stay would only be a few hours, the passengers only went ashore to stretch and get a glimpse of the near-by beauties and curiosities.

But of course the Shortys were among them, for they were bound to take in all the good things they could find on the road, and so they "took in" Madras.

It was a high old town.

They engaged donkeys, and began to go over it, and through it, that is, on top.

They encountered Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Englishmen, Americans, and a few of the originals, that is, natives. And a queer mixture it was, indeed. There were all colors and shades, from jet black to cream color, for none were much lighter than that if they had lived there for any length of time.

Well, they all felt amply repaid for the time they spent ashore, and by the time the steamer was ready to continue the journey, they were all on board again, some with memories and experiences, and others with curiosities.

Among this number was the old man, who had loaded Ho Sham down with all sorts of curiosities, from elephants' teeth to monkey-jackets, I mean those worn by the native monks.

Of course Shorty and the Kid geyed him most unmercifully, and made all sorts of sport of what he had bought. They were bound to do that, for they had nothing else to do, and they were just now starting on this long journey from Madras to Calcutta.

The climate, as they steamed northward, grew daily more and more delightful, and the wind was tempered with coolness, and fragrant with the perfumes of the spice groves, which lined the not-far-distant shore.

And the passengers took new heart, and went in for all the amusement they could pick up or invent, and of course Shorty was one of the foremost inventors.

Every day he got up at least one new racket that created a laugh; or if he saw nothing that he could work in that line, he had recourse to his banjo, and that was always a sure source of pleasure, both to him and to his fellow passengers, for he would play tunes on it; play comical accompaniments to comical stories as he told them, and never mind how beautiful the scene might be through which they might be passing, he was always sure to have a laughing group around him, whether on deck or in the cabin saloon.

Among the passengers who had been with them since leaving Hong Kong was a serious-looking chap with a ministerial garb who kept apart by himself, and enlivened the journey by reading the Testament, or Fox's "Book of Martyrs." He was evidently going out to India as a missionary, but he had not exchanged a word with any of his fellow passengers, and naturally enough Shorty was not long in getting



his eye upon him, and of calling the captain's attention to him.

"Can't we have some fun with him, cap?"

"Well, really, Shorty, he doesn't look to me like a chap that had much fun in him," replied the captain, laughing. "He looks just about as funny as a grave-stone."

"That's so, cap; but maybe he's got some of it in him, if he's only tapped."

"Tapped?"

"Cert."

"How will you tap him?"

"Oh, I'll find a way."

"But you might get the worst of it."

"All right if I do. It'll make some fun, anyway, whether ther laugh's on me or him."

"All right; work your racket," replied the captain, walking forward to the "bridge."

Shorty leaned against a stanchion on the port side where he could observe the party of whom they had been speaking, and then cudgeled his brains for some practical joke that could be played on him.

He was indeed a strange, almost comical-looking specimen of humanity, and so homely, withal, that Shorty made up his mind that he would make poor headway at converting the heathen, unless some of them should take it into their heads to worship him on account of his being homelier than any of their idols.

Whether he was an American, Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman, German, or Frenchman, there was no telling, since he had told nothing of himself, but as he simply stood on the ship's passenger-list as "Rev. Barnaby Grimes, of Hong Kong, China," it was pretty certain that he wasn't either a Frenchman or Dutchman.

As before stated, the Rev. Grimes took no part in the sports and entertainments of the other passengers, not appearing to care a snap whether anybody enjoyed the various pastimes or not, so long as he was left alone with his "Book of Martyrs."

Shorty had been watching his habits for several days, and noticed that he sat on one particular chair, a hard-bottomed one, at that, which he never left except for an occasional promenade on the deck, or to go to his meals, or to his cabin.

All day long and until quite late in the evening would he occupy that chair, save on the occasions mentioned.

Finally a bright idea hit Shorty—a kick on the head, and he hurried away to put it into practical operation.

"I've got it!" said he, on meeting the captain.

"Bad?" asked the captain, smiling.

"No; good. Wait till yer see me work it on his nibs, an' yer'll see some fun," said he, hurrying away to find his friend, the carpenter of the steamer.

"Goin' ter have a racket," said he, joyously.

"Who with?" asked the carpenter.

"Dat ole piety sharp."

"Is that so? How?"

"I'll show yer after a bit. What I want of you is to make a false bottom to that chair he always sets in."

"How be I goin' ter do it, lad, when he is in it all ther time?"

"I'll show you how ter work it. You can get ther measure of it when he's down ter hash, an' put it in some other time. All yer want ter do is ter make a board bottom so it will fit in an' look like der original. Understand?"

"Yes, but how 'bout the ole man?"

"Oh, I'll fix it with ther captain. He an' I are all right, yer know. I'll stan' in fer yer, never fear. You do as I tell yer."

"All right, lad; but can I see the fun?"

"Cert. I'll give yer ther tip."

This being arranged, they waited patiently until Rev. Grimes went down to dinner, when the carpenter pretended to take the measure of the chair-bottom, and to make another that would fit inside of the rungs and look precisely like the original one that it rested upon.

But Grimes returned to his seat and his "Book of Martyrs" before they had time to fully carry out the arrangement, and so they had to wait until he went down to supper before the job could be finished.

So far as the carpenter's work was concerned, it was a great success. The false bottom looked for all the world like the original, and when it had been put in place it would have puzzled anybody.

And now Shorty began to put in his fine work—his funny business.

You know he always went prepared; in other words, "cocked and primed" for anything.

In this case the material that he had on hand, that he had brought from the United States, was what gave him the notion of the racket.

In one corner of his trunk he had a package of "Union torpedoes," and you know what they are; big as a marble, and almost as powerful as the kick of a mule.

Taking about a dozen of these torpedoes, he placed them carefully between the false and the original bottoms of the chair, and then took up a position where he could see the result, as did several others who were in the racket, including the captain and several officers, the Kid, carpenter, and other jolly fellows among the passengers.

They did not have to wait long before the Rev. Grimes strode up from the saloon and made for his accustomed seat.

But before sitting down he took out his Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and opened it where he had placed a mark.

Then, parting his long coat-tails, he proceeded to sit down to read.

Those torpedoes instantly put in their work.

There was a crashing explosion, and the Rev. Grimes took a flying leap into the air.

He went up about ten feet.

And, of course, he was obliged to come down again, although he did not do so very gracefully.

Both the false and the original bottoms of the chair were reduced to tooth-picks, to say nothing of what happened to the Rev. Grimes.

He went up straight, but he came down awfully crooked.

He came down slightly broken up.

He landed on his head, but his tall plug hat saved him.

That is to say, he was driven into it with such force that it nearly shaved his ears off, even if it did save his life.

And that Fox's "Book of Martyrs" flew upward so high that it was taken in hand by the prevailing breeze and wafted overboard in an instant.

The Rev. Grimes gathered himself up, and shouted: "Murder!"

At last he found his tongue.

The conspirators flew to his assistance.

"What's der matter, ole man?" asked Shorty.

"Oh-oh-oh! the Lord look down upon us!" moaned the Rev. Grimes, trying to pull the smashed hat from his confused head.

The captain and one or two of the conspirators assisted him in doing so, but it was almost like taking off his scalp.

Of course the explosion and the consequent excitement brought all the passengers around him in a half of no time.

"Say, what's yer racket?" asked Shorty.

"Oh, Lord—oh, Lord!" moaned the victim, as he gazed wildly around from one to another.

"Say, was yer loaded?" again asked Shorty.

"Guess he didn't know it was loaded that time," suggested one of the passengers.

"Oh, Lord! what was it?"

"Why don't yer tell us?"

"Did the boiler explode?" asked the victim.

"Nary a boil," said Shorty.

"Well, what was it?"

"Are you hurt?" asked the captain.

"Not seriously, I—I guess; but—"

"What was it, anyway?"

The frightened victim turned slowly around to take a look at his chair.

There was but little of it left.

"Let us give thanks," said he.

"What for?" asked the captain.

"That we are still on praying-ground, and—"

"But what was it, anyway?"

"There was no boiler explosion?" he asked, turning to the captain, appealingly.

"Nothing of the kind."

"Then there must have been an earthquake."

"But no one appears to have felt it but you."

"It is very strange," said he, after a pause, during which he looked from one to another.

"Well, I should say so."

"I sat down in my chair as usual."

"True; but where is that chair?" demanded the captain, pointing to it.

"Alas! and where is my book? Where is my Fox's 'Book of Martyrs'?" he asked, looking around with much anxiety.

"Say, was dat book loaded?" demanded Shorty, again coming to the front.

"Loaded?" exclaimed the Rev. Grimes.

"Yes, was she loaded?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Yer don't?"

"It was loaded with terrible facts of religious history, and—"

"Dat's it. She went off!" exclaimed Shorty, at which there was a loud laugh, in which the crowd joined, as they stood there in the Indian twilight.

The Rev. Grimes took a look at Shorty.

He remembered him from what he had seen and overheard.

His words and the tone of his voice entered his sluggish brain.

He thought an instant, and then he gradually proceeded to tumble.

Wasn't it possible that a joke had somehow been played upon him?

And yet he had no more conception of a joke than he had of flying.

"But you are not hurt?" asked the captain.

"Thank God! and owing to His protecting shield, I am not. But what could it have been?"

"You must have had some explosive in your pocket," said the captain. "Look at the chair."

"Alas!"

"Soy! Guess yer must have had a bakin'-powder in yer coat-tail pocket, boss," said Shorty.

"Young man, I never carry bakin'-powder in my pocket," said he, half sorrowfully and half severely.

"All right; I don't know. Maybe it was a can of nitro-glycerine or giant-powder," said Shorty, shrugging his shoulders.

"I had nothing but that wonderful work: Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' with me."

"Maybe that's what's der matter."

"Oh, young man, you are an idle talker; you know not what you say. There is some great mystery here," said the victim.

"Do mysteries explode?" asked Shorty.

"Something has surely happened."

"Well, it looks a trifle that way."

"Where is my book—my book of martyrs?"

"Soy, isn't it in yer hat?"

The Rev. Grimes picked up the badly damaged tile and looked at it sadly.

"No, young man; there is no room here for a book of that size. There is a mystery here."

"In der eady?"

"I do not understand you."

"Well, it looks like a mystery all around," said the captain.

"The ways of Providence are past finding out."

"Big conundrums, hey?" asked Shorty.

"Young man, your levity displeases me," said the victim, placing his crushed hat upon his head, and turning away.

"Waal, soy! give us a song," said the little rascal.

"Song an' dance," suggested the Kid, at which there was a roar of laughter that completely drowned what the Rev. Grimes had to say in reply.

But if he half tumbled before, he took a full tumble now, and came to the conclusion that he had been made the victim of some sort of a practical joke of a decidedly rough nature.

"Captain Plum, there is a mystery here?"

"Yes, I think so."

"A practical joke."

"Well, as the case now stands, it might pass for that, Mr. Grimes."

"Rev. Grimes, if you please."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"I shall hold you responsible, sir," said he, as he walked indignantly away toward the companion-way in order to reach his cabin.

It was now nearly dark, but the racket had been so good that it kept the passengers talking and laughing about it until nearly midnight, but at Shorty's suggestion, a new chair was put in the place of the ruined one, so that the victim would find it in the morning all right, which, of course, would increase the mystification to such a degree that the victim of the sport would not be able to comprehend it, to save his life.

This was accordingly done, but of course they were obliged to wait until his appearance on deck the following morning, before they could note the effect.

Meanwhile, the Reverend Grimes had made his appearance at the breakfast-table, looking as ugly as a cat with a sore tail. Glancing neither to the right nor the left, he ate his grub in sullen silence, and seemed to regard everybody at the table as an enemy, and to scorn to notice their smiles, or to hear their jovial whisperings regarding the comical racket of the night before.

But, after bolting his hash, he took his "Book of Martyrs," or something equally cheerful, under his arm, and marched with solemn and indignant tread to the main deck, where he always sat.

Glancing at the chair, he was much surprised at seeing it all right, and showing not the least trace of what had happened to him and it.

What did it mean?

He looked it over carefully, but everything was all right. Glancing up, he noticed the second officer standing near.

"Good morning, sir," said the officer, respectfully.

"Good-morning."

"Delightful this morning, is it not?"

"Yes. I see a chair has been substituted for the one broken in the outrage last night," said Reverend Grimes, pointing to it.

"I do not understand you, sir," said the officer, although he did, being in the secret.

"Is it possible, sir, that you know nothing about the vile indignity to which I was subjected?"

"I heard of no indignity, sir, I assure you."

"But there was one, and that chair is only another put in the place of one that was broken."

"You are mistaken, sir. You see that those chairs are fastened to the deck, and cannot be removed without great trouble. I assure you, sir, that nothing of the kind has happened."

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing. You certainly must have dreamed it."

"Impossible!"

"And you look ill this morning. You must have passed a bad night, sir. The cool air of the morning will revive you," added the officer, as he turned and walked away.

But Shorty and several others were either sitting or standing carelessly around, pretending to look in all other directions than at him.

He looked at several of those seemingly disinterested people, and he felt himself unnoticed.

Then he placed his hand cautiously on the arm of the chair and shook it.

It seemed to be all right, both from looks and from feeling.

"Can it be possible that it was all a dream?" he mused. "No—no, it must have been a trick of some kind."

He proceeded to let himself down cautiously into the chair, when Shorty suddenly cried: "Look out!" and then turned away.

Reverend Grimes jumped as though expecting to be blown up again from behind. But the conspirators looked and pointed in other directions while they laughed, and although it was evident that something was tickling them dreadfully, yet it seemed as though it must be in another direction.

Once more he looked behind him and inspected the bottom of that chair, which caused the passengers to break out in renewed laughter.

Then he proceeded to sit down, and as he did so, Shorty fired a pistol, which again caused the Reverend Grimes to leap to his feet.

Stepping away a few feet he took a good look at that confounded chair, and the passengers had got by this time so that they could not control their laughter, and looking around, he could not help noticing that it was unmistakably directed at him.

Then he became indignant.

Then he knew that this was only a part of the same joke that had been played on him the evening before.



and without hesitating a moment longer, he slung himself into that chair and opened his book.

He never looked up to note who was doing the heartiest laughing, but he felt that he would give a year's salary and chuck in a few unregenerated Heathens to boot, to know who the author of the mischief was.

But if Shorty had needed anything to make him solid with passengers, officers, and crew, this certainly would have done it, for everybody was talking about and laughing over the racket. In fact, it was talked over in many languages, for the reader will remember that there were several representatives of several nations on board.

But what next?

There was a long stretch yet before the noble steam-

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE noble steamer, the *Great Mogul*, of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, was making splendid time, as she plowed her way northward through the Bay of Bengal, toward her port of destination, Calcutta, India.

The weather, although still hot and almost tropical, was much improved, for the cooler breezes from the northward tempered the hot atmosphere, and made it delightful. The passengers appreciated this change, especially the Shortys, on whom the equatorial heat had had a depressing influence, although it did not keep Shorty out of mischief very long at a time.

The racket upon that curious specimen of humanity, Rev. Grimes, will be remembered by the reader. It

Shorty was, of course, the head center of music and fun, being ably seconded by the Kid and others.

He gave them some lively specimens of his skill on the banjo; and the Kid and Ho Sham danced, as did the two sailors who danced a hornpipe once before, and this, in connection with the singing by several of the lady passengers, made up an evening's entertainment that was long remembered by every one who took part in it.

The next morning, on coming on deck, they found that the steamer had reached its destination and was lying at the wharf at Calcutta.

There were congratulations and partings at the breakfast table, and in many respects, the last meal on board the *Mogul* was a sad one.

Captain Plum, although highly congratulated by



Ho-Sham fired in the air, and continued his way back to camp, shouting for help in broken Chinese, and the old man, seeing that the beast did not fall and give up the ghost, concluded that he would also retreat.

er would reach the port of her destination. What should kill the long time and make it go lightly?

The morning came on, bright and beautiful.

The noble steamer plowed her way northward in magnificent style, headed for the most important port in India, Calcutta.

The passengers laughed and talked, and took more or less stock in the loveliness which greeted them on every hand. But the fun which Shorty had produced for them held fire the longest and occasioned the most remark.

Rev. Grimes kept his eyes on his book for a long time without lifting them, all the while wishing that he could command the lightnings of Heaven for the benefit of his enemies.

The third officer, in course of his duties, came near to where he sat, and he asked him if he knew anything about the terrible outrage that had been played upon him the night before.

But the officer, being well posted, said he knew nothing about it, and that he must have dreamed all this nonsense.

"Who fired that pistol just now?" he asked.

"Some of the passengers were trying to shoot a shark, I believe. Such things are very common on board of ocean steamers, you know."

"But somebody cried 'Look out!' as I was on the point of sitting down."

"Well, sir, that might not have been directed to you. You appear to be very nervous this morning."

Grimes reflected, and was silent. Perhaps he was a trifle nervous, but if all that he had experienced lately was due to nervousness, he concluded that the best thing he could do would be to consult the ship's physician, and he accordingly started for his quarters.

lasted the passengers for laughing material for several days.

In fact, it was the last hurrah that had been given them, and as they were now nearing Calcutta, the destination of many, the stopping-place of all, it began to be a question whether the little joker would give them anything else to laugh at before that time, although he was almost continually on deck, keeping up pleasant feelings among them by his quips and quirks, his comical speeches, and his continual cheerfulness; always ready to light on a victim if one presented himself.

The last two or three days of the run were employed by the passengers in getting ready to land, and for the new style of conveyance that many of them would have to adopt after they reached Calcutta.

The Shortys, for instance, had been continually on board of steamers since leaving San Francisco, a stretch of nearly one half of the distance around the world. Only think of it!

And now the great peninsular continent of India was before them, across which they were to go by land conveyances, which would indeed be a welcome change for them.

But the intention was to occupy at least a month in doing this, so that many of those wonderful old cities might be visited, and they become acquainted with this, the oldest country in the world, the cradle of the human race.

The old man was quite a studious old rooster, and delighted in the history of those ancient cities and temples which dot Asia in so many places, and in a style of magnificence and grandeur to be found nowhere else in the world.

The last evening on board the steamer was made especially lively by the union of nearly everybody on board.

every one of the passengers, acknowledged frankly that he was sorry to part company with the liveliest, jolliest company he had ever carried in a hundred voyages.

"Shorty," said he, seizing the little comedian by the hand, "I am ever so much obliged to you for the amusement you have afforded on the trip, as I believe every passenger on board is, excepting, perhaps, the Rev. Grimes, and I sincerely hope to see you again before I cast anchor for good. Good-bye, my boy, God bless you!"

"Cap, I thank yer, but come ter think of it, I've had a pretty good slice of fun myself since I boarded the *Great Mogul*. In fact, I guess we've all had some of it, so s'posin' we all chip in an' give three cheers for the *Great Mogul* and her gallant captain. Hip—hip—hip!"

Those cheers, which made the cabin saloon resound, were given by every passenger there, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the captain, manifesting much emotion, "this is my one hundredth successful voyage between Hong Kong and Calcutta, and if I live to make a hundred more, I shall never forget this one. I can splice a rope or steer a ship, but I cannot make a speech, but if you will still further honor me, I would like to have a parting glass of wine with you," said he, as the steward and his assistants quickly covered the tables with bottles and glasses.

"Oh, cap, yer know we never drink—only when we are partin' with good fellows," said Shorty.

"Yes," added the old man, "we love wine, but do not love to drink it on such occasions as these;" and he most likely would have made a speech if somebody had not stepped on his best corn just then, and before he could again switch off upon a flow of language of



another kind the wine was ready to drink, and Captain Plum stood ready to propose a toast.

"Passengers and tourists! here's hoping that you may all reach home safely, and forever afterwards be as happy as you have been on board my vessel," said he; and rising, they all drank the toast with enthusiasm.

After this they all shook hands with him and each other, and at once began to make preparations for landing.

Everybody, with the single exception of Rev. Grimes, had had part in this happy leave-taking, even the solid old men and women who had hitherto manifested little or no interest in the general sociability of the passengers.

But here they parted, some going one way and some another, although a few were bound on a tour around the world, and it did not make any of them, excepting the Rev. Grimes, perhaps, feel any better over the prospect of never meeting again.

The Shortys had themselves and their luggage removed to "The Great Eastern Hotel," which in all probability would be their headquarters for some time.

The Great Eastern is the finest hotel in Calcutta, and possibly in India, and it is generally patronized by American or English tourists.

They had a fine suite of rooms assigned to them, and once more the Shortys began to feel themselves on their land legs again, but it took them a number of hours before they could get their togs unpacked and trigg up sufficiently to be presentable in that gay city.

Calcutta is a wonderful old city, it is true, but the enterprise of the last few centuries has, with the assistance of foreigners, made it as bright and gay a capital as any that Europe can boast of, although it is hundreds and hundreds of years older than any city outside of India.

As in Hong Kong, there are sections of the city utterly unlike other sections, the more modern portions being inhabited by foreigners from nearly every part of the civilized world, and here an American would feel more at home than in the older portion, for being under English laws and governors, it is not a whit less un-American than London is.

About the first thing to do was to buy some new and suitable clothing, of which they stood greatly in need, not having replenished their wardrobe to any great extent since leaving America.

But they found no more difficulty in buying European clothing in this far-distant city than they would have found in London or Berlin, and so it did not take them long to tog themselves out as nicely as they wished to be, after which they were ready to do that old town in ship-shape.

They did not even need a guide, so long as they confined their explorations to the modern or English portion of the city, and it is also true that nearly all of the better class of Hindoos speak the English language exceedingly well, while still adhering to their own in everything where they are not brought in contact with Europeans.

They soon learned by observation that Calcutta boasts of some magnificent residences and public buildings, while many of the old temples are the finest and most magnificent ever erected by the hand of man.

Indeed, it was in India that worship of a religious nature, and education and the arts had birth, and from whence it spread to other nations long since forgotten almost, and supposed until the last few hundred years to be the oldest in the world. In fact, Egypt was unborn when India was old in all that makes a nation great.

Some of the temples of India are larger than King Solomon's temples is supposed to be, and yet they are cut out of marble mountains, containing hundreds of beautiful columns and the most elaborate carvings, without a single seam, and all cut and carved out of the solid rock. In fact, the more those temple wonders are explored, the more insignificant become the works of other nations, hitherto regarded as great in art and architecture.

The Shortys spent a week in going over the most interesting features of Calcutta, and even then they found that they had seen but a small portion of the wonders existing there; but the old man was so taken up with them that he could think of nothing else, and continued to explore them long after Shorty and the Kid had got enough.

What was the past, glorious though it was, to a pair of jokers like them? If civilization had existed in India for ten thousand years, what did they care? Even if they had created wonderful temples to the beings they worshiped; what though the arts and sciences had been born in that ancient and favored land; what though magnificent palaces and public buildings were erected whose cost would bust up a modern millionaire? Shorty was ready to swear they never had a variety theater or a minstrel show.

"Oh, what der we care for all those ole duffs of history? Give us a rest," he said, one day, while the old man was telling him about some wonderful mountain-hewn palace that he had been exploring.

"But, my son, only think how magnificent they are; how grand and wonderful," said he.

"Yes, but what good are they?"

"Why, have you no enthusiasm in history?"

"Not a thuse," said he, as though sick.

"These rock-hewn temples are really the cradles of all the civilization the world possesses to-day."

"Rather expensive cradles, dad."

"True, but none too expensive when we come to consider the child they cradled. Think of the old priests who guarded them thousands of years ago!"

"A lot of ole sticks! I'll bet there wasn't one of 'em could play der banjo," said he, sneeringly.

"No, they did not stoop from their lofty work of educating the world to the art of playing the banjo or singing comic songs."

"Better for der world if they had, perhaps."

"My son, I am very sorry that you will not get enthusiastic over these beauties and these old marvels of architectural skill."

"I tell yer, dad, I've got a belly full. Let's show some other town."

"No, sir; I will explore these wonders if it takes me a year, and if you will not bear me company, find something else to do," said the old man, walking abruptly away.

Ho Sham was also something of a student and lover of history, and so he found pleasure in going here and there with his master, visiting points of interest, both in Calcutta and its suburbs.

But Shorty and the Kid, after loafing around the hotel until they got sick of it, concluded to hire a guide and explore the Hindoo portion of the city, in the hope of finding something racy and new enough to attract their attention from the dullness which now oppressed them.

This guide was a good one, and knew his little business, having acted in that capacity for a great many European and American travelers, and of course knew just where to take them. He could speak the English language much better than Ho Sham could, and having got an inkling of what his little employers were like, he proceeded to show them the natives.

It took only a little while to awaken their interest, and to convince them that they had wasted much time in loafing about the hotel and the English portion of the city, when there was so much to be seen that was new and wonderful.

The first place they visited was one of the largest native markets or bazaars, where everything that one can think of almost was displayed for sale. It was not a building such as we know and call markets, but natives from the country with produce in baskets gathered in a large square, or market place, to sell their wares, seating themselves on the pavement, and silently waiting for the call of a customer.

A few booths were erected, or, rather, a few awnings were suspended on bamboo poles to shelter the more opulent city merchants from the sun, but the majority of those who brought vegetables, nuts, fruits, etc., from the surrounding country to sell, occupied the best place he or she could find on the ground, and waited for business.

And these coffee-colored natives were a curiosity to the Shortys, especially the female portion, none of them wearing clothing enough to more than make believe hide their nakedness, and as some of them were exquisitely shaped, it is no wonder that they attracted the attention and admiration of strangers who had never been used to seeing quite so much of the human form divine.

The men were homely enough, it is true, to balance any extra good looks the women might have, but the various groups as they came and went, with their bright-colored waist shawls (or fig leaves, as Shorty termed them), made as pretty a picture as was ever placed upon canvas.

Shorty bought something of every pretty woman he encountered, and if he didn't happen to want it, as he was pretty sure not to, he gave it back to them and held an animated conversation with them through the guides and interpreters.

The pretty, almost naked creatures, laughed merrily when informed that they were Americans, and asked if they were all as small as they two were.

"No," said Shorty; "we're only kids. Americans sometimes grow ten feet high;" and then they laughed again, and suggested that in that case they could not have been married long.

"No, we was weaned short," said he, laughing.

In fact, he found them to be quite as interesting as they were handsome, and he spent the greater portion of the day among them, and at night they went to the houses of some of them, where they were entertained splendidly.

Shorty began to think that they had struck a vein quite as rich and interesting to them as the one the old man had found was to him, and so they resolved to follow it up, and work it for all it was worth.

The next day they visited other public places, and became much attached to the natives, who are exceedingly tractable, especially the females. Day after day, for more than a week, they took in all they could stand, and also came to the conclusion that India was a great country.

It was about this time that Shorty made the acquaintance of a party of Englishmen who had been hunting in various parts of India, and who had come to Calcutta to continue their sport after they had enjoyed a week's rest in the city.

Shorty soon became a favorite with them, as he did with everybody, and after he had told them of his adventures in Sumatra and various other places, they at once voted that he would be a jolly acquisition to the camp they proposed to locate about ten miles north of the city, and so invited all three of them to join them when they were ready to go.

Nothing in the world could have delighted Shorty more than such an expedition, and so he promised to accompany them, going at once to work to get himself a perfect outfit.

But the old man didn't want to go. He found enough to interest him nearer home.

"Say, dad, yer 'fraid!" he exclaimed.

"Afraid?"

"Yes, dat big worm broke yer heart."

"You are mistaken, my boy. There is no such thing as fear in my composition," said the old man, proudly, although he lied a little.

"Then, say, why don't yer come along? We're goin' ter shoot tigers, real old Bengals, elephants, an' other small fry, an' yer bet yer bottom nick that we'll have some high ole fun. Will you come?"

"Are you both determined to go?"

"Cert."

"Well, I should not feel at ease if I trusted you to go alone, so I will accompany you."

"Good 'nough! Take Ho Sham 'long to carry der game, 'specially when we bags elephants an' tigers," said Shorty, laughing.

"All right. You will find me equal to any of them," said he, becoming suddenly enthusiastic, and this being agreed upon they all began their outfits.

This company of Englishmen were thoroughbreds. There were six of them and their servants. One of them was a nobleman, Sir Joseph Gamelock, and the others belonged to the army, and were off on leave of absence to enjoy a half a year's hunting in India.

At the end of a week all was in readiness to move out to the proposed camp, but during that time the hunters had become more and more attached to the Americans, and Shorty took his banjo along for evening amusement.

But the Kid captured the cake by engaging a big German, who could speak a little English, as his body servant during the time of the encampment. He was out of employment and glad to get a crack at anything, and so the little runt took him along: And what a laugh it created!

In nearly every respect he threw Ho Sham into the shade, and made him exceedingly jealous.

But away they started for the proposed camp, and as the Englishmen understood their business to a dot, they were not long in getting the camp laid out, and by nightfall everything was arranged.

The camp was simply made by taking up a position under the broad, spreading interlacures of a huge banyan tree, whose spread of branches and leaves covered at least a square acre. You have probably read of these wonderful trees, whose branches catch down into the earth and take root, so that in time they become trees themselves—all jointed together—where so many trunks resemble a small grove, the tops of which belong to the whole lot, and form a vast canopy through which the sun and rain can hardly penetrate.

The forests and jungles of India teem with elephants, bears, wild buffaloes, tigers, leopards, panthers and hyenas. Wolves and jackals prowl among the ravines in quest of deer and other prey. Snakes, poisonous and harmless, haunt the jungles and other lonely places, while monkeys, of all sizes and degrees, abound almost everywhere, as do wild boars. The rivers swarm with fish, and alligators bask in the sun, like huge lizards, along their banks; so it will readily be seen that India is a very paradise for hunters.

The first night in camp was a right jovial one, and Shorty firmly established himself in the good graces of the party with the assistance of his banjo and his fund of comic songs.

The next day they split up into parties of two each and went out to hunt.

That night the servants and game-carriers brought into camp two beautiful tiger skins, each taken off entire so as to include the head and legs, as well as several other trophies. But the Shortys did not have much luck. Shorty shot a jackal, and the old man a species of Indian skunk (much larger and "louder" than those in America), but neither of them concluded to bring their trophies in.

This thing went on for a week, and heaps of fun and loads of game was the result, although the old man, who was invariably accompanied by Ho Sham, never ventured far from the camp. The game was a trifle more vigorous than he wished to tackle, although he was always saying how he wished he could encounter a tiger.

Well, Shorty and the Kid at length made up their minds that he should encounter one. They found out where he went nearly every day, and resolved to accommodate him, and in order to do so, they had to fix up one of the tiger skins so that they could get into it, Shorty representing the forelegs, and the Kid the hind ones. After working at it for some time, unbeknown to anybody but the Englishmen, they at length got so they could make quite a respectable tiger.

The next thing to do was to extract the bullets from both of their rifles, and this they succeeded in doing without arousing their suspicions, and soon after breakfast he and Ho Sham sallied forth, expressing a hope that they might bring down a tiger or panther during the day.

The hunters, being anxious to see how the joke would eventuate, remained near the camp, or did not go out at all, on one pretext or another, and after the old man had gone, Shorty and the Kid got into the skin and set out after them, leaving a portion of the hunters in the camp laughing, while another portion followed to see the fun.

The tiger's skin was rather unwieldy, but they managed it very nicely, in spite of its weight, and after the tramp of about half a mile, they came upon the old man's hunting-ground. They saw him and Ho Sham, as they went prowling nervously along, and Shorty set up a growl that attracted their attention.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, "there is a tiger."

"Wa—wa—wa! me jumpie!" said Ho Sham, turning quickly to go toward the camp.

"Hold on!" said the old man. "Let us take a shot at the monster. You fire just after I do," and tremblingly he knelt, and taking aim, fired at the supposed tiger.

Then Ho Sham fired in the air, and continued his way back to the camp, shouting for help in broken Chinese, and the old man, seeing that the beast did not fall and give up the ghost, concluded that he would also retreat.

Back they ran to the camp, while Shorty and the Kid got out of the skin and followed them, laughing.

"I have killed a big tiger out here; come and help me bring him in!" said he, rushing into camp, and the Englishmen, being up to snuff, started out to find the tiger he had slain, and meeting Shorty and the



Kid, they also joined in the rush to bring in the tiger.

"Come on, my boys; I have shot a beauty out here!" cried the old man, as they joined them, and they followed him to the scene of the supposed or alleged slaughter.

Two of the foremost English hunters picked up the skin which Shorty and the Kid had abandoned, and held it up to the gaze of the company, while a big laugh instantly resulted.

The old man was paralyzed as he gazed on it.

"What is it?" he asked, faintly.

"A *sew*!" cried several.

The old man turned upon his children, but they were at the time laughing as heartily as any of the others.

### CHAPTER XXX.

GAZING upon Shorty and then upon the Kid, both of whom were laughing as heartily as they could, the old man began to realize that he had been badly sold, and he tumbled.

"Where's yer tiger, dad?" asked Shorty.

"Bring on yer tige!" said the Kid, whooping.

"What the devil does this mean, anyway?" asked the old man, although he knew pretty well what it was.

"Is this the tiger you shot?" asked one of the English hunters, holding up the skin.

The old man gazed at it with open eyes.

"He must have shot the meat right out of it," said another of those who were in the racket.

"And the skin is quite dry."

"What are you laughing at?" demanded the old man, turning savagely upon Shorty.

"Big tige; me shootee," said Ho Sham, who had fired his rifle in the air, and then made hasty tracks back to the camp; but he was bound to lie, all the same.

"But, say! where's der meat?" asked the Kid.

"Mea tee skippee lout, guess," replied Ho.

"Yes, and there it is!" said the old man, pointing to Shorty and the Kid.

"All right," said the hunters, laughing. "All it will cost you will be a few baskets of wine."

"Oh, I'll buy the wine; but to be fooled in such a manner, that's what makes me so mad. Oh, I will make you fellows sick for this, see if I don't!" said he, shaking his fist at Shorty and the Kid.

"Yer a healthy ole hunter, ain't yer?"

"You young vagabonds! But did it never occur to you that that was a dangerous trick to play?"

"How dangerous?"

"Why, you might have got shot."

"Not much, dad," said Shorty, laughing.

"How so?"

"Blank charges don't count," and then all hands joined in the laugh.

The old man took a sick tumble again.

As for Ho Sham, he had not yet got it through his head, and was still ready to swear that he had shot the tiger, although he could not account for the presence of the skin, and the entire absence of the carcass.

"Oh, I like a joke as well as anybody, but that is what I call a shabby trick," said the old fellow, as the laugh went on.

"I say, dad, yer'll be scoopin' in elephants next, eh?"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Well, there is one thing certain, the boys won't be able to play that sort of a racket on you again," suggested one of the English hunters.

"How do you mean?"

"They certainly will not be able to get into an elephant's skin and work it so successfully as they did the tiger's."

The old fellow had to laugh at this notion, in spite of his indignation.

"Tell yer what we might work, dad," suggested Shorty.

"What?"

"Why, der giraffe."

"Cert? He work der fore legs, an' I work der hind ones," said the Kid, and then, of course, there was another laugh.

"Oh, you two snoozers be hanged!" replied the old man, turning away, disgusted.

"I say, it will only cost a basket," said another of the Englishmen, who was greatly pleased with the way the joke had worked.

"That's all right, gentlemen. I am good for a basket of wine every time. It isn't that, but it's the sell; and if you only knew the number of tricks that those two rascals play on me, you would be quite as indignant as I am," growled the old man.

But this only kept the laugh going at his expense, and in order to escape it, he and Ho Sham started off in another direction, glad to escape them all.

Once away, they proceeded to load their rifles again, this time making sure that a ball was rammed home on top of the charges.

"Flunny blizness?" asked Ho Sham.

"Bah! What made yer run away?" the old man demanded, savagely, as though glad to find somebody whom he could abuse.

"Me lun flor more gun, so be," said he, with his usual ingenuity in getting out of things.

"Ah!" the old man fairly hissed. "You ran for more gun! I guess you wanted more room."

"Me lun to make loom flor you," suggested the Chinaman, seeing another way out of the scrape; and he didn't care how many he had.

"Bah! you are a duffer!"

"Me belly glood hunttee."

"Yes; you are a healthy hunter! You can't hunt cats. Go shoot yourself."

"Cattee goodee—me no goodee."

"You are right, you are not," and the disgusted hunter shouldered his rifle and walked away.

Ho Sham said: "So be," and walked meekly along behind him, all the while trying to explain the tiger-skin racket to his own mind.

However, they did not meet with any great adventure during the remainder of the day. The old man had the pleasure of shooting at a deer, but not the pleasure of hitting him, although it might possibly have been more pleasant for the game not to be struck.

And while wandering off by himself, or on his own hook, Ho Sham managed to shoot a monkey, or rather to wound one, but when he went to bag his game, the game opened his mouth all of a sudden and took in his finger.

Then Ho Sham danced. Then he bawled and tried to shake him off, but the monk had a grip on him that meant business.

"Hi—hi—ho!" he cried, and the monk was having his say at the same time.

"What's the matter?" called his master, who was some distance ahead.

"Oh—oh—oh! dusee!"

"What are you doing with that monkey?"

"Me no. Monkey do me," said he piteously.

"Why don't yer drop him?"

"Me no. Monkey lunt droppee me."

"Choke him," cried the old man; and after trying in vain to shake him off for some time, he finally had to catch the little rascal by the throat and actually choke him to death to make him leave go.

The other hunters managed to have considerable sport during the day, and that night they all had what fun they wanted in camp, owing to Shorty and his banjo, he reciting the racket about the tiger skin while he played a comical accompaniment to it.

Even the old man had to laugh with the others, and to admit that it was a first-class sell, only he didn't want any more of them.

The Englishmen proved themselves first-rate fellows as well as first-class sportsmen, and while the days were given over to hunting and preserving the skins of birds and animals, the evenings in camp were devoted to jollity, telling stories, or relating incidents of travel or hunting adventures.

The old man kept rather quiet after his snap with the "tiger," but at the same time he meant to take the first favorable chance he could get to redeem himself in the eyes of those who had enjoyed so many laughs at his expense.

In fact, he did bag quite a lot of small game, although this did not fill the measure of his ambition; he wanted to kill a buffalo, or a tiger, or at least a wild boar.

And as there were quite a number of these animals to be found not far from camp, he one day made up his mind to go out and bring in at least a pair of boars' heads, which should make him solid.

"Now," said he to Ho Sham, after they had set out on the day's sport, "I am going for big game to-day, and I want none of your cowardice."

"Me goodee; me hunkly doley; me blace lup."

"Well, you had better brace up."

"Me got heap nervee."

"Let me see some of it to-day."

"Me shootee tige, sure plop!" said he, at the same time flourishing his rifle around in a very lively manner.

"Be careful with that gun, will you?" exclaimed the old man, ducking to get out of range.

"Me shootee likee debil."

"Oh, you are very brave now, aren't you? But I'll bet that you will light out at the first sign of danger."

"Me no; me shootee allee samee likee Lingsh-man."

"We shall see. Ah! what's that?" he added, starting suddenly and cocking his rifle.

Ho Sham was quickly affected with his old complaint, and began to look around him as though trying to locate an avenue of escape in case one was needed.

"Hark!" said the master, as the sound of the movement of some large animal was heard in the jungle.

"Tige!" whispered the frightened Chinaman, shaking so badly as to be hardly able to stand and hold himself together.

"Where?" asked the old man, while his teeth were chattering audibly.

"Me no," replied Ho, faintly.

"Let's get back a short distance, so that he can't take us at a disadvantage."

"So be, klick!" and both of them started very reluctantly to work out of the jungle.

But they had gone scarcely a rod when they encountered about a dozen wild boars; in fact, those were the animals that had attracted their attention at first.

"Cussee! Eight, five, ten tige!" exclaimed Ho Sham, trembling so violently that he fired his rifle in a most reckless and unmeaning way, and then ran as though the devil was after him, shouting: "tige!" as he vanished.

As for the old man, he was finally nearly paralyzed with fear, knowing wild boars to be very savage creatures, but he somehow fired at the lot of them, wounding one.

A portion of them scattered with savage grunts, and were soon out of sight in the jungle, but a couple of old boars made for the frightened hunter, evidently meaning mischief.

There was no time to be lost, as there most certainly was not to reload his rifle.

His life was imminently in danger, and there were only two ways of saving it; one of which was to run for it, as Ho Sham had done, and the other was to climb a tree.

As for running with any hope of success, that was out of the question, on account of his size and the decided duckiness of his legs.

The only thing remaining, therefore, was to do the best he could at climbing a tree.

But the trees composing the jungle were only bam-

boos, scarcely one of which was as large as his wrist, yet, as it was "Hobson's choice," he could not fool a great while with the unfortunate situation.

Throwing away his rifle, he sprang for one of those tall bamboos, managing, by the most desperate struggles, to get up it just fast enough and quickly enough to avoid one of the boars who was the first one at him with his wicked fangs.

But the old man's trouble was not over with yet by any manner of means.

There were no limbs upon which he could rest, and he was obliged to cling to the slender bamboo by twining his fat legs around it and clasping it with his hands.

Nor was this his only danger and trouble either, for his weight threatened to bend or break the tree, in which case he would surely fall right where the ugly boars were waiting for him.

"Oh, Lord—oh, Lord! what shall I do?" he groaned, as one of the boars reached up as far as he could and tried to pick some meat from one of his shins. "Murder! help—help! Shoo! get away, you long-tusked brutes—shoo!"

Grunts of defiance greeted him, and it really did seem as though they were coaxing him to come down and be eaten up.

This, of course, he had no notion of doing, but what the deuce he should do was just what bothered him exceedingly.

"Help—help—help! Ho Sham, where the devil are you? Come here and shoot these varmints!" he called, but Ho was not only far enough away to be out of personal danger, but also to be out of hearing.

In short, he was running back toward the camp to give an alarm, and the old man was left alone to face the music.

"Help—help—help!" he cried again, with all the lungs he had. "Oh, if I ever get out of this, I will murder that cowardly Chinaman. I might have known he would have gone back on me at the first sign of danger. Oh, what shall I do? I can't hold on here in this way much longer, and if I go down, those cursed boars will eat me up, sure!" and once more did he groan in the anguish of his spirit.

But one of the hunters happened to be not very far away, and hearing his cries, hastened to find out what the trouble was.

Working his way into the jungle, he was not long in finding out.

Measuring up the situation at a glance, he quickly drew a bead on the foremost boar, and sent a bullet through his head, while the old man was so startled and shocked, that he suddenly relinquished his grip and tumbled to the ground all in a heap.

Another shot from the hunter's rifle badly wounded the other boar, just as he was about to fasten his horrid fangs into the demoralized old man before him, and the next instant the jungle rang with ear-piercing squeals.

The hunter was somewhat demoralized himself; for, seeing the old man tumble down, he was not certain that he had not hit him at the first shot, and so he rushed in to where he lay and assisted him to arise.

"Are you hurt, Mr. Burwick?" he asked.

"Yes—yes—that is—no, I guess not—" he murmured, glaring wildly around.

"I was afraid I hit you."

"Oh, Lord! I—I guess not; where—" and he gazed at the squealing and wounded boar.

Then being suddenly hit by a bright idea, he took out his revolver, which he had been unable to use before, and put an end to that unearthly squeal by sending a bullet through the head of the rascally boar.

"Good! that's one for you!" said the hunter.

"Confound him!" and the old fellow ground his teeth together as he discharged another bullet into the animal. "Go for me, will you?"

"That fixes him. How did it happen?"

"Well, captain, I came suddenly upon a drove of these devils and wounded one of them, expecting my servant would plug another of them while I reloaded. But the cowardly rascal ran for dear life, and as I had no opportunity to reload, I had to do the next best thing, and load this bamboo with myself."

"You had never ought to attempt to hunt these fellows without a pair of good trained dogs, for they keep them out of mischief while you reload. But hark!" he added, as he heard the sound of voices approaching through the jungle.

"It's Ho Sham and the boys. He probably ran back to camp, or found them somewhere, and they are coming to my rescue."

"Hush! I have an idea!"

"No! What is it?"

"I'll skip out, and when they come here, they'll think you killed these two boars."

"Good!"

"That will turn the laugh in your favor."

"And you will never give it away, captain?" he asked, eagerly.

"Never."

"Oh, thank you, captain—thank you," said he, earnestly seizing the hunter's hand, and shaking it cordially.

"That is all right," replied the jovial hunter, as he hastened away into the jungle.

"Oh, perhaps not!" mused the old man, as he nervously began to load his rifle.

Meantime, the calls of Shorty, Ho Sham and the Kid became louder and nearer, as they encouraged him to brace up—that they were coming to the rescue.

And presently they came near enough to see him.

"Halloo, dad! All right?" asked Shorty.

"Oh, yes; I guess so. But you are a cowardly cur, that's just what you are!" he added, turning savagely upon Ho Sham.

"No; me lun flor bloys," said Ho.

"Well, what did you run for the boys for? Why didn't you stay and assist me yourself?"

"Too muchee tige."



"Tiger! You're a fool!" said the old man, turning from him in disgust.

"No; me no fool; me skippee lout."

"Well, you will not skip out on me again, and don't you forget it. Why, if you had remained we might have bagged half a dozen of these fellows, instead of which I have only got two," said he, as though disgusted at the loss of so good a chance.

"Two!" exclaimed both Shorty and the Kid.

"Yes, here they are," said he, pointing to them as they lay half concealed in the thick leaves growing near the ground.

"Whew!" they both whistled.

"Here, Ho, catch hold of this one and pull him out into the opening."

"Hi, ho, so be. Deadee?" he asked, as he cautiously pushed aside the leaves.

"You bet they are. Catch hold of him. You aren't afraid of a dead boar, are you?" he asked, sneeringly.

"Me no; me blace lup, so be," and assisted by Shorty and the Kid, the two dead boars were pulled out into an opening, where their huge proportions could be seen.

"What do you say to those fellows?" asked the old man, proudly.

"Bully, dad—bully!" said Shorty.

"Yer der boss shooter, pop," said the Kid.

"An' say; how 'bout der nerve?"

"Great! Give us yer fin, pop."

"Shake mine, too, dad!" said Shorty, and the old man shook hands with both of them, while a smile of inward pride spread itself over his face.

"Me shakee, too?" asked Ho Sham, extending his hand.

"What! Shake hands with you? Not much. I never shake hands with a coward."

"Me glo flor bloys."

"Bah! You went for Ho Sham, and nobody else. You are a snide."

"A duffer," added Shorty.

"A sick sheep," suggested the Kid.

"Cut off those boars' heads, and bring them after me," said the old man, for, in spite of his seeming great triumph, he really had had all the hunting he wanted that day.

He was still very nervous and greatly exhausted from his adventure up the bamboo tree, although he did all he could to brace up and appear all right.

Ho Sham followed the Shortys as they waddled back to camp. He had a boar's head in either hand, but meeting the big body-servant of the Kid, who was returning from doing an errand, he stopped awhile to rest.

"Vas vos dot?" he asked, looking at the heads.

"Tigee headee," replied Ho.

"Tiger! Dot vas nod. Id vas a boar. Dod vos all dot a Shinamans knows," and the big servant laughed loudly.

"Me killee."

"Vot vos dot?"

"Me shootee."

With a derisive laugh, the German took up his bundles and started for the camp, closely followed by Ho Sham, who all the time kept up his assertions about killing the wild boars, although he did not succeed in making him believe it.

But when the pair of dead heads reached camp, they created a sensation when it became known that they had fallen before the prowess of the old fellow who had furnished them with so much amusement when he attempted to capture the tiger.

The Englishman, who had assisted him out of such a bad scrape did not give it away, but, on the other hand, had the nerve to look as sober as a cow, and congratulate him on his great achievement.

Shorty and the Kid felt very big over the affair, but, at the same time, there was something like a doubt in their minds respecting the genuineness of it. At all events, they resolved to keep their eyes peeled to catch on to anything if they could find it.

Nothing, however, turned up just then to confirm their suspicions, and at the end of two weeks the whole party returned to Calcutta, where the Englishmen were to remain for a few days, after which they were to start off on another expedition.

The Shortys, however, concluded that they had catch of them a bellyful of hunting, and so took leave of their English companions by giving them a big dinner, whereat the old man cheerfully paid that basket of wine which he had lost in the tiger business, and many hearty laughs were indulged in as the old affair was recalled.

But the old fellow was happy, for he had his trophies; and after having them properly prepared, he sent them to a friend in New York as mementoes of his trip around the world.

Well, in a day or two they bade farewell to Calcutta, and started for a still older and more magnificent city, Allahabad, distance about five hundred miles.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

THE route from Calcutta to Allahabad is, through by rail, one of the most beautiful and wonderful countries under the sun.

Situated on the famous river Ganges, it was in the old time the seat of great wealth and power, and in modern times, under English rule, it is still one of the most important centers in India, being a great mart for trade in sugar, indigo, coffee, spices, grain of all kinds, and quite a large amount of cotton.

During the Indian mutiny of 1857, it was the scene of several demoniac massacres which distinguished the revolt of the Sepoy troops.

It contains a population of about seventy-five thousand, native and foreign, and not far from it are the high hills containing the celebrated diamond mines of Poonah.

Arriving at Allahabad, they were driven at once to the Oriental House, the hotel usually patronized by Europeans and Americans, and here they had made up

their minds to remain at least a week, although there is enough there to interest, instruct, and amuse the most ordinary tourist for a much longer time than that.

Ho Sham still maintained that he was the boss traveler; that he knew all about everything in India as well as elsewhere, so he was given leave to go ahead and make good his boast.

It may not have been noticed, but I put it in right here, that Ho Sham had for a long time been quietly buying up clothing of various patterns and nationalities, his object being to appear to be "one of the boys;" a swell in several languages, and by the time they reached Allahabad he had parts of about a dozen suits and styles; some portions of which he wore on various occasions, but never in harmony.

For instance, he was as liable as anything to wear a fur cap, Russian ulster and white duck trousers as anything more appropriate, or a swallow-tail coat and winter overshoes, together with a straw or cork hat. In short, he seemed determined to drop everything Chinese with the exception of his pig-tail. He had heard about doing, while in Rome, as the Romans do, and his object seemed to be not only to accomplish this, but to be "one of the bloys" at the same time.

On reaching Allahabad, he appeared to be a comical nondescript, wearing a cork hat and an ulster which reached nearly to his feet, but showing the bottoms of a pair of white trousers.

Shorty and the Kid had not noticed him particularly since leaving Calcutta, there being so much on every hand to attract their attention, but the old man laughed when he saw how he was togged out.

But on arriving at the hotel the little jokers got a square look at him and howled.

"What is it?" asked the Kid, as they both stood before him.

The Kid had discharged his big servant before leaving Calcutta, and Ho Sham was now common property as he had been before.

"A regular what-is-it, I guess," replied Shorty, while Ho Sham grinned and seemed very proud of the notice which he received.

"Guess what it is, and you may have it."

"Don't want it."

"What's der mat', soy?" said the Kid, bracing up to him with a swagger.

"Me one bloys, so be," replied Ho.

"One of der boys! Well, I should stutter. Yes, yer like one of der boys."

"So be," replied Ho, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Say, got a pop?" asked Shorty.

"Plop?"

"Got a gun?"

"So be."

"Well, go somewhere and shoot yerself."

"Me no shootee; me one bloys; me swell."

"Swell! Guess der swell 'll be taken out of yer, wearin' that thick Russian ulster here in India," replied Shorty, laughing.

But Ho Sham could not understand how it was that he was not right. He certainly had seen such articles of clothing worn, and he could not get it through his head—although there was no hair on it—why he was not a genuine swell traveler, although he knew for certain that being that sort of a swell in India was being very uncomfortable.

But the old man finally took him in hand, and told him what a jackass he was making of himself, and finally succeeded in convincing him that his ulster would be much more appropriate for the North Pole than it would be for the climate of India.

This much of the absurdity he got through his skull, but his next appearance was in a swallow-tail coat and a fur cap.

Ho Sham was quite as smart in some things as the average of his countrymen, but in the matter of dress, after getting out of his native toggery, he was all at sea and didn't appear to know any more about propriety in wearing different costumes he had bought, than a Digger Indian would.

This, of course, furnished Shorty and the Kid with many subjects for fun.

"Say, Ho!" said he to him one day, "der yer know what's der proper caper?"

"Me give lup," replied Ho, grinning.

"A big rubber coat an' boots. Just the thing for knockin' round dis bloody country in!"

The result of this was that Ho Sham was not long in the city, before he astonished the old man, one uncommonly sultry day, by appearing in a long rubber coat, and boots which reached away above his knees, and then the old fellow was mad.

"What in thunder will you do next?" he demanded, starting back and looking at him, while the steam of his perspiring body oozed out at every buttonhole of the coat.

"Give lup," said he, quietly.

"Didn't I tell you that you was a fool?"

"So be," this very meekly.

"Didn't I tell you that you was a confounded pig-tailed jackass?"

"Evelly timee," in the same humble tone.

"And didn't I tell you that such kind of clothing was not intended for this climate?"

"Plopler klapler."

"What?"

"Plopler klapler," he repeated.

"What in thunder to you mean by that?" demanded the indignant and disgusted master.

"Nobby bloy."

"What nobby boy?"

"So be."

"Well, I should say you was a nobby boy."

"Slell traveler."

"Get out! You are a swell fool! I told you not to dress in another costume that did not harmonize with the country in which we were."

"So be."

"Well, does a rubber coat and boots harmonize with the temperature of a hundred degrees in the shade, you idiot?"

"Shorty say plopler klapler."

"Oh! he did, eh? Well, you might have expected that. It is a wonder that he had not told you to put a buffalo robe over it as the climax of the proper caper. Go and get out of those abominations, and keep them until we are at sea again in a rain storm."

"No one bloys?" he asked, mournfully.

"Bah! Shorty only told you that to get you on a string; to sell you and create a laugh. How many times have I got to tell you to look out for those young rascals? I am your master, and you must pay no attention to what any other person tells you. Go and take those things off and put them away, and don't you let me see you appear again in anything that is so confoundedly, stupidly unbecoming, not only to you, but to the climate in which we are, and don't you forget it."

"So be," replied Ho, slinking away, although he could not yet understand where and why he was regarded as stupid.

Well, Ho's blunders and eccentricities of course did not fill the programme of what there was in store for the Shortys in the city and country of Allahabad, although both Shorty and the Kid managed to have much fun with him.

As before stated, the city is one of the most ancient of this most ancient land, and of course contains a thousand and one things that are of great interest to the travelers and students of history.

Even Shorty and the Kid became interested in the natural and artificial beauties with which both the city and country abounds, for although fun and mischief were their most prominent characters, they were both very intelligent fellows, and therefore could not fail to become interested in what they saw all around them.

Of course, like Calcutta, there is a modern or English portion of the city, differing quite as much from the native as that of Calcutta does, or as much as chalk differs from cheese.

To a tourist, however, there is not so much interest attached to the modern portion as to the ancient, for the modern is more like the places he sees everywhere; but the ancient history and the thousands of traditions which are associated with old Indian cities, is quite enough to chain the attention of everybody possessing brains.

They only spent a day in "doing" the English portion of the city, although it really contains many fine residences and public buildings, but when they struck the old portions of the place, and found there so many objects of interest and beauty, it seemed as though a week would be too short a time to take it all in.

There are most magnificent temples, mosques, minarets, and public buildings, while the public gardens and private residences, although differing much in style, rival those of the English quarter as much as the sun rivals the moon.

But the most beautiful and interesting things in nearly every portion of India, are the rock temples, before spoken of; magnificent interiors, hewn and carved out of a solid rock or mountain. There exists no more beautiful or wonderful works of art in the world than these vast rock-chiseled temples, cut out thousands of years before our era, and no traveler, be he ever so fond of something else, can pass them by or enter them without feeling that they are surrounded by the master work of a people who existed long before Egypt and Moses.

Of course they took in all these things, being provided with a guide, and of course while doing so, both Shorty and the Kid extracted all the fun they could from the situation, greatly to the disgust of the old man, who did not for a moment believe that anything like levity should be indulged in while going over and through those wonderful monuments of the past.

On going further away from the city, all trace of English rule or society is lost, and we come in contact with the native Hindoo; with their religion, caste, and social life.

The Shortys took a conveyance and started for quite an extended trip through the country surrounding Allahabad, and soon found that they were in a strange land, indeed.

Nominally, India is under the rule of England, but outside of the larger cities a stranger would scarcely suppose so; and according to the treaties signed between her and the rulers of the different countries comprising India, they are to have their old caste, religion, and social manners, and no law shall be made by England to interfere with them in any way.

In short, many of the countries are to-day as free as ever they were, beyond paying tribute to England and acknowledging her authority.

Many of these states or districts (for it is a land that has long been parceled off and ruled by different kings, princes, and native chiefs; parceled into districts as large as the States of the United States) are yet ruled by their hereditary potentates, especially those who took little or no part in the revolt of 1857.

Consequently, a stranger going away from the cities and into these districts, unless in some great emergency which entitles him to call upon the Viceroy of India, is wholly under the laws which have so long been in force with the natives.

The guide, who had often officiated in the same capacity for travelers, was very particular to inform them of the rules they must observe while in these localities, although they were exceedingly irksome to the free-born Englishman or American.

At a small town not far from Renah, they halted for the purpose of visiting some of the old ruins of India's past glory, and several sacred temples, which are even now approached with the utmost religious circumspection and veneration.

In these temples the religion of Buddha is presented



as it has been for the thousands of years that it has proved a blessing to India, but the forms and ceremonies attending its dispensation are so varied and complicated, that they puzzle the enlightened citizen of the new and many parts of the old world.

And yet in some instances it is death to transgress these forms, as many a foreigner has learned to his cost.

The old man not only knew all this from reading, but the guide also cautioned them very particularly whenever they approached sacred places, consequently he felt secure.

But both Shorty and the Kid soon began to tire of this sort of exploration. It was altogether too solemn for them, and they wanted to get back to Allahabad, and from there continue their journey toward Bombay, the most English city in India.

The old man, however, was determined to stick to the line of exploration he had set out upon, and whenever the young fellows rested, tired and disgusted, he pushed on with the guide and took it all in.

"Soy," said the Kid, one day, "I'm sick."

"Me, too, Kiddy," replied Shorty, solemnly.

"What 'er we goin' ter do? Der ole man's got der mist'ry of Ingy on der brain-pan. Can't we shake him off, somehow?"

"I've thought of a racket, but we can't work it alone," mused Shorty.

"What is it?"

"Never mind."

"Won't yer give it ter me?"

"No; for it can't be worked."

"How'd yer know?"

"Cos we arn't posted here."

"But what is it?"

"Well, yer know, they burn a chap here, if he goes inter one of their holy temples with his shoes on."

"Yes; so they say."

"If we could put up a job in some way an' get der ole rooster on a pile of wood ter be toasted, wouldn't it be bully fun?"

"Yer bet; an' wouldn't it make him so sick dat he'd want ter light out?"

"Dat's what I'm shoutin'; but how shall we work it? Dat's der quest'."

"How 'bout der soldiers?"

"Give it up;" and again they both fell to musing.

At this little village of Allaalla, there was at that time stationed a company of English soldiers, who had been sent there in relation to some revenue dispute, and were waiting to see the demands of the home government complied with, or to enforce them at the point of the bayonet, as they had often done before in such cases.

Shorty had already made the acquaintance of the captain of this company, and found him to be a rollicking, jolly good fellow, as were the majority of the men in his company, and after a short chat, who should this captain prove to be but a brother of Captain Plum, of the *Great Mogul*.

Of course, having seen his elder brother so recently, made Shorty a friend at once, but when he had told him of the fun and the hurrahs they had enjoyed on board of his brother's ship, young Captain Plum became greatly interested, and asked Shorty and the Kid to dine with him.

All this happened since they had been in Allaalla, and of course they were on good terms with both the captain and officers of the company, and yet Shorty had never thought of them in connection with the racket he was desirous of working, until the Kid had asked him how about it.

But he caught on now—provided.

Without making any reply, he went to Captain Plum's quarters, and they were closeted together for at least an hour, and when they shook hands at parting, both of them wore grins at least a yard long. Of all this, however, the old man knew nothing, for he was too busy with hunting up historical curiosities.

The next day the old fellow proposed to go to the Holy Temple of Allah to witness the ceremonies, this being the most sacred place in India. In fact, death was the penalty for anybody who presumed to enter its portals with covered head and feet, or in any other way than upon their hands and knees.

On calling for his guide, he never suspected that he had been replaced by an English drummer belonging to the company stationed there, and who was just dying for a lark, but such was the case; the regular guide having been sent back during the night to Allahabad, as though by his orders.

This new guide, however, was dressed so much like the old one, that he never stopped to suspect there was a cheat, but followed him to the temple early in the morning.

But on the way there the guide explained all about the place and the religious etiquette required, all of which had been told him before; but after this, he was informed that out of deference to the great lands of America and England, Americans and Englishmen were allowed to enter the temple just as they pleased, while death awaited the Mohammedan, who should dare to violate the religious rules.

This piece of information tickled the old man's pride exceedingly, and so when the portals of the temple were reached, he braced up and marched bodily in, not even so much as removing his hat, while the guide went in on all fours, as the others were doing.

There was a shout from the priests, and before the old man knew what the matter was, he was seized by about a dozen native officers and hurried roughly away, all the time protesting that he was an American. But this did him no good, even could they have understood his language, and he was thrust violently into a dungeon and securely locked in.

Here was a situation! Had there been a mistake made, or had his guide deceived him? What would be the result of this? Where was the guide—where were his friends?

For an hour or more he fretted and fumed in his dark and loathsome dungeon, uncertain as to his fate, when finally his prison door was opened, and the same squad of officers approached and securely pinioned him.

He tried to ask the meaning of this, but they handled him somewhat roughly, without wishing to, or being able to give him any explanation.

Taking him out to the front of the temple, they hurried him up some steps, and threw him down upon a pile of wood, raised in the form of a sacrificial altar, and there left him.

In an instant he comprehended it all. He had profaned the sacred temple of Allah, the penalty of which was death, and he was now about to be burned!

Where were his sons—his friends?

You bet they were close at hand, watching the business with much earnestness.

"Shorty, Shorty!" he cried, in the anguish of his spirit. "Come here, my son; they are going to murder me! Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!" and by a desperate effort he succeeded in turning over and getting upon his knees.

"Halloo, dad!" said Shorty, suddenly showing himself, as did the Kid. "What's yer racket up dere?"

"Oh, my boy, they are going to burn me!"

"What for?"

"Oh, I made a mistake in the temple. Plead with them to save my life; tell them I am an American, and didn't know any better."

"Soy, I can't say nuffin ter 'em; they can't understand United States' talk," said Shorty.

"Then shoot some of them!" pleaded the old man.

"Arn't got pops 'nough, dad."

"All right. If you won't make an effort to save your old father, he forgives you, and leaves you all of his property," said he, mournfully.

"Well, soy, chuck us down yer 'kick;' don't let 'em burn that up with you," said the Kid.

The old man was paralyzed at the impudence.

"Yes, chuck us down all yer swag," said Shorty.

"Oh, my sons—oh, my sons! They are going to burn me here, and you don't care a snap!"

"No. Serves you right for comin' inter this heathenish place. Good-bye, dad!"

"Good-bye, pop!"

The old man nearly fainted at this.

During the conversation those in charge of the great business of roasting a profaner were piling up light kindling-wood around the pile, and when all was ready the word to fire it was given, while the priests in their robes stood approvingly by.

"Oh, Lord—oh, Lord!" moaned the victim, as he turned his eyes skyward and tried to pray.

"Good-bye, dad!"

"Ta-ta, pop. Want a fan?" chirped the Kid.

"Oh, you hard-hearted wretches!"

One of the officers stepped forward with a blazing torch for the purpose of setting the fun a-going. Fun, indeed!

The priests began to chant some sort of a hymn, but just as the fire was started, Captain Plum, at the head of his company, came suddenly upon the scene on the double-quick.

The natives and priests instantly became panic-stricken, and fell back.

Charging upon the wood-pile on which lay the terrified victim, they scattered the newly-lighted fire before it could do any damage.

Shorty climbed quickly up, and stood by the side of his shabby and astonished dad.

"Three cheers for England and America!" he cried, swinging his hat, and those cheers were loudly given, you bet.

"Assist him down," said Captain Plum.

"Come on, dad."

"Am I saved?" he asked, timidly.

"Yes, yer bacon isn't even smoked," said Shorty; but as the old fellow was assisted down, a loud laugh greeted him from the soldiers.

"What—what does it mean?" he asked of Shorty.

"A roast!" replied Shorty, laughing.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

THE old man stood gazing from one to another, and wondering why, in the face of such a tragedy, they could laugh.

Both Shorty and the Kid roared and almost stood on their heads.

Captain Plum, who had come to the rescue so opportunely, was about the only one who looked serious in any way.

"Oh, sir, you have my deepest thanks for this humane piece of business, for had you not come to my rescue, they would have burned me alive," said he, with great earnestness.

"You are right, they would. The rascals are up to that sort of thing. I suppose you trespassed unwittingly upon some of the sacred laws of their priesthood."

"Yes, but my guide deceived me regarding the etiquette to be observed on entering one of their temples."

"The rascal! None of them are to be trusted. But you will have to leave the place or they will have you yet. They never let up when once they get a victim, so you had best make haste to get back to Allahabad. Here the natives are in full power; there you are under the laws and protection of England," said the captain.

"Oh, certainly, I will not lose a moment," replied the old man; and this was just the very racket that Shorty intended to work, having got tired of taking part in his dad's explorations.

This tragic episode cured him of his desire to wander away from the large cities for the sake of exploring the native caves and temples of worship.

But the military had to form a hollow square, in order to protect him from the fury of the natives as they marched back to the station, for the savage fury

of their outraged religion demanded him for a victim of fire.

Agreeing to meet them at Allahabad the next day, Captain Plum parted with them.

"Try and not get roasted any more," said he, shaking hands with the old man, at which Shorty and the Kid laughed heartily.

"Yes, certainly; but what do you mean by roast?" he asked, half suspecting that there was some sort of a job at the bottom of the whole affair after all.

"Shorty will tell you, perhaps," replied the captain, laughing and walking away.

The old man turned seriously upon Shorty, who was still laughing, as was the Kid.

"Soy, what's der mat, ole man?" asked Shorty, but the old fellow made no reply, and continued to look at him with great seriousness.

"Why, he feels bad, dat's all," suggested the Kid, and again they roared with laughter.

"Do you wish me to believe that you have been in any way mixed up in this matter?" said he, at length.

"What's der mat yer torkin' 'bout, dad?"

"The matter of getting me into this dreadful scrape with these Hindoos. What are you laughing at?"

"At der roast."

"But were you in any way mixed up in it?"

"Me? Nixy. They didn't try to roast me," replied Shorty, evasively.

"But did you have anything to do with my being thus outraged? Answer me that."

"Why, yer put yer own foot inter it, didn't yer?"

"Well," and the old man hesitated, "where is that rascally guide?"

"Give it up, dad. Ask me an easier one."

"Have you seen him?"

"Nixy. He was your own racket."

"But how came you upon the scene, and why did you both abuse me so in the moment of my terrible dilemma?"

"How came you there, anyhow?"

"Why, we heard dat they war goin' ter roast yer, an' wanted ter see der fun," replied Shorty, and again both of the little rascals laughed.

"And the military?"

"They tumbled."

"Tumbled!"

"Yes, Cap. Plum, he—"

"Captain Plum?"

"Yes, cert. Brother of der other Plum."

"You don't tell me so!"

"Fact. Well, he heard dat my dad was ter to be roasted an' he come ter der front, all on my account."

"Is that so?"

"Cert. Der yer tumble?"

"And after all, do I owe my life to you—you who ridiculed me in the hour of my extremity?"

"Cert. An' yer didn't tumble?"

"Oh, he never fell down once," said the Kid, who was enjoying it all.

"Well, but those rascals meant it?"

"Of course they did."

"They would have sacrificed me?"

"Cert, sure."

"And it is to you I owe my liberation?"

"Mark it!"

"Well—I—I thought you were hard-hearted."

"Only a guy."

"Well—well, forgive me," said the old man, grasping his hand.

"So cert. We forgive yer," replied Shorty; and after shaking hands with him again, they once more commenced to laugh.

The old fellow could scarcely understand the business even now. There seemed to be a good chance for believing that both Shorty and the Kid were innocent of all blame; and there was also a good chance for believing that they knew something about this racket, even if they were not the instigators of it.

But he was one of those people who are inclined to look on the bright side of every picture, and as the bright side in this case would prevent any unnecessary hard feelings, he let his other suspicions go to the wind, and resigned himself to the belief that Shorty was not only a dutiful son, but a genuine friend as well.

And so they kept on their way back to Allahabad, where they found Ho Sham waiting to receive them, dressed in an English policeman's hat, and a swallow-tailed coat, together with a pair of white pantaloons. Whew!

He was a plum; and after laughing at him for a while, the old man again took him in hand and gave him some more chin music on propriety.

"How many more times have I got to tell you that you are an ass?" he demanded.

"Me no lass; me one bloys," replied Ho, at the same time whirling himself around so as to show off his toggery.

"One of the boys! One of the cussed fools! Go and take off those clothes, and dress more like a civilized human being, or I will discharge you."

This rather stumped the Chinaman, but he at once obeyed, or, rather, he started to do so, when he encountered Shorty.

"What's der matter, Shammy?" he asked, looking him over with a big grin on his mug.

"Ole man slay me fool," replied Ho.

"What for?"

"Give up," said he, whirling himself around and looking at his clothes.

"Oh! yer togs."

"So be."

"Why, yer 'way off!"

"How be?"

"Yer want a sailor rig."

"How be?"

"Why, dat's der proper cape, ole fel'."

"Slalloo!"

"Cert. Go buy a sailor suit," said he, earnestly.



"Me, yes," replied Ho; and away he went for the nearest clothing store.

Now it so happened, Allahabad being an inland city, and without many calls for sailor outfits, he had considerable trouble in finding a regular sailor dress, but he finally succeeded in finding one at a Jew's second-hand store—one that had been worn by an English man-of-war's-man.

Both Shorty and the Kid were on hand when Ho Sham returned, and although he was comical, he was at the same time quite a sailor, indeed, quite as much of a one as could have been made of any Chinaman in the world.

And having become familiar with the habits and actions of sailors, he was putting on all the sailor frills ever seen, such as hitching his trousers, swaggering or rolling as he walked along, and trying in every way to personify a sailor.

Shorty and the Kid laughed as they saw him, but of course they gaped him.

"Ship ahoy!" they cried.

"Ho—ho!" answered Ho.

"What ship?"

"Hunkly Dorly, Hong Kong."

"Where yer bound?"

"Bound on hulah, so be."

"Luff up in der wind an' send a boat on board ter swap papers," cried Shorty, himself imitating an old sea-dog.

Just then the old man came in.

Seeing his body servant in this new rig, he started back in surprise.

"That settles it!" said he, at length.

"How be?"

"You've struck it now. That's the dress I want you to wear right straight along. Don't you change it for any other. Understand?"

"So be."

"Well, see that you don't get out of it again. You are one of the boys, sure enough, now, and don't you forget yourself and get on any more of your outlandish toggery."

"Blully bloy?"

"Yes, and you stick to it. You make up for a sailor better than anything else."

"All but der pig-tail," suggested Shorty.

"Dat's do. Let's chop it off," put in the Kid.

"Ho—ho! me no! Me good Chinaman allee samee when blully bloy. Loossee pig-tail, me no goodee anybody," said Ho, earnestly.

"Well, all right; but if I catch you up to any more of your tricks I will have your pig-tail broken off, sure," said the old man.

"So be."

"And don't you forget it, Johnny," added Shorty.

"Me no slouches; me good bloy, allee samee likee Melican man an' Linglishman," said Ho, very earnestly.

Well, there they were, back to Allahabad, but as they had remained there and about there for more than a week, they concluded to move on, having seen about all there was of interest there.

But to what point next?

After consulting their guide, it was finally agreed to push on to Bombay, stopping only at a few important cities by the way, such as Puna, Jubalpur, Hashangabad, and a few others.

In fact, if Shorty and the Kid could have had their way, they would have made no further stop before reaching Bombay, for they had heard more of that city than any other in India, and especially regarding the celebrated island of Elephanta, and they were tired of this knocking around through strange places, meeting strange people, and continually getting into trouble because of not understanding either their language or customs.

But as the old man had India on the brain pretty bad, they concluded to humor him to the extent of stopping over at three or four places before taking the regular header for Bombay.

Nothing transpired, however, and at the end of ten days from Allahabad, they found themselves in the beautiful city of Bombay, looking out upon the historic Arabian Sea.

Now Bombay is the most English city in India. In fact, a stranger would scarcely suppose for a moment, should he suddenly wake up in the place, that he was not in some lively English town, like Liverpool, for instance.

And yet there is much to be seen of the natives and their portion of the city, provided only that one remains there long enough to get posted.

But the Shortys had by this time supped full of India and its wonders, and were anxious to push along toward Europe, although, of course, they intended to devote at least one day to that most wonderful spot of earth—the island of Elephanta.

It did not take long to "do" Bombay itself, since it is so much like European cities, and as for the Hindoo portion of it, they cared but little, having seen the natives since arriving at Calcutta, in all forms and shapes, in all conditions and attitudes.

They put up at the Adelphi Hotel, where they were made to feel very much at home, and from here they took in the city at their own sweet leisure, reserving Elephanta for the last place of their visit before taking a steamer for another long sea voyage to Aden, Arabia.

But all this aside, they had been in Bombay only a few days when they met with a party of Americans, who, like themselves, were making the tour of the world, only they were going in an opposite direction.

But both parties came together for a visit to the famed island of Elephanta, to become in reality acquainted with what they had all read so much about, and they were all amply repaid for their journey.

The island of Elephanta is one of the most remarkable places in India, if not in the world.

It is only a few miles from the city, being simply a

granite-island rock in the harbor, but thousands of years ago the cunning sculptor and religious enthusiast transformed the interior of that island into one of the most beautiful temples now existing on the face of the earth.

They appear to have attacked this light-colored but intensely hard granite, and hewing their way into the heart of the island rock, there spent perhaps hundreds of years in chiseling out vast rooms, ornamented with tall, rich columns, richly-carved walls and ceilings, beautifully-designed altars and floors, all highly polished, and representing an amount of work and expended talent that would appall us moderns who fancy ourselves so great.

With perhaps one or two exceptions, this rock-hewn temple is the largest in the world, and must on its completion have rivaled even the famous temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, but in all probability built long before it.

There are evidences of its having at one time contained immense treasures in gold and precious stones, which were inserted into the polished walls and ceilings, and sparkled from its altars. But having been pillaged on several occasions by various nations, who have from time to time conquered and overrun India, but little remains now but its vastness and architectural beauty.

What religion was practiced there may only be conjectured. Some say it was a temple dedicated to the worship of the elephant, because a huge figure of an elephant, cut in the solid rock, guards its main portal; but as that animal has always been used in India to typify sagacity, strength, and dignity, it is probable that it was merely set up there as the emblem of the guardian genius of the temple, that was most likely dedicated to more rational worship than that of animals; for a people who are able to conceive and execute so much lasting beauty and grandeur, are hardly the ones to engage in such a low order of worship.

But a truce to this, although its remarkable wonders actually excited the close interest of both Shorty and the Kid. Of course, there was hardly any chance for them to be funny during such a visit, yet they soon got enough of it.

The truth was, they had scooped in all the wonders they cared about; they wanted some fun, not having had much, if any, since the roasting racket they had played upon the old man two or three weeks before.

They had stood this sort of thing long enough; something had to be done. They took in the city, and weighed it up. It didn't amount to much.

A little ways out of it there was a show; a something between a circus and a menagerie, at which was to be seen snake-charming, feats of magic, and several sacred animals among the other wonders constituting the menagerie proper.

Everything is wonderful that we are not familiar with. Consequently this menagerie had several American animals which were, of course, curiosities to the inhabitants of India, although all the interest they possessed for our friends was in the fact of their being American animals.

Among them was what the sharp English showman who was at the head of the business denominated "The Worshipped Mule;" a creature that was held sacred in America, he announced, and which they worshipped in preference to anything else.

Shorty and the Kid visited this show while the old man was working up something else, and, ringing in with the proprietor, who, by the way, had often heard of Shorty, they were not long in becoming excellent friends.

His name was Tubbs, and while the old man was taking in the ancient and historical, Shorty and the Kid were taking in the fun, and laying pipe for more.

On examining the "Worshipped Mule," they were not long in discovering that the animal was simply and only an American mule, although he was a great curiosity in India.

Finally they called the old man's attention to this wonderful collection of animals, and one evening he consented to go to the place with them, accompanied by Ho Sham, of course.

The old man had kept him right down to the sailor costume ever since he had assumed it, and he, of course, attracted considerable attention, dressed as an English man-of-war's-man, with his long pigtail attachment.

Shorty came loaded with his banjo, and having a regular understanding with the manager, although no one else knew anything about it, the crowd of visitors were surprised at the following announcement from the boss of the show, the English of which amounts to about this:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the honor this evening of presenting to you the Prince of America, a genuine mule worshiper, and he will consent to show you one form of the worship which they offer to these animals. Ladies and Gentlemen: His Royal Highness, Cooko Hoube, now traveling with his suite around the world," he added, turning to Shorty, who stood behind him in the ring.

"How be?" said Shorty, bowing. "Culla-culla, high-ho, now, chip chiparing cheese. Damafoola, take nary tumble, chow chow tobacco. Soda lemonada bellywasha! Indus no tumbula to mula. Sella saleratus!" he rattled off, as though speaking the language of his country.

The spectators crowded around, for Shorty's singular appearance interested them at once, and what he intended to do with the banjo, of course, naturally awoke their curiosity, it being a strange instrument to them.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Prince of America has just told you, in his native tongue, that he is glad to show himself to you, having passed the greater portion of his life in the show business, and that he will now proceed to exhibit to you the musical form of worship

that is bestowed upon these sacred animals," said the manager, as an attendant led forth the poor old mule.

Now, a word right here regarding this mule. Shorty was not long in discovering during his visits that he was one of Dan Rice's old educated mules, that had been sold at one of his many "burst ups," and that he had served awhile in England, after which he was sold to this one-horse concern. Shorty knew him, and the tricks he used to perform, and was not long in finding out that, old as he was, he had not yet forgotten them.

But he was bound to make a hit, and, greatly to the astonishment of the old man and Ho Sham, he threw himself upon one knee before the mule, and began to rattle the music out of the banjo at a rate and in a style that that audience never heard before, playing a regular medley of jigs and comic tunes, many of which the animal appeared to recognize, for he cocked up his long ears and looked fondly down upon the little joker.

And out of respect to the American Prince, the people uncovered their heads while this "worship" was going on, making it altogether one of the most farcical and ridiculous exhibitions ever seen.

After playing for a few moments, Shorty suddenly changed to "Hi-Jim-along-Josey," an old tune which he knew Dan Rice used to have the band play while the mules were going through this business in the ring.

Instantly, and to the great astonishment of the spectators, the mule began to dance and to career around the ring in a curious, graceful manner, returning in a moment or two to the charmer, who still ripped out the rollicking music.

Throwing himself astride of the animal, he changed to another lively tune, and the mule began to canter around the ring, keeping good time, while the people looked on in amazement.

Finally this part of the business was finished, and the manager called for the clown to come forth and ride the "Sacred" mule around the ring.

This was new business to the native clown, as he had never hitherto had anything to do with the animals; but thinking he had only to help along the show, he gave a whoop and bounded upon the mule's back.

Then Shorty struck up another tune, the very one that Dan Rice used to employ for a certain purpose while the mules were performing, and instantly that animal seemed like an entirely new beast. Up went his back, and up went that clown into the air. The people roared, and the clown again tried to ride the mule, with no better success, although he clung with both arms around his neck.

It was, in short, an old trick mule who had not yet forgotten his business, although his present owners never knew of his accomplishments. But the audience very soon tumbled to the funny part of the business and laughed heartily, while the bounced and discomfited clown got as mad as blazes and wanted to kill the mule, and the American Prince, who was evidently at the bottom of the mischievous piece of the business.

It was new also to Ho Sham, and after the clown had failed, he offered to ride the mule, and at once got astride of him, feeling big and very confident.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE people in the circus soon began to find out that both Shorty, as the "Prince of America," and a mule worshiper, and the sacredness of that old trick mule were shams, and also that the whole thing was simply impromptu fun and a good-natured sell.

So when Ho Sham mounted the animal after the failure of the native clown to ride him around the ring, they shouted and laughed and crowded closer to see what would be the fate of the Chinese man-of-war's-man.

Shorty started up his banjo again, and Dan Rice's old trick mule, that had found his way from America to India, began to cut up his pranks to free himself of his rider.

But Ho Sham clung to him like a flea to a dog's back, resolved to conquer or die.

Well, he didn't conquer, and he didn't die exactly; although when the mule, to get clear of his rider, laid down and deliberately rolled over, it broke him up badly.

The people shouted and the manager of the circus was delighted, for he had found a new virtue in his old mule that would be sure to attract people to his show.

"Want some more?" asked Shorty, as Ho Sham picked himself slowly and sadly up.

"Me no," said he, faintly, as he hobbled out of the ring with both hands held upon his belly, perhaps thinking it had been burst.

"Don't be quite so fresh next time," said the old man, addressing him savagely.

"Me no flesh. Shorty say hoop-la," he moaned.

"Well, I guess you won't mind if he does say hoop-la another time, will you?"

"Me allee bloke."

"Say, give us some more," suggested the Kid.

Ho Sham cast on him one reproachful look, but the only reply he made was between a grunt and a groan.

Well, the show was over and the people departed entirely satisfied with the unexpected portion of it, although if Shorty was an American Prince and a mule worshiper, as the manager had asserted, he was a comical one.

Shorty posted the irate clown, who had been so incontinently bounced, in the business of managing him so that it would be safe at any time to offer large rewards for any volunteer who might successfully ride him around the ring.

That was more like old times than anything Shorty had enjoyed in a long time, and he began to feel some like himself again.

But the feeling did not last long. The truth was, he



had got all he wanted of India and his antiquities. It was all very well, but he had got a bellyful of it.

So they began to make up a programme of their future movements, at least until they got into Europe. After consulting their maps and guide-books for some time, it was finally arranged that they should take a steamer for Bombay and not stop again until they reached Mecca, in Arabia, on the Red Sea, where the stop should only be three days, taking a steamer from there to Palestine, where they would do Jerusalem and other cities and towns in the Holy Land, and then back again to Cairo, Egypt, and scoop in some of that historic old land.

For this part of the tour they would start at Suez; go through the famous canal which unites the waters of the Red and Mediterranean Seas, where they would arrange another programme for the future.

Shorty did not wish to stop at Mecca at all, but the old man insisted upon it, as there were many curiosities to be seen there; and so away they started, and were once more on the bounding deep, this time it being the unsteady Arabian Sea.

It is rather an old story by this time, this being at sea on a steamer, and although they all had more or less fun during the next two weeks before landing at Mecca, still there was nothing particularly new in it; and so I will skip over the details of the voyage, and at the same time skip along with my narration.

Mecca is an ancient city, but beyond some historical and architectural interest, and what it may possess for the student, it does not amount to much.

Shorty and the Kid saw all they wanted of the city in one day, although the old man was greatly taken with it, and declared that it was the most interesting place he had seen.

"Well, take it all in, dad, for yer haven't got much more time left," said Shorty.

"To-day let us visit the tomb of Mohammed."

"Who's Moham?"

"The Prophet."

"What prophet?"

"Why, the great warrior prophet; the founder of the great Mohammedan religion," replied the old man, reverently.

"Oh, he was one of them pious ole roosters?"

"And a great warrior. Why, in the seventh century, he swept with an irresistible army over nearly the whole known world, establishing his religion with fire and sword, and baptizing its foundations in the blood of slaughtered millions."

"Nonsense!"

"Why, it is a historical fact; and what is more, that religion to this day has followers who nearly outnumber all other religions in the world."

"Well, he's what yer might call a fightin' rooster."

"He was a great man, my boys, and his followers have always revered him as a god, and never pray that they do not face toward Mecca. It is said, I suppose you have read, that his enormous lead coffin, which is enclosed in his Moslem tomb, is suspended between Heaven and earth in mid-air."

"Won't he take a tumble?"

"Don't be so frivolous; let us go and see his tomb."

"Nary tomb. Let's go and see something *live*; I'm tired of yer ole dead duffers," replied Shorty.

"Duffer! Mohammed the Great a duffer?"

"Well, he's a snoozer now, at all events."

"I am astonished at your lack of appreciation."

"I'm no boy; I know when I've got enough. I want ter get somewhere where things are *new*."

The old man looked at him a moment, as though attempting to shame him for his levity, and then walked away in company with Ho Sham, leaving Shorty and the Kid seated in an arbor in the garden surrounding the hotel.

Even smoking and loafing in such places as Mecca becomes tiresome after awhile, for it is a rarity to find a person who can speak English; so the next day they all went together to visit a curious old temple, situated about three miles outside of the city limits.

It was an extremely oppressive day, and the guide shook his head ominously every now and then as he cast his eyes around the horizon.

The old man saw this, and asked him what he saw or apprehended; but the nearest he could express himself in English was to give utterance to the Arabic word "*Hashaskie*."

But what this meant none of them could tell, of course, although Shorty suggested that the fellow was talking about "*horse hash*."

The old man, however, concluded that he was predicting a thunder-storm, or something of the kind, and so told him to go ahead; that they were used to that sort of thing, and didn't mind it for a cent.

But they had not proceeded far before the sky became suddenly darkened, and a strange hush seemed to fall upon all nature; and yet none of the usual appearances of a thunder-storm were visible.

The old man turned to the guide, but he was standing with his face turned toward Mecca, and was industriously praying.

"Hoop-ho! Slimoom!" exclaimed Ho Sham, gazing around him with a wild look of terror on his face.

"Slimoom! You mean simoon," suggested the old man, not wholly at ease.

"Si Moom? Who's he?" asked Shorty, bound to work in his little fun, although, to tell the truth, he didn't like the look of things, and was a trifle shaky on his pins.

"A simoon is a dreadful wind-storm, so hot as to suffocate those exposed to it. I have read that they often occur in Arabia."

"Well, here, I don't want any of it," said Shorty, turning to return to the city.

"I don't want any in mine," put in the Kid, starting to run away.

"Hoop-ho! me sklip!" said Ho Sham, following their example.

"Oh, Lord—oh, Lord! Here, come back here, you scoundrel; don't you dare to desert me!" cried the old man.

He stopped a moment for him to catch up with him. He appeared to be paralyzed with fear of the impending danger.

Just then they were startled by a deep and awful rumble from the bowels of the earth, and the next instant a severe shock of an earthquake nearly threw them to the ground.

"Oh, Lord—oh, Lord! It's an earthquake! Support me, Ho, you rascal, support me!"

Poor Ho Sham! He could scarcely support himself, but he caught the old man in his arms.

"Soy, dat's all right!" cried Shorty. "It's only a little chills an' fever in ther ground."

"Let her shake. We can stan' it if she can," cried the Kid.

Then came another shock, but none of them were able to stand this, and down they all went, yelling, while the air was full of the sounds of falling buildings and rended rocks.

The guide still kept praying to the Prophet, and the others felt very much like it.

Another terrific shock, and suddenly the earth began to open beneath them.

Ho Sham had the old man in his arms at the moment, and the fissure yawned directly between his legs, opening fully a foot wide.

"Hold on to me, Ho! Don't drop me for your life!" cried the old man, in tones of anguish.

"Hoop-ho hellee! Me no!" groaned Ho Sham, as the fissure widened, with one of his legs on either side of it.

"You must or I'll kill you! Here, guide! Shorty, come here, quick!" he cried.

The guide refused to obey, or did not hear, but Shorty and the Kid ran to the rescue.

"Hold yer grip, Ho!"

"Don't drop him ter spit on yer hands," added the Kid.

With one supreme effort the old man and the equally frightened Chinaman were pulled safely to one side of the chasm.

But still the earthquake continued, the shocks occurring every few seconds.

Of course the situation was an appalling one, for they did not know at what instant the earth might open beneath their feet and swallow them up.

There wasn't a bit of fun in the thing, and for the first time in his life, almost, Shorty did not feel like making a joke.

Altogether the earthquake lasted for about ten minutes, at the end of which time a high wind sprang up, which drove before it a portion of the shadowy haze, which had settled upon the face of nature, and they were enabled to look around them and see the damage that had been done.

The fissure, over which Ho Sham and the old man had been caught, extended in varying widths, either way, as far as the eye could see, and two other longer ones yawned only a short distance from where they stood.

The guide finally finished his praying, no doubt believing that he had stopped the earthquake, and approached the party.

"Is it all over, do you think?" asked the old man.

"Allah be praised, yes! The prophet heard my prayer," replied the guide.

"Well, soy, why didn't yer think ter go for his nibs before the shake began?" asked Shorty.

But of course the guide, with his limited knowledge of the English language, did not catch his meaning, and if he had, he probably would have been offended at his calling the prophet "*his nibs*."

"Wasn't it dreadful?"

"I never got such a dirty shake in my life," said Shorty, brushing the dirt from his clothes.

"See! the old temple is in ruins!" said the old man, pointing to it.

"An' we should have been in der ruins, too, if we hadn't got out just as we did."

"That is so. What a fortunate escape!"

"Wonder if der city's shook up much?"

"It must be. Let us return and see."

Just then the guide gave a quick exclamation of surprise, as he looked toward the city, and when they turned in the same direction, they saw a cloud of dust arising high in the air, which must have been ascending from fallen ruins.

"Let us make haste back again."

"Yes, for our hotel may have tumbled down, and our togs buried," and without loss of time they started for Mecca.

"Hoop! hoop! blig shake," muttered Ho Sham, now partially recovered from his terror.

In truth he was the most broken-up man in the party, and as he walked along, he would start and stop suddenly, as though expecting another terrestrial racket.

On every side, as they made their way back to Mecca, they encountered fresh evidences of the terrible doings of the earthquake. Along the road, houses were in ruins, and the groans of the wounded mingled with the lamentations of survivors, who mourned the dead.

Oh, it was anything but a pleasurable trip back from the suburbs of Mecca, for in the face of death and devastation there arises anything but feelings of enjoyment.

But finally they reached the city proper, where they found that the earthquake had effected a great ruin upon the buildings and death upon the people. The wildest excitement prevailed on every side, and most alarming rumors regarding the ruin and the number of killed and wounded were afloat.

The utmost consternation prevailed on every hand, but making their way slowly along, the Shortys finally reached their hotel, where they found everything safe,

as the building had not suffered like so many of its neighbors.

Make a quick bet and a good one, that our friends were not long in getting out of that place.

From Mecca they sailed, and their next real stopping place was at Jerusalem, Palestine.

Think of it! There they were in the holy city of which we have all heard and read so much.

Shorty began to feel better than he had for a long time. Not that he felt more at home, but here he found visitors from every portion of the globe almost.

He was not long in finding that some of them were as green as grass, believing everything that the rascally guides told them, and ready to purchase anything that they claimed as belonging to antiquity, and the personages who figure in the Bible.

Just as soon as Shorty got his bearings, he, of course, took advantage of this, while the old man was up to his ears with two guides, and taking in all they gave him.

He and the Kid were out one day on Mount Moriah, taking in the scenes and ruins and the great Mosque de Aksa, when a party of tourists came along. They were evidently Americans, and were not employing a guide.

Shorty and the Kid were both dressed like Arabs, doing this act just for fun, and naturally enough these people, who were going on the cheap plan, came up to them for information, asking them in the first place if they spoke English.

"Cert," replied Shorty, making a salaam.

"Acquainted here in Jerusalem?"

"Born here. Regular Jews."

"You don't tell me so. Then, of course, you can show us everything."

"Cert; everything from der ruins of Sol's tempter der grave of ole Sol himself."

"Gracious goodness! You don't pretend to tell me that the grave of Solomon is known?"

"Got der ole man's plant dead ter rights."

"Where is it?" and they all gathered around him.

"See dat heap of stones dere?" he asked, pointing to an old ruin that hardly resembled anything. "Well, dat's Sol's hill; dat was where dey planted him."

"Heaven be praised!" and they all made a rush for it, some kneeling upon it, and others filling their pockets with stones and earth, and such mementoes as they could carry away.

They visited the Mosque of Omar, and Shorty told them confidently that on this site once stood the temple of Solomon; in fact, the structure was built upon its old foundations.

They proved to be the softest sort of duffers, and Shorty kept them on the string the whole day long, pointing out to them everything they wanted to find, although, of course, he knew nothing at all about the matter, and by night he had them loaded down with relics and mementoes, representing nearly everybody and everything mentioned in the Bible.

Of course when they got back to the hotel where they were stopping, and where dozens of other tourists made their headquarters, and displayed their trophies, it did not make them feel over and above well to learn that they had either been in the hands of rank impostors or practical jokers—to find out that nothing with which they had burdened themselves so greatly was in reality what it was represented to be.

They got mad, in fact, and wanted to go gunning for the little Arabs who had fooled them so; and to make it all the worse, everybody gave them the grand laugh wherever they went.

But the jokers were smart enough to change their dress the next time they went out, so that their victims would not know them.

Well, a whole week was spent in and around Jerusalem. The old man was almost crazy with enthusiasm, and, to tell the truth, he did not fare much better at the hands of the regular guides than did the victims who had employed Shorty and the Kid; for he had a mule-load of souvenirs which he had obtained from tombs, rivers, and places of historical or religious interest, none of which had anything to do with them, in truth.

But he was just as well satisfied, and was firm in his belief of their being genuine. Each article was carefully labeled, and forwarded to New York by express, after which they visited several other places of interest in Palestine.

In fact, it was nearly a month before they could choke the old man off and get him to resume his journey according to agreement.

At length, however, they got him started, and in a few days they were all safely bestowed at "Cook's Pavilion," at Cairo, Egypt, where they were to rest awhile before taking in that rare old country and arranging a new programme.

This was finally arranged, and after resting for awhile, they started with a large excursion party of tourists for a trip up the river Nile, going as far up as the ruins of Thebes, a once grand city of Egypt, but which has been in ruins almost ever since history became a study of mankind.

And these and other ruins scattered along the banks of the mighty Nile are grand and sublime even in their decay, and although thousands of years have elapsed since their destruction, they rear their spectral arms above the accumulated sand and rubbish of those years, and shame the puny architecture of modern civilization.

And of course they visited the pyramids, those mighty tombs of mighty monarchs, built long before Jerusalem was thought of, and probably gazed on by Moses to excite his wonder, even as it excites our wonder now. How these colossal piles could have been erected is a puzzle to modern engineers; for they are situated in the sandy desert, and far from any quarry. Each of those tremendous blocks of stone, each weighing many tons, must have been brought from a long distance, although how and by what means they were



hoisted to those bewildering heights, is a problem which will possibly never be solved.

They contain stone enough to build a large modern city, and there they stand like gray, rugged monuments of the patience, ingenuity, civilization, and might of a nation long since past and forgotten.

Back again to Cairo, the Shortys next started for the famed city of Alexandria, situated at one of the mouths of the Nile and on the Mediterranean Sea; a city big with historical events; where Antony and Cleopatra lived and died; where much of the ancient magnificence of Egypt is still preserved; where the modern blends with the ancient to a greater extent than in any other city in the world, probably.

The tour from Alexandria included Athens, the capital of Greece, and some of the Ionian Islands; thence to Naples and Rome, in Italy; after these had been "done," they were to sail for Toulon, France, and proceed to go through that lively and delightful country, and from there to England, most likely, when their trip around the world would be almost at an end.

Of course there are hundreds of interesting things to be seen in Greece and Italy, as well as in most of the old countries of the old world, but it would weary the reader to have an account of them, or even a portion of them. Suffice it to say that during the next two months they visited nearly all of the places of interest, and Shorty enjoyed the most of it, or tried to enjoy it as well as he could, while the old man was of course in raptures all the time, that is, when his boys were not playing tricks upon him or Ho Sham.

But when they reached the soil of France, Shorty braced right up, and began to feel happy.

"Now, then, we're in a live country, an' yer'll see some fun," he exclaimed. "We've got away from those old musty duffers and places, an' I feel half at home; for next to a Yank, give me a Frenchman!"

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

TOULON, France!

What a change since the first start!

And what a change from the Oriental life they had so long been connected with.

They had all been acquainted and had associated with Frenchmen all their lives, and in and under all circumstances they had found them to be, as Shorty had suggested, next to an American, or Yankee, and of course they felt delighted at finding themselves on soil like this.

And what a change there is for a tourist who has been thus far around the world; who has met with the Eastern and Oriental, and who now finds himself among Europeans, who, although speaking a language different from your own, yet seem more like our own folks than any nationality we may meet after leaving San Francisco, California, on our great western tour around the world.

From Toulon they took the cars to Arles, and from there, following along the river Rhone, they reached Lyons (the place where the "Lady of Lyons" is supposed to have cavorted), one of the most wealthy and interesting cities in France.

Here they remained for a day or so, during which Shorty got a party of tourists on the string and showed them all the localities of "The Lady of Lyons," although knowing nothing about the thing himself.

Of course he and the Kid had lots of fun, notwithstanding the object of the party was to reach the gay capital, Paris, with as little loss of time as possible.

But after seeing the principal points of interest, it only required a ride of a couple hundred miles to bring them to the great center of wealth and fashion.

And here they felt themselves even more at home than they had at the first landing on the soil of France; for here you can find people who speak every known language, and several that are unknown, but, of course, giving preference all the while to French and English.

They put up at the Grand Hotel, and it was here that they intended making their stay for the next two or three months.

What a hurrah there is in Paris!

What sights and what sounds!

Nowhere else in the world will you find it.

They do not posture on the ancient as they do in other countries, although there are many ancient places, and many objects of historical interest. Yet France does not fall back and posture upon them. They are wide awake moderns, and they let the dead past bury its dead.

And here they were in Paris—Paris, the gayest city in the world; and yet, if she chose to call attention to the fact, one of the most interesting in a historical point of view.

"Now say! Nonsense stopped, hey?" said Shorty, after they had got settled in Paris after their long tour.

"What do you mean?" demanded the old man.

"No more historical nonsense now; no more such guff as we've had."

"But this is a historical country."

"Nixy! This is a live land."

"Of course; but it is rich in ancient history, all the same," replied the old man.

"Muchee blig clunty!" suggested Ho Sham.

"Oh, shut up! What do you know about a big or little country?" demanded Shorty.

"Me allee tumble," replied Ho, meekly.

"We are in the land of the Frank and the home of the brave."

"How?" ejaculated Ho.

"Good nick!" chirruped the Kid.

"Then let us all take a tumble. We are in Paris now, an' don't let's make duffs of ourselves. Shut down on yer hist, ole man."

"All right; yet I—"

"But do yer tumble?"

"Yes, since you will have it so."

"Dat settles it. Let's go out an' see some fun," said Shorty, with some enthusiasm.

And they went out. They took a cab at first, and were driven to several points of interest, among which were the Champs Elysees, Chaussee d'Antin, the richest portion of the city, where nearly all the elegance and fashion is to be found; the Faubourg St. Antoine, the residence of those immense masses that reigned under the bloody and heartless Robespierre, and which Napoleon, after the fatality of Waterloo, refused to summon to his assistance. There is the ancient city of Paris, surrounded by the Seine and filled by a vast population, and there rise the splendid towers of Notre Dame, that temple of the twelfth century, which, in spite of the Madeleine, has not been surpassed by the magnificence of all that has been accomplished in the nineteenth. There is also the Hotel Dieu, the antique hospital, as old as the time of Philip Augustus, and the Palais de Justice, where sat the old government of France, and where now sit the highest courts of the land.

Out of much of the old city of Paris, the late Emperor Napoleon III. made many beautiful streets and promenades, the most beautiful and well-known of which is the Boulevards, although they owe their origin to improvements which took place under Louis XIV.

Paris contains more than one hundred squares, of which the most celebrated are the Place Vendome, an octagonal space, surrounded by magnificent stone buildings, and having in its center a triumphal bronze column, erected by the great Napoleon; the Place Royale; the Place des Victoires, a central and busy spot; the Place de Greve, the scene of so many revolutionary executions; the Place du Carrousel, a spacious oblong between the Tuilleries and the Louvre, and the military school.

The Champ de Mars is an oblong park on the southwest of the city, extending from the military school to the river, bordered on each side by several rows of trees. The Palais Royal is a huge pile of buildings, but they bear a stronger resemblance to a nest of business houses than they do to what we naturally expect for the abode of royalty.

Within the limits of the city, the Seine is crossed by no fewer than twenty-three bridges (for it must be borne in mind that the river cuts the city in two), many of them exceedingly beautiful, and every one of them well worth visiting.

The Tuilleries, long the residence of the kings and rulers of France, and the scene of some of the most remarkable events in her history, was begun in the sixteenth century, and was in the course of erection during the next one hundred years. It is to-day a noble and venerable structure, having been joined to the Louvre by Napoleon III. The Palais Luxembourg and the Palais Bourbon are both remarkable buildings, as is the Hotel des Invalides, where rest the ashes of the Great Napoleon.

In fact, it would take columns of type to designate the many buildings and points of interest to be found in Paris, let alone giving any detail of their magnificence; but all this may be dry reading for those in search of fun.

And yet the reader must remember that Shorty is taking in all this, and with much pleasure, too, having read so much about the various objects of interest in this most famous of modern cities, and so we must humor his whim and take what he gives us as he goes the rounds. And it is no wonder that he consented to keep quiet from pranks for a week or two in order to take in all these beauties, all the wonderful works of art with which Paris is filled, for fun and mischief is out of place in connection with so much learning and artistic grandeur. One sees the whole world in miniature in Paris, for there is nothing in the world that is not brought there for the amusement and education of the people, the most elegant and refined in the world.

But of course this could not last always, and exceedingly interesting though the whole thing was, Shorty finally got tired of it.

Every evening they visited a different theater, opera, or other place of amusement, and it is safe to say that better entertainment is not to be found in the world than is dealt out to the people of Paris, and at one-third of the cost that is charged for a cheaper imitation in New York.

This, in fact, was what kept Shorty and the Kid quiet during the month they remained there, for with the amusements and hurrahs which they had at night, and the cafes which they visited afternoons, they had all they wanted, and were content to allow the old man and Ho Sham to nose around as much as they liked. In fact, they both felt (as almost everybody feels who visits Paris) that they could be happy there during the remainder of their lives, forgetting even New York.

But they had in the meantime made the acquaintance of several Americans who were visiting the gay capital, and also fell in with many with whom they were personally acquainted. So it seemed to them as though they were very near home, if not really there; and it is no wonder, with the jumping old times which they enjoyed almost continually, that they were happy and forgot their native land.

The old man, however, kept right down to business, and was daily filling up his journal with the account of what he saw, and the history of everything that he could possibly get at.

And of course both Shorty and the Kid, and their friends, for that matter, were frequent visitors to that celebrated dancing garden, cafe, and general resort of the gayer inhabitants of Paris, known as the Mabilles (Garden of Mabilles), where wine and song flow freely, and where are to be found some of the most beautiful women and some of the highest kickers in the world.

Shorty took it in on several occasions and worked it up for all it would measure. He was no stranger to

all there was of a like nature in New York and other cities in the United States, but this place took the cake (snatched the biscuit) of course, and he did not tire of it.

Whatever is done in Paris, whether high-toned or off color, is done away up on the bit. There is no slouching there. Everything is high pie with a tender crust, and if a man is bound to go to the infernal bow-wows, he can do it in greater splendor and for less money there than anywhere else in the world.

One evening, however, Shorty and the Kid concluded that they would take the old man to this renowned garden and have some fun with him, and so they laid the pipe.

It was hard work to choke him off, though, for he was using all his time in visiting libraries, and galleries, palaces, and memorable spots, and appeared to have no taste for anything else.

"Oh, come off!" protested Shorty. "Soy, will yer never tumble?"

"Come off!"

"Yes, move."

"What?"

"Ther show."

"I don't understand you, my son."

"Soy, tap der keg!" put in the Kid.

"The keg! What keg?"

"Der keg of fun."

"Pull der cork," said Shorty.

"Cork! What cork?"

"Why, you've been bottled up too long."

"Plant der hatchet, pop."

"What hatchet?"

"Why, you've been good too long."

"Oh, no, my boys. No person can be good too long," replied the old man, earnestly.

"I tell yer what yer want, dad."

"What do I want?"

"Some saleratus."

"Goodness gracious! What for?"

"'Cos yer've been good so long dat yer liable ter sour. Gently, gayly grip der bounding graft."

"What graft are you talking about?"

"Why, fun. Why don't yer catch on?"

"But I have more pleasure in the sober things which I encounter."

"Get no more belly for fun?"

"Well, I cannot say that, but there is so much of the artistic and beautiful—so much of the historical and grand here, that I have forgotten there is any fun here."

"Put up yer hands!" exclaimed Shorty, leaping to his feet before him.

"What do you mean?"

"Put up yer little paddies, and don't forget dat dere's more fun in Paris than there is in the whole world outside of it."

"Well, I don't know but that is so."

"Yer don't! Well, why don't yer take in?"

"Why don't yer scoop it?" balanced the Kid.

"But the historical, th—"

"Shake it!"

"Call it off!"

"Count it on der last game!"

"Divide her up, pop!"

"How?"

"Take a piece of each. Now yer'll 'ad any quantity of fun nosin' round 'mong der 'ol' musty. Come out an' have an ole-timer wid der 'ol' ter-night."

"The gang! What gang?"

"Why, don't yer know dere's a lot of Yanks whoop-in' 'round Paris?"

"Well, of course there must be, but—"

"Drop on yer ole snide an' chip in. We're goin' ter der Mabilles ter-night, an' what yer want ter do is ter chip in on it. See?"

The old man had heard about the place for years, but as yet he had not thought to take it in. Now that the invitation to visit it had been given in such a way, he suddenly made up his mind to corral it.

"Dat settles it," said the Kid, when he said he would visit it that evening.

Then the Kid and Shorty swapped the same kind of a wink they had exchanged so often before.

And the result was that the Shortys, together with about a dozen Americans (some of them New Yorkers) visited the Mabilles Gardens that evening in full dress.

It was a jolly party, and a few bottles of wine judiciously administered put them all on fine footing, and made the old man forget for the time being that he was a sober traveler, and a student of history and art, and once more he became, as of old, one of the boys.

And it was a gala night at the Jardin Mabilles. The lights never shone brighter; the fountains never threw out more sparkles and resplendent rainbows; the perfumes never pervaded the place more effectually, and the butterflies of sport and pleasure never flitted around so gorgeously dressed, or with more captivating blandishments.

Music pervaded the place; music so low and sweet that it only blended with the other charms of the hour.

"Bright lights shone o'er fair women and brave men."

Well, more or less brave and fair.

The party of Americans were not long in catching on, and before they had been there half an hour they had formed themselves into a coterie, surrounding some of the foremost beauties of Paris.

The laugh, the song, the sparkling wine, only seemed a natural piece of the whole picture, and before he was fully aware of it, the old man was in the whirlpool of gayety, and as much in love with it, seemingly, as the youngest and most ardent of the company.

Shorty was delighted; he had been trying for a long time to break up the monotony of the old man's style of doing things, and now it seemed as though he had succeeded.



The old gentleman laughed and treated as the butterflies fluttered around him, and even Shorty and the Kid seemed knocked out. In fact, he was "one of the gang" when circumstances favored, as they did now, and it took a spry colt to give him dust.

Finally that wild French dance, the can-can, was started, and in an instant the whole picture changed, and both sexes were taking part in this high-kicking poetry of motion.

The old man had never seen it danced before, although he had heard of it, and for a few moments he looked on in a bewildered sort of way, and Ho Sham caught on like a native, joining in the dance and doing some lofty lifting with his heels, and punctuating everything in the loudest kind of admiring adjectives.

At length one of the belles of the garden approached the old man. Catching him by the arm, she trotted him out into the center of the floor and began to dance, urging him to do the same.

But at this stage of the game it did not require much urging to set him in motion, and catching the spirit of the occasion, he began to do his level best at high kicking, although, of course, it did not amount to much; there was no danger for the gas lights or the tops of the trees from the flight of his little fat legs.

Shorty and the company were delighted, and, of course, applauded vociferously, encouraging him to do even better than he was doing, and show what he could do for the great Yankee nation.

"Skip in, old man!"

"Show your agility!"

"Once for Yankee land!"

"Now, then!"

"Up with your legs!"

"Dad, der eyes of der world are on yer!" said Shorty, doing his best at encouragement.

And the old man did his best to catch on.

The can-can was at its height, and his partner was showing what France could do.

He whooped and seemed imbued with the spirit of the occasion.

Everybody standing around seemed to be under "the influence," and the quiet old codger that had been, almost ever since they had left the continent of America, a student, now, to all appearances, forgot everything but the hurrah that was holding them all in thrall.

Of course the bystanders applauded him.

"Once more for der wine!" cried Shorty.

"Whoop her up for der cigars!" yelled the Kid, and the old man seemed bent on doing the very best he could, let come what might.

Presently a pretty foot went up into the air.

That pretty foot had a boot on it.

That pretty foot came in contact with the broad-brimmed high hat which the old man wore, and the next instant that "eady" went flying up into the air ten or twelve feet above his head.

There was a laugh.

The old man gazed upwards after his hat.

What had sent it up he could only conjecture, but he knew it was up.

The laugh, however, convinced him that he had been made the victim of a joke, and, as a natural consequence, he turned to Shorty, after having secured his hat.

"Why don't you jump in, dad?" he asked.

"You are having some fun with me?"

"Of course we are."

"All right—I weaken," said he.

"Well, goin' ter set 'em up?"

"All the time." And as the dance came to an end, the company gathered around one of the large tables, and then the wine began to flow.

When it came right down to business, the old man was one of the boys, without any discount. True, he was a trifle old, but it took a lively colt to knock him out.

And the result was that that party of jolly Americans found themselves candidates for stretchers or cabs before midnight.

Even Shorty and the Kid were knocked out, and gladly took the first opportunity to skip back to their hotel, leaving the old man master of the situation.

Ho Sham, in the meantime, became a trifle mixed, as he mixed his drinks with the other servants of the gentlemen present, and he became loud in the interests of his master.

But finally the old man found himself alone—that is, so far as the company that had come with him was concerned; and even Ho Sham, when he called him, was quite unsteady, and hardly knew whether he was a Chinaman or a Digger Indian.

"Order the carriage," said the old man.

"More hoopla?" asked Ho.

"No; order the carriage for home."

"Me no."

"What is that you say?"

"Flun jus' ginnee, so be."

"The fun just beginning? Well, I have had enough. Order the carriage for home."

Ho Sham started off, with a decidedly unsteady gait; but where to find his master's carriage was a greater puzzle to him than would have been the discovery of perpetual motion.

Probably there were five hundred cabs and carriages of various degrees standing around the immediate neighborhood, each one of which he took for his master's.

So he hired first one and then another to take him home, and when the old man came out, pretty full himself, he found himself surrounded by a big army of cabmen, each one of whom claimed him as his own, and pretended to know just where he wanted to be driven.

Not suspecting but that it was all right, he took almost the first one that made a demand upon him,

while Ho Sham took another for quite a different part of the city, and away they both went, each happy in the experiences and sensations of the evening.

But there came a reckoning the next day, and it was not until late in the afternoon that Ho Sham managed to get back again to his master's hotel, badly broken up, and with a frightfully swelled head on his shoulders.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

HO SHAM put in an appearance the following afternoon about the same time that Shorty and the Kid showed up.

Both of the little rascals had heads on them as big as pumpkins, and, finding that the old man was comparatively fresh, they concluded that he was a trifle too tough for them, and they had got the worst of taking him to Jardin Mabille for the purpose of showing him some Paris life.

But the old man was indignant on account of Ho Sham, and went for him, scolding hot.

He looked bad. He felt bad. In company with the servants of the other gentlemen who had made up the party, he had got very full of champagne, and had been taken by a cabman to quite another part of the city, where he found himself the next day.

"You scoundrel!" began the old man. "What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Me allee bloke lup," sighed the Chinaman, looking as doleful as he evidently felt.

"Where in thunder have you been all this while back?"

"Clabby took me blazee; me no; takee heap good while get back."

"Have you been out all night?"

"So be."

The old man took a look at him, all the while weighing him up.

"Me no sleepee; me all bloke lup."

"Well, you look broken up. The best thing you can do is to go to bed, but the next thing you will be doing will be looking for a situation if you serve me another such trick."

"Me allee yitee, so be."

"But you won't be all right if you play any more of your pranks on me."

Ho Sham retired, unable to understand why he should be blamed for what he could not help.

"Confound the fellow, I wish I was well rid of him. Wish I had a French valet," the old man growled, walking away.

Now Shorty and the Kid had overheard this little wrangle, and after the old man had gone out and left them to themselves, Shorty winked solemnly at the Kid and placed his forefinger significantly alongside of his nose.

"Savey?"

"Nixey."

"Tumble?"

"Not a tumb. What is it?"

"Idea."

"Racket?"

"Big one."

"How?"

"Just got it. Dad's growl."

"With Ho?"

"Cert."

"I don't catch on."

"Hush! Let's get him a new vally."

"How?"

"Advertise in der papers."

"N. G."

"Why not?"

"Why, der ole rooster wouldn't part with Ho Sam anyhow. He wouldn't swap him for any other chap livin'," replied the Kid.

"Never mind. His threatenin' ter do so gives me an idea."

"It's N. G., I tell yer."

"Never mind, I'm going to try it on. Now you just wait an' see if it don't work."

"All right."

Well, the next morning there appeared in one of the French papers an advertisement for a body servant, with directions for the applicants to apply at such a parlor in the Grand Hotel, after ten.

Of course the old man could not read French, and even if he could have done so, he most likely would not have been nosing among the advertisements of this kind, and so there was no danger of his seeing it.

But about five hundred others saw it, and as they were on the lookout for just such situations, they were promptly on hand, actually crowding the corridors near his parlor door.

And then at the appointed hour they began to crowd into his room and to commence to jabber to him in French.

"What in thunder do you all want here?" he demanded, indignantly, and then they all told him in French that they had come to answer his advertisement.

But he could not understand them a cent's worth, and finally got mad and ordered them out of his room.

They went away crestfallen, thinking of course that none of them satisfied him; but thinking themselves quite as good as Ho Sham, they of course felt indignant.

Presently, however, another one came and began his polite gibberish.

Then the old man got mad again, and he and Ho Sham fired the poor fellow out.

"Confound the fellows. I wonder what they want?" he asked.

"Heap loff nut, guess," replied Ho.

"Well, I should say so. I don't understand it. I'll be hanged if I do. I wonder if that is another one?" said he, as the bell rang again.

"Haps, bounce?"

"Yes, bounce him if it is."

He opened the door and went for a big fellow who stood there as an applicant for the position of valet.

But he appeared to be able to take care of himself, and the result was that Ho Sham was knocked out of time in the first inning.

The old man came to the rescue and savagely demanded the fellow's business. Pulling a paper from his pocket, he pointed to the "ad," but as the old man could neither read nor understand French, of course he could make neither head nor tail to what the applicant wanted.

Thinking, however, that he might be a beggar or something of the kind, he handed him a five franc piece and motioned for him to go.

Of course the man did not know what to make of this, but concluding that he did not fill the bill he quietly went away, greatly to the relief of Ho Sham, who was sorrowfully wiping his bleeding nose.

"Why didn't you bounce him?"

"He bouncee me, so be."

"Well, it does look a little that way," replied the old man, smiling.

"Knockee tunder lout."

"I wonder what it means, anyway? There—there is another ring. See who it is."

"Me, no; me got 'nough allee timee," replied Ho, sorrowfully, and so the old man went to the door himself.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Ah, you speak English!" said the applicant.

"Yes, of course I do. What do you want?"

"I came to answer your advertisement in this morning's paper."

"My advertisement?"

"Yes, here it is—for a body-servant," replied the man, producing the paper.

The old man looked at it. He could read the number of his room, and the name of the hotel, and instantly concluded that the others had come in answer to the same advertisement.

"It is a mistake, sir; I never advertised for a body-servant."

"But there is the card, sir."

"That may be, but it is all a mistake, and I have been bothered to death all the morning by people calling upon me. It is an outrage!"

"Yes; an outrage on us poor people, many no doubt, coming from long distances."

"I cannot help it; I am not to blame."

"And you do not want a servant?"

"No; I have one already. Here is some money for you, and if you see any more applicants down-stairs explain it to them, and send them away," said he, giving him a five-franc piece.

This quieted the man, but he went away looking somewhat ugly, and as though not half inclined to believe the story.

What he said to others who had come to apply for the situation or had already been disappointed at not receiving it, is not known, but in the course of ten or fifteen minutes about a dozen applicants walked into the room and proceeded to "walk into" the occupants thereof.

It only took about a minute for those indignant Frenchmen to do the business, but they did it well.

Ho Sham was nearly murdered, and the old man looked like a hat that had been sat on.

They bunged him in the eyes; they went for his nose; in fact, they played foot ball and base ball with him, and then wiped up the floor with him.

A more broken up community than that was when they left the room would be hard to find.

Shorty and the Kid came rushing in as the Frenchmen went out and demanded to know what the matter was.

It was a sight to behold. Ho Sham was looking wildly out from under a table, and the old man was crushed down in a corner of the room.

"What's der racket? Been havin' a row?"

"Which licked, you or Ho?" asked the Kid.

"Oh, Lord—oh, Lord! we've been murdered!" groaned the old man.

"Allee bloke pieces," groaned Ho Sham, as he slowly crawled from his hiding place.

"Who done it, anyhow?"

"Some Frenchmen. Oh, Lord—oh, Lord! they have pounded me dreadfully. Send for the police and a doctor."

"Say, did they rob yer?"

"No, but they maltreated me, oh, Lord!" he groaned, as they assisted him to his feet.

"Killee me allee samee," put in Ho Sham.

"Why don't you go for the police? Go for a doctor, quick, unless you wish to see your poor father die right here."

"All right, Kiddy, you go for ther doc an' I'll go for der police," said Shorty, and both of them left the room.

Going to their own chamber they indulged in a short but hearty laugh at the result of their racket, after which they went on the errands they started on.

The truth was, they never expected that the thing would turn out as it did, but even though they felt sorry, they could not help laughing, since there was such a grimly comical side to the whole affair.

The Kid hurried to the nearest physician, while Shorty sought the landlord, and through him the police were instantly summoned.

He was quite as indignant and as greatly astonished as the victims were, that such a thing should happen in his house, in broad daylight, and while the physician was fixing up their wounds and bruises, the police at once set to work to find out the miscreants.

But as new applicants were continually coming in answer to the advertisement, it did not take them long to fathom the meaning of the hostile demonstration. They saw that it was a cruel sell, and the best they could do was to prevent any further trouble.



by stationing an officer at the head of the grand stairway to interrupt any future callers.

Frenchmen are not fond of that kind of jokes, and the sympathy of the officers was wholly on the side of the disappointed callers; so the first thing they resolved on was to find out, if possible, who inserted the advertisement.

But Shorty felt certain that he was safe, for he had foreseen this part of the business, and after preparing the advertisement, he had employed a stranger to take it to the newspaper office.

Shorty generally covered up his tracks.

Under the skillful care of the physician, the old man and his servant recovered in the course of two or three days, so they could once more go out.

But although he half suspected that Shorty knew something about the matter, he could not prove that he did, and so let the subject drop, and again resumed his visits to objects of interest in Paris.

As before stated, both Shorty and the Kid found all the fun they wanted in this gay city, and were in no hurry to leave it, even though the greatest city in the world, London, lay only a few miles away across the English Channel.

Every afternoon and every evening there was some good place to go to, where fun fairly sparkled or excitement thrilled the participants.

In fact, the forenoon of the day is about the only night there is with the pleasure-seekers of Paris. This portion of the twenty-four hours is given up to sleep, only those who are obliged to getting out of bed before some time in the afternoon. From three o'clock in the afternoon until daylight the next day, life in Paris is at its height, and a seeker after it can find it in almost any direction, and in quality to suit any taste.

They spent two months in this delightful capital; the gayest, brightest, loudest, and liveliest two months that either of them had ever put in.

But they finally concluded that they had seen about all of it, and that they were ready to cross over to England, and put in the next two months in that renowned country.

From Calais, France, they took a steamer, and proceeded to cross over to Dover, England; but as it is well-known, to travelers especially, that the English Channel is proverbially and always wabby—in other words, unsteady—it is no wonder that the Shortys entered upon the comparatively short trip with some trepidation.

And it is a fact that men who have stood the terrors of the Atlantic, the Pacific and other unsteady oceans, quail before the English Channel; as, for sloppiness, unsteadiness and general mischief to the human internals, it stands without a rival in the world.

Shorty and the Kid had heard all about this uncertain water, and the great and particular laugh between them was, how it would affect the old man and Ho Sham.

It will be remembered that at first the old man was knocked completely out after he had embarked on the ocean, and they believed that with all his subsequent experience, he could not stand this racket, short though it was.

They embarked, as I said before.

But there had been grave miscalculations made. The sea was even more rough than usual, and the steamer did everything but stand on its head and turn bottom side up.

And here is where the fun came in.

Shorty and the Kid, who had been looking for fun, had it all to themselves, so far as their party was concerned, and two sicker mortals could not have been found than they were all the way from Calais to Dover, while both the old man and Ho Sham stood it like veterans.

This, of course, took all the fun out of the two little jokers, and for the next ten hours they were the most humble creatures ever seen.

A joke of any kind would have made them sick to the very verge of death—even sicker than they were.

The old man, however, bobbed up serenely, and was as chipper as a lark when he found himself on English soil, as was Ho Sham.

The idea was to take the train, and push right on to London; but finding the youngsters so wholly and completely knocked out by the voyage, the old man concluded to remain over at Dover until the following day.

By that time Shorty and the Kid managed to brace up so as to appear something like themselves, and yet they hated to acknowledge that they had been knocked out, especially when they were pluming themselves for some fun with the old man.

It is only about twenty-five miles from Calais to Dover, and yet all their experiences had not equaled it for unsteadiness. And they were, of course, puzzled to know how the old man stood it so nicely.

Well, they found much in the old town of Dover to interest them, for outside of the historical places, which the old man sought out, there was the Dover Castle with its histories and its romance, to say nothing of its having been mentioned by the world's great bard, Shakespeare, and they spent a whole day there most profitably.

In fact, there is scarcely an acre of ground in England that is not historical, either in an ancient or modern sense; from its conquest by Julius Caesar, long before our era, to the present century, and, student as the old man Berwick was, of course almost every place attracted him.

France has its glories; Rome her unparalleled history; Greece has hers also—but the flag of England has braved the battles and the storms of a thousand years!

Bully for Eng!

Well, after a day's rest Shorty and the Kid recovered from the dreadful knock out they had received, and announced themselves all right again.

From Dover they went to Canterbury, another his-

toric old town and county, where they spent the better portion of the next day going through its old buildings and visiting its memorable places.

From Canterbury they went to Rochester, where they also found much to amuse and interest them, and so, by degrees, they made their way to the capital, the largest city in the world.

True, it is the largest in point of inhabitants, but aside from its antiquity it cannot compare with a dozen other cities in the world in point of beauty. Even young New York lays away over her in many respects.

But after all it is London, the center of much wealth and greatness; the scene of much that has made up the history of the past two thousand years.

Both Shorty and the Kid felt at home in London, having visited it before years ago, and as it is a place that does not change much, or nowhere like American cities, they could see but little difference in it at this time.

Profiting by former experience, and knowing that they would make London their headquarters for the next two months or more, they went to a private hotel where they engaged a suite of rooms, enabling them to get their grub wherever they liked.

"Time-honored London!" exclaimed the old man, as he gazed from his window out upon a small portion of the town.

"What der yer soy?" asked Shorty, who had recovered from his late unpleasantness.

"Great and glorious London! Place where once the mailed legions of Julius Caesar trod; place where once the immortal Shakespeare did business as a manager; place where royalty has lived and died; place where much of this world's history has been made; place—"

"Place where we are! Dat's enough. Don't take on dat way, dad; folks'll think yer got 'em," put in Shorty, interrupting his father's eloquence.

"But think of the history of London!"

"Don't want ter. It makes my head ache."

"Think of what has transpired here!"

"Yes; Richard III. used ter slouch an' slush around dis bloody ole town."

"Yes, and all the kings known to English history have lived and acted here."

"How 'bout der queens?"

"They also have lived and acted here."

"They must have been good actors, dad."

"Good actors! What do you mean?"

"Why, how'd Shake make 'em talk?"

"Oh, that was Shakespeare, not the real characters as they existed in history."

"What! Do yer go back on Shake?"

"Never! He was the greatest poet that ever lived; but you must understand that he threw around his historical characters, which he worked into his comedies and tragedies, a certain glamour of romance. For instance: Richard III. was not the wretch he makes him out to be; neither was he humpbacked. History shows him to have been one of the handsomest kings that ever sat on the throne of England; a man six feet and three inches high; a perfect courtier, and a perfect gentleman."

"But what did Shake want ter go back on Rich for? Did Rich back-cap him?"

"No—no. The character was drawn thus to please Queen Elizabeth, who hated the House of York, and wished to hold it up to infamy. Yes, although Shakespeare was the greatest literary genius that ever lived, he was human enough to know which side his bread was buttered on, and he managed to keep the buttered side up."

"Bully for Shake!"

"But, come, we have hundreds of places to visit here in England, and we must be alive. Among other places, we will go to the birthplace and grave of Shakespeare."

"Cert. An' say, let's go an' see der place where Richard an' Richmond had their little set-to," said Shorty.

"Ah! You mean Bosworth Field?"

"Well, I believe Bos did own it, then, but I guess he don't now."

"Probably not. But we will visit that famous battle-field, as well as other famous ones. The first thing, however, will be a visit to the Bank of England."

"Dat's me. Got some drafts on it, arn't yer?"

"Yes, and that will give us a good excuse for making the visit, and the janitor will most likely show us more attention than he would were we not customers of the bank."

"If yer tips him, yes! Soy, dad, America is called der land of der free, an' der home of der brave; but England ought ter be called der land of tips, an' der home of der shave."

"Don't be too hard on England, my son, for you know we Americans belong to the same stock. But, come, let's be off, for I want to do the Bank of England and the Tower of London to-day."

"Guess yer have ter fly. But come on, I'm all ready. Don't take Ho Sham."

"No. Ho, you stay here and mind things. We will return by evening. Come, Kiddy, are you ready?"

"Yes, I'll take beer," replied the Kid, in an absent-minded way.

"Yer better take a tumble first," said Shorty.

"All right; I'll take it in a tumbler."

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed Shorty, seizing the little fellow by the coat-collar, and yanking him upon his feet. "We're going ter der Bank of England."

"Gom' ter play ag'in it?"

"Shut up! Come along; and away all three of them went to begin sight-seeing in London."

Bank of England, the richest and most extensive moneyed institution in the world.

The buildings comprising the bank cover nearly eight acres of ground, and the visitor is overwhelmed with the massiveness and extent of the entire structure, for besides being the largest and richest bank in the world, it covers the most ground.

They were shown all through it, after which they were driven to the celebrated Tower of London, a portion of which is supposed to have been built by Julius Caesar after he had conquered the Britons.

In a historical point of view it is a very interesting building, and inside of its dark and massive walls have been enacted some of the most horrible tragedies that have disgraced the history of England.

Here they spent some time and were shown a thousand interesting things, among which were the crown jewels of England, which include several crowns that have been worn by the different kings and queens of England for many hundred years.

"Soy, where's ther crown of Richard III?" asked Shorty, addressing the cockney guide.

"There it is up there," said he, pointing it out, "the one with the broad gold band and purple velvet top."

"Ther deuce yer say! Is that Dick's gold cady?"

"That is the crown worn by Richard III. It was found battered and bruised on the field of Bosworth after his defeat and death, and was immediately placed upon the head of the Earl of Richmond, who was thereupon hailed Henry VII., King of England," replied the guide, in a sing-song tone.

"Yes, I seen it done," said the Kid, seriously.

"You did!" exclaimed the guide.

"Cert. Ted Booth worked der racket."

"Nonsense, my son; you are speaking of a stage representation of the life and death of Richard III., by Shakespeare," said the old man. "But you here behold the real crown, not the imitation one."

"And yonder hangs the sword he carried," said the guide, pointing to a huge weapon that would seem almost impossible for an ordinary man to lift.

"Lemme see it," said Shorty, going closer to it.

"An' that was Dicky's cheese-knife, was it? Well, he was no slouch if he could jerk that thing around. Say, look how it's nicked! That must have been a regular bowery fight they had; three up and two down," he added, greatly to the disgust of the guide.

"But der chap from Richmond got der drop on his nibs," said the Kid.

"Yes—yes, and Dicky took a tumble."

"I remember it. He tumbles down on der stage an' fights right on like ther deuce," said the Kid, laughing.

"Be quiet, will you?" demanded the old man.

"There is no levity allowed here," said the guide.

"All right. Got anything else here that belonged to Dicky three-times? Got any of ther ghosts that worked up that awful nightmare for him ther night before the battle?" asked Shorty, looking up at him, seriously.

The guide was disgusted, and turned away without making any reply.

From the Tower they returned home, having seen enough for one day, and made preparations for visiting a theater that evening, for they were continually on the go, day and night.

On the morrow they visited the Royal Mint, the Corn Exchange, St. Paul's Cathedral, General Post Office, the Guildhall, Mansion House, Coal Exchange, Custom House, etc.

But the three succeeding days they spent in visiting the various docks of London, the best and most extensive in the world, the India Docks alone covering nearly three hundred acres.

Then they took in the British Museum, but soon found that it would take a lifetime to see all the wonders on exhibition there, and so both Shorty and the Kid took a drop and went for other things, leaving the old man to spend as much time as he wanted to there.

But at the end of a month they found that they had scarcely commenced to see the wonders of this modern Babylon, and they began to tire of the business before they had got half through.

"There's too much muchness here," said Shorty, one day.

"I've got 'nough," replied the Kid.

"I haven't; I must call on Vic."

"What!" exclaimed the old man.

"On Queen Vic. She'd feel hurt if I didn't, an' I never slight ther ladies, young or old."

"You had better not let any of these loyal Englishmen hear you speak in that disrespectful manner of their beloved queen. Perhaps you have forgotten your adventure in Yokohama?"

"I haven't; have you, dad?"

"No—and I should think it would teach you to be a trifle more respectful."

"I arn't sayin' anything ag'in the ole gal. I guess I'll call on 'Is Royal 'Ighness, ther Prince of Wales, an' then we'll call on his ma. Poor boy! we're in ther same boat," he added, with mock emotion.

"How so?"

"We're both half-orphans!"

The old man couldn't help laughing at the little rascal to save his life, but he warned him against speaking of the queen and royal family in such a disrespectful manner, assuring him that even in progressive England the people will not stand any such nonsense.

Well, as the sight-seeing was becoming rather tiresome in London, they concluded to change off for a while and visit points of interest outside of it.

The first place agreed upon was the birth-place of Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire.

A visit to this literary Mecca is one of the first ones made by tourists, for here he was born, and died, and still

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

TAKING a carriage, the Shortys were driven to the



repose the ashes of the greatest poet that ever lived in the tide of time.

Stratford is a quiet little old town, and probably has not changed much in appearance since Shakespeare was born there, in 1564.

Not only is the house in which he was born still standing, but many others of equal antiquity are yet in a good state of preservation there, and there are but a few in the place less than a century old.

The Shortys lost no time in visiting the birth-place, where, for a fee, the keeper of the place is ever ready to show visitors through it and answer questions regarding everything.

"An' so this is where Billy was born, eh?" asked Shorty, as they were conducted into the large room with its low ceiling.

"Yes, yer 'onor, and everything h'in the 'ouse is just as it was," replied the guide.

"Same's 'twas when he moved out, eh?"

The guide looked at him in astonishment, and the old man frowned savagely at him.

"Soy," chipped in the Kid, bound to keep it up, "warn't Shak' rested once for stealin' sheep?"

"Zounds, boy, what do you mean?" thundered the indignant guide. "Shakespeare arrested for sheep-stealing! H'I h'am h'astonished h'at your h'ignorance."

"Waal, I heard dat he was."

"Nonsense—nonsense! You probably refer to one of the great poet's youthful h'escapades."

"What's a h'escapade?" asked Shorty, looking sober.

"Escapade," said the old man, soothingly.

"Yes, h'a h'escapade. Sir Thomas Lucy 'ad 'im h'arrested for deerstalking," said the guide.

"Had him arrested for deers talking?"

"Dear me!" from the Kid.

"Why, you blarsted h'idiot, don't you know what deerstalking is?"

"No; never heard them talk, did you?" asked the little smooth-faced guy.

"Do you know, I think you are a pack of blarsted h'asses," said the blarsted Britisher, turning away with a most disgusted look.

"Say, my friend, don't mind what they say," put in the old man, at the same time putting in another fee, which instantly healed all the wounds that had been made.

They went all over the place—the guide doing his level best to earn his double fee—not only the house in which the great poet was born and lived, but the lawn and garden where he used to play; the old sycamore-tree that he planted, and, in fact, everything that related to him by fact or tradition.

Then they visited Trinity Church, in the cemetery of which repose the dust of many centuries. In the chancel of this church all that remains of the immortal bard of Avon reposes, and there, in the shape of a bust, is the only known likeness of him.

It is placed over the door of his tomb, and beneath it the renowned warning is carved in the stone:

"Good friends, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust interred here;  
Blest be he who spares these stones,  
And cursed be he who moves my bones!"

In all probability his remains would long ago have been taken up and removed to Westminster Abbey, had it not been for this inscription.

A very pompous sexton received them, and then the customary fee.

"Is Mr. Shakespeare in?" asked Shorty.

"What do you mean, sir?" the sexton demanded.

"We wish to see the tomb of Shakespeare," said the old man, respectfully.

"He's in it, I s'pose?" chirruped the Kid.

"Don't mind them, sir, please."

"I'll put them out if I hear any more of their disrespectful questions," said the sexton, hotly.

"Don't they keep you here to answer questions?"

"Not impertinent ones, sir; so have a care."

"Soy, you seem to be a bigger man than old Shake himself. Why don't you change places with him? Yer'd make more money, perhaps. At all events, it would be more satisfactory to the world at large," said Shorty.

"Be quiet, will you?" said the old man sharply, and as this appeared to mollify the sexton somewhat, they were conducted to the tomb.

"Ah! the world pays homage here!" said the old man, with hushed enthusiasm.

"You may well say that, sir," replied the sexton, pointing to the stone floor that is worn into deep furrows by the feet of visiting pilgrims.

"Any of his relatives living?" asked Shorty.

"So far as is known not a drop of his blood runs in the veins of any living mortal."

"Took it all with him, did he?" asked Shorty looking at him very honestly.

But the sexton took no notice of him. He began to tumble to it that they were chaffing him, and so concluded to say nothing.

In spite of the devilry that was in him, Shorty fully appreciated the great treat he was enjoying in standing before the tomb of Shakespeare, for he had not only seen nearly every one of his great works acted upon the stage, but had read many of them.

They spent the entire day at Stratford, intending to take the train back to London in the evening, but at the tavern where they stopped, they heard that a company of spiritualists were to give an exhibition at the residence of a celebrated American medium, at which it was claimed that the materialized spirit of Shakespeare would be shown.

Now Shorty took no stock in spiritualism, especially in the materializing part of it. He knew that the majority of these pretended mediums were simply more or less clever sleight-of-hand performers, only that instead of acknowledging the deception as regular illusionists do, they pretend that it is the work of disembodied spirits,

But the old man believed something in it, for he was more easily humbugged, and when he heard what was going to take place he insisted upon remaining over until the next day so as to see it.

"Only think of it, my boys—the materialized spirit of the great Shakespeare!" said he.

"Bah!"

"I haven't the slightest doubt but that they can do it; for naturally enough his spirit still hovers around his old home, and a powerful medium may possibly catch him."

"Guess a powerful copper'd do it better."

"No, no, you are wrong, my son. Remember what Shakespeare makes *Hamlet* say:

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamed of in thy philosophy."

"Oh! Ham 'was givin' his ole pard taffy. But if Shaky was live ter-day he'd make it lively for 'em an' tell 'em what idiots they were."

"No, I do not believe he would. I am sure that we shall be astonished to-night."

"So am I sure—if we can't see through it. Vic Woodhull has astonished a great many people in her day, but they tumbled ter her racket in America, an' now she is astonishing John Bull."

"Oh, she is a wonderful woman, my son," protested the old man.

"Right you are, she is."

"But we will see what she can do this evening, and I have no doubt but that we shall all be greatly astonished."

"All right, I'm in for anything."

"But remember this is no place to go for fun. It is a serious affair."

"Almost as bad as a funeral, hey?"

"Quite as imposing, I think."

"Soy, why don't they catch him when he comes, an' get him ter write another play?"

"You talk foolishly."

"But they pretend that their spirits talk. Why not ask him which is ther right way ter spell his name, an' see if he knows?"

"Oh, don't be so frivolous. I think it a great and incomprehensible wonder that he can even appear to us."

"Yes, big job, I think, myself. But Vic can do it if anybody can."

"But see if you can't behave yourself while present at the solemn meeting."

"All right," and so the matter dropped.

It was an hour or two yet before the spiritual circle met, and so they walked out to take a closer look at the town and the many romantic, beautiful and historical places in it.

The placid Avon runs through some of the most charming scenery in England, but nowhere is it more beautiful than at Stratford.

There is found the genuine English landscape in real life, real pictures of which we have seen so many imitations. A calm serenity pervades the whole place, and we can fancy it to be almost the same now as when Shakespeare lived there, and wrote those dramatic works which are destined to live always.

Back again to the tavern, they joined a party of about half a dozen tourists, who had also purchased tickets (at one pound, or five dollars each) for the purpose of attending the spiritual seance.

On arriving at the house they found about a dozen more assembled there, the most of whom were confirmed spiritualists, but the "Great American Seeress" was not yet visible.

In the course of a few minutes, the master of ceremonies had arranged the visitors around a very large table, where they were requested to join hands and sing a solemn tune.

Neither Shorty nor the Kid were much at this solemn business, but they got in the best they could, while the old man, who sat on the opposite side of the table, chipped in lustily.

While this singing was in process, the visitors had a chance to see what was in the room; but as far as they could see, there wasn't much of any account. It was quite a large, old-fashioned room, and in the further corner of it there hung a black curtain, which partitioned off a space about two yards square, in which stood a chair.

Other than these things, there was nothing to attract attention, and before the first verse of the hymn had been finished, the "Great American Seeress," was led into the room, and handed to the chair which stood behind the curtain, after which it was closely drawn and the lights turned down so low that objects in the room were scarcely visible.

It was noticeable that the spiritualists sang louder in proportion as the lights were turned lower, but Shorty was keen-eyed enough to see pretty well what was going on if it was dark.

It was a dreary, monotonous tune, something like "the tune the old cow died on," probably; but presently there was a motion behind the curtain, and then the vigor of the singing was toned down.

Then a deep and painful hush came upon the company, as the curtain was thrown aside and the figure of a man in the costume of the Sixteenth Century approached them a yard or two.

"It is Shakespeare!" they all whispered, and, so far as is known, it possibly looked something as he did when strutting his brief hour upon the stage.

The old man was delighted.

"Won't he speak to us?" asked some one.

"Can you speak?" asked another.

The figure raised his hand, and made a very courtly bow to the audience, and then said:

"My friends, I am glad to see you all. I am having a very good time in the spirit world with the characters of whom I wrote. *Rome* and *Juliet* are still in

love with each other, and enjoying their honeymoon. *Othello* and *Desdemona* have made it all up, and are living happy now. *Antony* and *Cleopatra* are also united here again, and so with all my characters, even to *Falstaff*, they are all happy."

While this was being said, Shorty and the Kid stole from the circle unobserved. Shorty crept stealthily toward the alleged immortal bard, without being seen at all.

Bracing himself like a billy-goat, he leaped toward that ghost, and with a butt of his head knocked him sprawling.

"Halloo, Shakey?" said he, sitting down on him, while the Kid suddenly turned up the light.

In an instant everybody was on their feet, and the utmost excitement prevailed, and a rush was made by the spiritualists to rescue the unfortunate Shakespeare.

"Soy! I've got him! I've got Shakespeare!" cried Shorty, while the ghost was struggling to rise and get out of the way. "Get a rope an' we'll keep him here now!"

The light enabled every one to see the fraud that had been practiced on them, for the "materialized" spirit of Shakespeare turned out to be simply a woman dressed in costume.

The spiritualists were indignant to think their little game had been burst up so suddenly and so completely, and the visitors were quite as much so when they found how they had been swindled.

"Kill him!" yelled somebody.

"Give us back our money!" yelled another.

"Fraud—fraud!"

"Choke the fr—d!"

"Help, help, I—!" screamed "Shakespeare," who was struggling to get away.

The voice gave the thing away.

It was a woman!

They all tumbled to it at once.

Shorty got up and allowed "Shakespeare" to do so, but "Shake" was a sight to behold.

"Soy, what's der matter, Billy?" he asked, looking at the broken-up medium with a comical mug.

"You villain!" ejaculated poor "Shakespeare."

Poor Shakespeare, indeed! Yes, a very poor Shakespeare. His hat and wig had been knocked off in the *melee*, and a more ridiculous-looking ghost never went for the dollars of credulous humanity.

"What's der matter, 'Shake'?" again asked Shorty, at which there was a general laugh, during which the medium disappeared behind the curtains, and closed them tightly after her.

Then there arose a row between the spiritualists and the victims.

Said victims demanded their money back, and threatened arrest in case of refusal.

In England such things are dealt with more energetically than they are in this country, and so, with many growls, the business manager of the show reluctantly began to disgorge his ill-gotten gains.

The way the thing turned out did not half please the old man. He was a pretty good believer in spiritualism, and he didn't wish to believe that there was any fraud connected with the exhibition. He would much rather have believed that the personification was a genuine one than otherwise.

On this account he was reluctant to receive back his five dollars, and, in fact, walked off without it, greatly to the delight of the manager.

"Soy," said Shorty, when he approached him with the return money, "jus' keep dat fiver; yer don't owe me nuffin'. I's had my fiver worth of fun. Ta-ta!" and he turned to go away.

"You are an impertinent rascal, anyway," the agent growled.

"Oh, I am, hey? Give me dat fiver!"

"No; I did not mean that; I only meant that things have worked unfortunately."

"Well, I should say so," laughed Shorty.

"The conditions were not exactly right."

"I should say so some more. Yer didn't catch all suckers that time, did ye?"

"Please go away."

"Is the show over?"

"You have disarranged everything this evening, and nothing more will be done."

"All right. Give my respects to Vicky, an' tell her she wants ter look sharp for Americans, for they won't stand her nonsense no more now than they ever did. Tra-la-la! Sorry 'bout Shake, but he was no good," saying which the little rascal kissed his hand to the indignant believers, and wafted himself out of the house.

Joining the old man outside, he found the indignant visitors gathered around him, and denouncing the affair in the roughest terms.

Shorty, of course, was a hero, and they all shook hands with him, that is to say, all but the old man. He felt sort of melancholy, and wanted to go home and take a rest.

"Soy, dad, what der yer think of Shake?" he asked, turning to him.

"Bah! you are too fresh!" he growled.

"Well, I know some people that's too suckery!" replied Shorty, as they all started back to the tavern.

The old man made no reply. He knew that the little runt was right, but he didn't want to argue the question at all. He had seen all he wanted to of Shakespeare, and didn't even wish to hear any more about the business.

That night the others of the company of tourists had a grand old-fashioned English "set down" at the tavern, and it was considerably past midnight when they happened to think of going to bed.

The next morning they all took the train back to London, from which point they were to continue their hunting after the grand, the marvelous and the comical.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

BACK in wonderful London again!

Thus far the Shortys had enjoyed England hugely. The old man found all the historical pap he wanted, and Shorty and the Kid had managed to worry out about as much fun as they ever did anywhere.

Although they had had all the fun they wanted thus far, they, as before stated, felt as though there was a trifle too much of a good thing.

London is a large village, and there is a large amount of fun to be found in it.

A month had only enabled them to see a portion of it, and as they seldom did anything by halves, they went in for finishing up the job they had started on.

They had made the tour of the world now with the exception of a paltry three thousand miles now lying between England and America.

They were on the home stretch, so to speak, and they all made up their minds to make as much of it as possible, for goodness only knew what they were to do for amusement after they should reach home.

London is one of those places that you read about. It is one of those places that when you think you have seen it all, you have only been fooling around the edge of it a little.

This seemed to be the case with Shorty, and that is why he complained of the muchness there was in it.

But they all finally concluded that they would take things easy and use what time they wanted in order to scoop it all in.

The boys saw but little of the old man, for he was continually going somewhere in quest of historical roots, and he found plenty of them in London.

Finally it was agreed to pay a visit to the renowned Field of Bosworth, where ended that long and bloody war of the Roses, so long continued between the powerful ducal houses of York and Lancaster.

Bosworth Field is in the county of Leicester, and the country thereabouts is most beautiful.

Shorty was red-hot to go there, and after a ride of about three hours, they reached the place.

It is the proper caper to take in Bosworth Field when doing England, although it is extremely doubtful if this would be the case had not Shakespeare immortalized the story and the locality.

"Soy, is dis der scrimmage ground?" asked the Kid, addressing the guide who had taken the party in charge for the purpose of showing them the points.

"Yer 'onors, this is the celebrated field where his highness, the Earl of Richmond, h'encountered the royal h'army under the personal command of 'is majesty, Richard III."

"What was their little racket?" asked Shorty.

"They were mad h'at h'each h'other."

"Oh! had a growl, hey?"

"Yer may well say that, yer 'onors. H'it was one of the fiercest growls h'ever recorded h'on ther pages of 'istory."

"Yer don't say so! Tell us all about it," replied Shorty, guying him earnestly.

"Well, yer 'onors, h'it was this way, yer know; King Richard was at the 'ead of the 'ouse of York, h'and Richmond 'e represented the 'ouse of Lancaster. These two bloody 'ouses had been h'at war with h'each h'other for many years."

"Oh, I see, two different gangs."

"Yer may well say that, yer 'onors. The earl got his friends, h'and they went for the royal army."

"Oh, it was a put up job, eh?"

"Yer 'onor, I don't h'exactly snap onter yer 'onor's meaning," said the guide.

"Why, a put up job is what you would call an arranged, understood thing," said Shorty.

"I begs yer 'onor's pardon; now h'I sees h'it; yer 'onor is right; h'it was an understood thing," replied the guide, laughing.

"Well, what did they do about it?"

"Yer 'onors, they fought."

"Yer don't say so!"

"Yes, h'and h'it was a terrible battle."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Urt—urt? Well, I should meander smilingly. There was h'about ten thousand people killed on both sides."

"Whew! you don't say so!"

"But I do, though. 'Ere was King Richard's h'army h'encamped, 'ere to the right of us, all h'over this 'ere field, h'and just away h'over there h'opposite, was the Earl of Richmond's."

"Seems to me I've heard about that shindy," mused Shorty, tapping his forehead.

"Shindy? Why, h'it was one h'of the greatest events h'in the 'istory h'of the world," said the guide.

"Seems ter me that Shake says something about this racket," Shorty continued to muse, all the while speaking to himself, to all appearances.

"What do you mean by 'Shake'?"

"Why, Shakespeare."

"H'oh, h'our greatest poet; the h'immortal William," said the guide, proudly.

"I guess Billy was on it."

"On it?"

"Shake worked this thing up, didn't he?"

"H'it's 'istory, yer 'onor, h'it's 'istory."

"History? Well, Richard three times did do all that Shake stood him up for, eh?"

"Sir! Richard III. was a great man, also a great warrior," said the guide.

"But, soy, Richmond knocked him out?"

"Yes; Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., played a great game and won it. Shakespeare h'is slightly h'at fault h'in the matter."

"Shake shaky?" exclaimed Shorty.

"'E is, yer 'onor. But Shakespeare meant well enough, yer 'onor. 'Er Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, 'ad a pull h'on the great poet."

"Oh, she did, eh?"

"Bully for Libby!" shouted the Kid.

"Shake never give it away, did he?" asked Shorty, looking earnestly and most honestly into his face.

"H'I don't h'understand you," said the guide.

"Yer don't? Why, yer soy dat Shake an' Libby stood in on der racket."

"'Eavens h'and earth!" exclaimed the guide.

"What's der matter?"

"Such h'ignorance!"

"Ignorance?" said the old man, who by this time began to side with the boys.

"What h'assumption!"

"Who is assuming?"

"That Shakespeare h'and Queen Elizabeth 'ad h'anything h'in common!"

"But they had their little racket on Dicky, didn't they?" asked Shorty.

"Well, that was a case h'of a subject complying with the wishes h'of 'is sovereign. But the h'idea h'of their being h'any familiarity between them! Why, h'it's perfectly h'absurd!" protested the guide.

"Nor! Lizzie wa'n't that sort of a claw-hammer," protested the Kid, with a rolling swagger.

"Boys, be quiet, will you?" put in the old man.

"Oly smoke!" exclaimed the guide, starting back, and looking down at the audacious runt.

"What is it?"

"The h'idea!"

"Whose? where? what?" asked the old man.

"The h'idea h'of calling Queen Elizabeth a claw-hammer! H'it's treason, sir!"

"Don't mind what they say, sir. They are only a pair of irresponsible dwarfs," said the old man, aside to the indignant guide.

"Well, h'I should say so."

"Soy, where did Rich. get downed?" asked Shorty, looking as sober as a judge.

"Rich!"

"Cert. Where did they down him?"

"H'I don't h'understand you."

"Oh, he means on what part of the field did King Richard fall," said the old man.

"Richard III. was found dead beneath the bodies h'of a number h'of 'is life-guard on the very spot where we now stand."

"Oh, Richmond downed him, an' flung ther bodies on him ter keep him down, eh?"

"What h'an h'absurdity!"

"I tumble. They stood an' called each other names for a little while, an' then tried their toad-stabbers on each other. Richmond downed his royal nibs, an' piled a lot of stiffs on top of him so he could know where to find him after the muss was all over."

"No, sir; there is no 'istory for the h'assertion. King Richard did not fight with Richmond that day."

"What! Soy, what er yer givin' us?"

"The facts h'of the case."

"Come off!"

"Come h'off!"

"Yes. What der yer take me for? Haven't we seen 'em fight lots of times?"

"Ho! but that was h'on the stage, you know. That was simply a fancy of Shakespeare's—to make the two rivals 'ave h'a personal combat. The Earl h'of Richmond was the h'ancestor h'of Shakespeare's sovereign—Queen Elizabeth—h'and h'it was written that way as a compliment to 'er 'ouse."

"Givin' ther ole gal taffy, eh? I never knew that Billy was that sort of a chap," said the Kid.

The guide looked down at him in disgust.

"Please don't mind him, but go on with your remarks," said the old man, who had also become nervous at the chaffing.

"Well, sir, h'as h'I said before, King Richard fought with terrible valor, refusing to doff his crown even in the thickest of the fight. But 'e was nearly deserted by 'is friends, h'and—"

"Lost his horse, too, didn't he?"

"'Istory says that he did, but continued to fight on foot, surrounded by a few h'of 'is trusty nobles, leading the charge h'and seeking for Richmond h'in the thickest h'of the fray. At last 'e was h'overpowered h'and slain, while 'is friendly nobles fought h'on h'and were slain h'over 'is dead body."

"Ah! that accounts for the finding of his body beneath those of his friends. It was a noble but ghastly mound, erected to the god of war, and eminently worthy of that deity," said the old man, who began to warm up under the influence of history, and to become eloquent.

Shorty and the Kid swapped winks, meaning that the old fellow was liable to display his weakness and make a speech yet.

"Sir, you h'are right. Werry fittingly h'expressed."

"Thank you. But the crown. Where was that emblem of royalty found?"

"H'exactly. H'as h'I said before, Richard's dead body was found beneath 'is nobles. Richard was still clutching the crown h'in 'is dead 'ands. H'in fact, sir, they 'ad to work 'ard to wrench it from 'im. Think h'of that, sir!"

"Game old rooster, wasn't he?" asked Shorty.

"He clung to his crown in death as he had clung to it in life. He was a brave fighter."

"Right you are h'again, sir. H'it would 'ave been a bad day for the Earl h'of Richmond if 'e really 'ad met 'im. The earl was no fighter, h'and remained h'in 'is tent while the battle was h'in progress, although h'after the battle 'e was brought h'out, h'and Lord Stanley placed h'on 'is 'ead the battered crown that 'ad been torn from the dead king's grasp," said the guide.

"Exactly. Now I understand. But the great dramatist, in order to compliment Queen Elizabeth, made the Earl of Richmond the hero of the fight."

"Yes, sir, that h'is h'it h'exactly. Nor was Richard the bloody tyrant that 'e makes 'im h'out to be. There h'is no proof that 'e killed 'is brother, the Duke h'of Clarence, or 'is little nephews in the Tower."

"But they were killed, nevertheless," said the old man, earnestly.

"True, but there h'is no proof that 'e did it. But Shakespeare 'ad h'a h'object h'in view h'in making 'im h'out h'as bad h'as possible."

"I never thought that of Shake. I shall cut him after this," mused Shorty.

Well, they walked over the battle field for some time, the guide explaining all about it, and finally they took the train back to London.

Another week passed on, during which they visited Hastings and other famous battle fields; but as the reader has probably heard more about that of Bosworth than of any other, (having probably seen the great play of Richard III.), I have dwelt upon that so long that I will not enter into a description on the history of any of the others.

But Shorty and the Kid began to tire of that sort of a thing, of course, for they did not care for anything very long unless there was fun in it, and so they allowed the old man and Ho Sham to attend to the historical while they nosed around London, and took in its sights and sounds.

And a heap of them there are in the great city, which, having a wide awake guide who knew every rope, they were enabled to scoop in with little difficulty.

It was while prowling around London in this way that they struck a sensation, and what do you think it was?

You remember Shanks, the showman; the former partner and friend of Shorty when he was engaged in the same business, and whom they met in Hong Kong, China, when he was head waiter at a hotel? Well, they were taking in the dives and concert halls along one of the cheap streets one evening, when they came upon a little hall before which stood a show bill which read something like this:

"The Oriental Minstrels from Hong Kong, the only troupe of genuine Chinese minstrels in the world. Admittance one shilling. Come in."

"Shall we scoop it?" asked the Kid.

"May as well help ther manager along, I guess. It looks as though he needed it; don't see much of a crowd around here," replied Shorty. "Here," he added, handing the guide some money, "get three good seats."

The guide did as directed, and all three of them started to enter the hall, when who should they find taking tickets but Shanks.

"Shorty!"

"What! Shanky?" they exclaimed in turn, and the next moment they were shaking each other's fists in the most hearty manner.

"Jerusalem!"

"London!"

"And other places!"

"Cert. Take 'em all in."

"Where in the world did you come from?"

"From everywhere. Where did you?"

"From Hong Kong. Got a show. How did you find it out?"

"Just tumbled on ter it. But do yer tell me that this is your show, Shanks?"

"I'm sorry to say it is," sighed Shanks.

"Sorry?"

"Rather."

"What have you got, anyway?"

"Got left."

"I mean, what sort of a show."

"Come in and see," said Shanks, leading the way into the hall where his "Oriental Minstrels" were giving their entertainment to about one hundred people scattered about.

It was decidedly oriental, but at a glance Shorty saw that Shanks had been foolish in taking them so far from home. Their instruments were unique enough, and their singing was decidedly more so, but however good it might have been to those who could understand the Chinese language, it certainly lacked interest for those who did not. It even might have been funny, but nobody would ever have suspected it, for it sounded more like funeral music than anything else.

Shanks told him how he had found this company, and had taken all the money he could raise and brought them to London, in the hope of making a rapid fortune, and, as before stated, got left. They did not take as he calculated they would, and he couldn't get money enough to advertise as he knew he ought to do.

"But yer want to liven her up, Shanks, ole man. It's too funeral altogether, an' no wonder folks don't catch on ter it," said Shorty.

"Der's no fun in 'em," added the Kid.

"Fun! Why, they're the funniest Chinamen in the world. They're called comedians in Hong Kong; real hamfatters," said Shanks.

"Why didn't yer keep 'em there, then?"

"Well, I thought they'd be a paying novelty, and a few months after you left Hong Kong I took them in hand, and this is my second week."

"Too bad, Shanky, ole man; I'm devilish sorry for yer, but I can't agree with yer."

"What about?"

"All ther advertising in ther world wouldn't make 'em take the way they are now. Get somethin' inter ther bill that folks can cotton ter, an' keep them rat-eaters ter fill up. Now look here, Shanks, I know what yer want. Did yer ever see Ho Sham dance and sing?"

"Never."

"Well, yer just oughter. He'd be a big card for yer, sure pop. Now I'll tell yer what we'll do. Get out some slatin' old bills, such as we used ter work ther route with, announcing Shorty, the Kid, and ther great Ho Sham, ther liveliest mixed dancer in ther world."

"Whoop!" shouted the delighted manager, seizing Shorty's hand. "Your show will save me! Whoop! But what do you mean by a mixed dancer?"



"Yer'll understand when yer see him."  
 "Shorty, this will save me!"  
 "I hope so. But spread lots of printer's ink an' hook inter ther papers all yer can."  
 "Well, to tell the truth, Shorty, I haven't got the money to do much of that," said he, sadly.  
 "All right. Here's my address. Come an' see me in ther morning, an' we'll fix that matter. I'm kinder gettin' tired of loafin', anyway, an' I don't mind tryin' on ther old biz for a week or so, especially if I can help on ole friend."

"Me, too," chimed in the Kid.  
 "You are both little, but, oh, my! You have both got hearts as big as oxen. We'll just make this old town hum, you bet," said Shanks, with the greatest enthusiasm.

They sat the show out, and afterwards separated for the night, but if there ever was a happy man, it was Shorty's friend, Shanks, the busted manager.

The next day they met as per agreement and arranged the business and programme. Then Shanks just slung himself by way of writing show bills and posters, after which he proceeded to flood that part of the city with hifalutin specimens of job printing.

And the morning papers were ablaze with announcements regarding the extraordinary engagement of the great American musical comedians, and the renowned Chinese chow-chow dancer and pig-tailed eccentric.

Naturally enough it attracted great attention wherever the papers were read and whenever the posters were seen. Shorty conducted the rehearsal the next morning and broke the show up into several parts, giving the "Oriental Minstrels" a second place on the bill, as agreed upon with Shanks, and he spent the better part of the day with Ho Sham as interpreter, in teaching those Chinamen something about the business of pleasing people who sometimes wanted to laugh.

Those who have followed Shorty since he was first introduced to the public will remember that he was not an entire stranger to the British public, nor was the Kid; both of whom were gratefully remembered by thousands of people in London, to say nothing of other parts of England.

The result of this remembrance and this extensive advertising was that the hall where Shanks had been playing his orientals to almost empty seats, was packed like a box of figs, and it must be borne in mind that an English audience is much harder to please than an American one is, and it is not half so orderly, either.

The show opened something like our minstrel performances, the Chinamen giving a short "first part," doing their level best to follow Shorty's instructions, and this the crowd tolerated for the sake of what was to follow.

Then came Shorty with a banjo solo which took the house by storm. They yelled for more, and he gave them a song with comical accompaniment which made them wilder than ever, and on the next encore he gave them a comic recitation with banjo accompaniment, and refused another, allowing a Chinese trio to intervene while he took a rest.

Then he and the Kid came out for more banjo and tambo fun, and earned three more encores, and then he sandwiched in some more of the oriental business. But when Shorty brought out Ho Sham, the great chow-chow dancer, and put him through a course of sprouts, the audience fairly howled with delight. It was a great hit.

The show ended with a comical display of Shorty's old joke business, and that audience retired chuck full of laugh, and greatly pleased with the whole show, as was of course the manager, Shanks, with the first full treasury he had yet struck in London.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE great hit made by Shorty and the Kid, in connection with Ho Sham, who had volunteered to help his old friend, Shanks, out of a bad hole he had gotten into with his Oriental Minstrels in London, will be remembered.

It was a hit that filled the empty pockets which Shanks had carried so long, and of course he was a delighted man. A month of such business would make a fortune for him.

The Chinamen composing the company were completely taken aback at the immense hit which the three stars had made. They could not understand how the thing was done. They had no conception of Anglo-Saxon humor, and while the audience was convulsed with laughter, they looked on with amazement.

And as for Ho Sham, he being a Chinaman, he was a greater puzzle even than were the two dwarfs, Shorty and the Kid. The only solution they could find for it was in the fact of his having associated with "Melican man" so long.

But even this did not wholly satisfy and make them happy, for if he, being only a valet, and, of course, a non-professional, could do so much more than they could, what in reality must be their professional standing with the people whom they were now playing before?

These questions, asked among themselves, however, did them good, for they at once set to work to improve their business, and had they been in China it might have taken well enough; but after two or three attempts, they concluded that they had no fun or much else in them that was appreciated by Europeans.

The house on the second night of the "Shorty engagement," was packed even closer than the first, for the fame of the little jokers had gone abroad from the lips of those who had seen them the first night, and, of course, Shanks was more than happy.

"I knew it," he said to himself. "Those two little fellows are the biggest cards that a manager ever handled in this business."

And so they were. And Ho Sham was a good sec-

ond on account of the way Shorty had trained him. Consequently, outside of all the novelty there was in seeing a company of Chinese minstrels doing their best, Shorty was drawing all the money.

This thing went on for a whole week, and Shanks was splendidly on his feet again. But the time agreed upon between them was nearly up, and Shanks began to feel blue at the prospect.

Shorty, on the other hand, had had about all he wanted of the old business, but as they were on the point of embarking for the United States, he arranged it with the old man to allow Ho Sham to remain with Shanks as manager and boss comedian, and to give the thing a good send-off, Shorty volunteered to reorganize the company and put them through two or three rehearsals.

Nor was Ho Sham a bit averse to staying with them, for he not only received three times the wages that he had been receiving as valet, but he liked the business first-rate anyway.

All this while the old man had allowed the boys to have their own sweet way in almost everything, even to the taking of his body-servant away from him. He paid but little attention to what they were doing, and spent the greater portion of his time in the British museum, nosing among its relics and curiosities.

But after awhile they began to travel around again, leaving Shanks and his company doing a very good business. However, he only played a month longer in London, going from there to Manchester, Sheffield, and other large cities, so that Shorty lost sight of him the greater portion of the time, and only heard of him occasionally.

Yet he came across him again at Liverpool, and finding that the show was not doing very well, he allowed him to advertise them for another week's engagement, which started business up again, as it did in London.

It was during this engagement at Liverpool that Shorty contrived to play several jokes on the Chinamen composing the company, one of which was quite comical.

He had arranged a tableau wherein a group of the performers were gathered in the center of the stage to represent something or other, and the last night they were to perform with them, Shorty put up a job with the stage carpenter to effect something new for a sensation, both on the audience and the performers.

So when the unsuspecting victims got together and began to change from one group of posturings to another, according to the programme, Shorty waited until they came to the last one, when he gave the signal to the carpenter under the stage.

By means of a spring-trap of great power, those Chinamen were shot up into the air about ten feet, coming down in all sorts of shapes, and such a yelling and squalling as they let out of themselves was enough to scare the wildest tribe of Indians that ever existed.

The audience roared when they saw Shorty and the Kid come upon the scene, blacked up for the closing act of the entertainment, and laughing heartily.

Those Chinamen picked themselves up, and took a look at the place where they stood.

Everything seemed to be as honest and as peaceful as a turnpike, and then they looked at each other for an explanation of the high and mysterious bounce they had received.

Meanwhile Shorty and the Kid came down to the front with a chair, and the scene closed in behind them, shutting out the bewildered Chinamen, but only intensifying the laughter; for the audience seemed to know that the strange ending of the Chinese-acting tableau was owing to some racket that Shorty had worked on them.

Setting the chair in the center of the stage and well down front, Shorty hopped up into it, and seated himself on the back of it, while the Kid sat down in the chair regularly, with his feet resting on the rung, and between the feet of his comical dad.

The people in front of them knew this act, or thought they did, and they gave the two little merry-makers a big reception, knowing that this was to be their last appearance in Liverpool; and when the applause subsided, Shorty began to improvise the words of a song, such an one as the reader has often heard him make up as he went along, accompanying himself on his banjo, while the Kid chipped in on the chorus with his voice and his tambourine.

He worked it out as follows:

"In Liverpool there was a gang;

Ooho—ooho—ooho—ooho!

[Banjo and vocal imitations.

The boss of which was one Jim Shang,

Ooho—ooho—ooho—ooho!

They got upon the trap one night,

Ooho—ooho—ooho—ooho!

And some one bounced them out of sight,

Ooho—ooho—ooho—ooho!

Oh! how they whooped when down they fell,

Ooho—ooho—ooho—ooho!

And that's what made the people yell,

Ooho—ooho—ooho—ooho!

How they cursed the damage done,

Ooho—ooho—ooho—ooho!

But 'twas the first time they made fun,

Ooho—ooho—ooho—ooho!

[Exit.

The applause which followed this was deafening. Of course, the reader, only seeing the words, can have only a faint idea of the fun there was in it, not only as alluding to the racket that had been played on the Chinamen, but in the chorus. With a few touches on their instrument, they placed their fingers alongside of their nose, and with a sideways wag of the head back and forth, they uttered a peculiar nasal grunt that was elongated and comical to a degree.

In reply to an encore Shorty came out alone with

his banjo, and bowing with a comical grin, he took his seat and began to play.

"More—more—more!" was the cry which filled the house, and made it ring.

"Say!" he said, stopping and looking at the audience. "What der yer take me for?"

"A good one—a good one!" was the shout.

"Think I'm a poet?"

"Oh, we know it!" shouted somebody.

"Yes, and show it!" sang out another chap.

"I can't do it," replied Shorty.

"Oh, yes, go it!" said somebody else, and the laugh was so hearty that all voices were drowned.

Shorty saw that they were bound to have another improvised song from him, and as they kept on yelling, he had no alternative but to gratify them as best he could.

But he didn't like it all the same, for even though he could compose readily as he went along, yet he had much rather sing a song that somebody else had written. So he made up his mind that he would touch them up on the raw a little.

Giving his banjo a ringing rat-a-pan-bim! to attract the attention of the audience and to let them know that he was about to accede to their request, he quieted them down.

With a big grin on his comical mug he began to play "Yankee Doodle."

Think of the gall it takes to play "Yankee Doodle" in an English city like Liverpool!

But he rattled away at it for a moment in a masterly manner, giving them the old Doodle in a finer style than they had received it since the war of 1812, and in this manner disarmed resentment and criticism. Some of them growled openly, it is true, but the playing was so good that it kept them quiet until he began to sing:

"Oh, Yankee Doodle had a son,  
 By the name of Shorty,  
 He busted up a tableau  
 And used the Chinese naughty.  
 He plays the banjo all for fun,  
 The boss of all creation,  
 But he feels so much at home  
 In this grand old English nation!

Chorus.

"Yankee Doodle's one ther gang,  
 Yankee Doodle dandy,  
 Yankee Doodle 'round ther world,  
 Yankee Doodle dandy.

"Yankee Doodle takes them in,  
 The Duichman an' ther Paddy,  
 But he never will forget  
 His fine old English daddy.  
 He'll race ther finest in the world,  
 For greatness an' for station,  
 An' I'll bet yer ten ter one,  
 He'll down yer English nation.  
 "Yankee Doodle's," etc.

(This created considerable dissatisfaction, and he at once chipped in the following:)

"Yankee Doodle an' Johnny Bull  
 With their banners both unfurled,  
 Can march against creation  
 An' boss ther kickin' world.  
 So let's be ther best of friends,  
 An' swell ther general boodle,  
 So ther world will stand aside  
 For John Bull an' Yankee Doodle.  
 "Yankee Doodle's," etc.

This was rendered in such a hearty manner that it instantly obliterated every feeling of resentment, and such a cheer followed as was never heard in that theater before.

Shorty bowed and retired, but when the audience arose to go out they hesitated, and with loud plaudits called him back again to receive a parting ovation at their hands.

It was indeed an ovation, and that night he and Shanks sat down to a high old supper which a few of their admirers provided for them, so, in fact, their stay in Liverpool ended with a glad hurrah.

Ho Sham, as before stated, was delighted, and when he parted with the boys, as they were on the point of returning to London again, without much probability of their ever meeting again, he did not manifest much regret. In truth, a Chinaman never seems to form any social or friendly ties, and is ever ready to go anywhere to better his condition, leaving behind everything that other races of beings would cling to.

Well, away they went back to London again, intending to visit a few more important places and then make preparations for returning to the United States, thus completing their tour of the world.

Of course there was much more to be seen and much more fun to be had, for London is a pretty good-sized world in itself; but by this time they were all getting tired of being continually on the go, and were quite willing to get back to New York and to dear old Yankee land again; to the land of the free and the home of the brave.

But of course neither Shorty nor the Kid were sick of playing jokes on the old man, or on anybody else, for that matter, and whenever a good chance presented itself they were pretty sure to catch on and work it for all it was worth.

All three of them were walking one day near St. Paul's church, when Shorty happened to think of a snap, which he communicated to the Kid, and they at once prepared to work it up.

The old man was walking along behind them when Shorty stopped suddenly, and with an exclamation of astonishment he pointed up to the great church, to which point both he and the Kid gazed with great attention.



The old man approached, and also looked up wonderingly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Now look!" exclaimed Shorty, again addressing the Kid.

"Yes—yes, I see it now!" said the little runt, keeping up the racket.

"What is it—where—show me," the old man persisted.

But they paid no attention to him, and continued to look and to point upward.

This, of course, attracted others, just as they knew it would, and, in less time than it takes to write it, twenty people, at least, had stopped and began gazing upward toward the dome of St. Paul's.

This, of course, attracted others, and in a minute or two the street was blocked up with people all looking in the same direction.

The excitement began to grow warm, and inquiries came from all sides:

"What is it?"

The two jokers drew out unobserved and went to the other side of the way to see the fun, leaving the old man surrounded by a crowd, still looking earnestly upward.

"What is it?" was the question.

Then some one attempted to explain by saying that there was a crazy man up in the dome, who was trying to get out of one of the windows for the purpose of having a circus outside.

In fact, there were dozens of answers and many more speculations. Still the crowd continued to increase and more questions to be asked.

One or two of the first comers, however, noticed that the old man Burwick was the first one to call attention to whatever it was, and one of them tackled him.

"What are looking at, anyway?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"I was looking because I saw you looking."

"And I was looking because I saw somebody else looking," replied the old man.

"You must be a fool."

"And so must you be."

"What's that, you Punch, do you call me a fool?" demanded the other.

"But didn't you call me one?"

"Because I had good reason to do so."

"What better than I have for returning the compliment?"

"Look out, sir, or I'll bust your nose."

"Net if I knows it," said the old man, putting himself in position to receive a charge and repel it.

This angry controversy, of course, attracted attention, and the crowd pressed around, forgetting all about St. Paul's Cathedral, and anxious to see a fight.

True it is, that nothing in the world will attract the average Englishman so quickly as the prospect of a game of fisticuffs.

And, of course, everybody now in turn demanded to know what the trouble was; and as the old man's opponent was much the largest man, he seemed to feel that some explanation was due to those who were crowding around, so he said:

"I say, gents, this 'ere Punch-lookin' chap is an American, and he thinks it smart to get a crowd together and make fools of people."

"How—how?" asked several.

"Why, he stops here and commences to look up at St. Paul's, just to see how many would do the same thing, and see what a crowd he has collected."

"It's a blarsted shame!" cried somebody.

"Slug 'im h'under 'is h'ear!" said another.

"Kick 'im h'in 'is bread-basket!" and a dozen other shouts filled the air.

But the old man had no notion of having any of those little festivities indulged in at his expense, if he could help it, and so he shouted for the police with all the lung-power he had, as did both Shorty and the Kid, who now saw that matters were likely to go a deal further than they had intended.

But shouting for the police only made the crowd more angry, and one fellow attempted to get in on the old man's bugle, just for fun.

But the old man was there all the time, and the "fun" suddenly whirled around, and the fellow had it all his own way when the old man parried his blow and reached his smeller with a thud that made the claret fly.

Then the crowd yelled with delight, and, admiring the old fellow's grit, encouraged him to go in and give them some more fun.

But he was not inclined to do anything more than defend himself the best he could, and while the excitement was at its height somebody raised the cry of: "Bobby—bobby!" and a scattering commenced.

Now, we call a policeman a "cop," or a "star," but in England they call them "bobbies," and, of course, they instantly knew that the police were coming.

And so they were. They charged upon that crowd and scattered it in every direction; but reaching the place where the old man stood, which was the center of it, they grabbed him.

This encouraged the fellow who had received the bloody nose.

"Take 'im h'in, bobby; h'I'll prefer h'a charge h'ag'in 'im," said he, excitedly.

"Come along!" growled the policeman, who undoubtedly thought that a fight had caused all the crowd and trouble.

"What for?" demanded the old man.

"Never mind; come along!"

"Is this what you call British fair play?"

"Never mind; it's the game I play;" and so, without heeding his protestations, the policeman took him to the nearest sitting magistrate, and the complaint of the bloody-nosed individual was taken against him.

Shorty and the Kid followed, of course, to see what would be the result of their racket.

The old man was arraigned on the charge of as-

sault and battery and disturbing the peace, to both of which charges he plead not guilty, and demanded a hearing.

Several spectators were also there; men who had witnessed the whole affair, for after all there is a spirit of fair play in the English heart, and knowing the old man to be innocent of any intentional wrong, they were bound to testify in his behalf.

The old man was loaded with a speech, as he almost always was, and when the magistrate asked him what he had to say in his own defense, he just fired off that speech at him.

He gave a graphic and truthful account of the whole affair, and showed just how he had happened to hit the plaintiff, and this was corroborated by at least three disinterested persons, whose testimony made that plaintiff feel even sicker than his bung in the nose had done.

"But how about the charge of inciting a mob and disturbing the peace?" asked the magistrate.

"Your honor, my statement covers the entire ground," said the old man, proudly.

"Have you any witnesses?"

"Cert," said Shorty, coming to the front.

The magistrate looked down at him.

"Who are you?" he asked, at length.

"I'm Shorty, yer honor."

"Well, you do look a little that way, and if that is your cognomen, it was happily given. What do you know about this business?" he asked, after Shorty had been duly sworn to tell the truth.

"Soy, jedge, see that little rooster there?" he asked, pointing to the Kid.

"Yes, what of it?"

"I'm his dad."

"What?"

"An' this gent here, he's my dad;" and he pointed with a grin at the old man.

"Is it possible? Father, son, and grandson?"

"Right yer are, jedge. We come from New York. We started west for a scoot around the world, an' have been here several weeks, seein' the sight."

"Have you made the tour of the world thus far?" asked the magistrate, looking from one to another.

"Cert. We can show you all our passports."

"But how about this crowd in front of St. Paul's Cathedral—this riot?"

"Well, jedge, all three of us were walkin' along, when me an' ther Kid stopped ter look up at ther big church. I pointed ter somethin' up on ther dome an' we stopped ter look at it. Then a crowd began ter collect an' ask what we were lookin' at. Of course we thought it was none of their biz, an' we got out, leavin' dad in the center of the crowd. Then ther row began, an' yer know all the rest."

"Yes, I see. Have you any more witnesses?" asked the magistrate, turning to the complainant.

"No, yer honor," said he, sadly.

"Then I shall discharge the prisoner, and hold you for assaulting him. If you cannot furnish bail in fifty pounds, the officer will escort you to jail."

Talk about sick men! That fellow with the bloody nose was about the sickest-looking one that ever was seen as the officer led him away.

As for the Shortys, they went laughing away out into freedom, although the old man could not be contented until after he had given the boys a walking over, threatening them with all sorts of retribution for the snap they had worked at his expense.

But of course that didn't count much with Shorty.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

STILL they were in London, although nearly ready to set sail for New York.

But right here, perhaps, would be a good place to introduce a letter which I received from Shorty only lately, and because it is characteristic, I think the readers of THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY should have it. Here it is:

"LONDON, Eng., }

"On the hurrah. }

"MY DEAR PETE PAD:—How you was? I'm bully, an' so is dad an' ther Kid. We've had ther bustinist ole racket that ever was. Oh-oh-oh! Pete, yer should have been with us! Whoop! When we got here I found *Ther Boys of New York* waitin' for us—about twenty numbers. We took a whole day ter read 'em over. But wasn't ther old man mad, though! He was perfectly wild ter think everything had been given away an' published. He says he'll swear off on us; cut us off with seven cents apiece, an' hand our names down ter infamy (whatever that is). He said that he thought, when we got away from New York, that there would be nothing more published about us; an', oh! how he does kick!

"But he feels better now."

"Of course yer've got all ther notes about what we've been through, an' I like ther way yer've worked 'em up. Pete, yer a brick, an' don't want no mortar ter make yer stick."

"I hope ter reach for yer flipper before long, an' then I'll tell yer more about ther big hurrah we've had since I saw yer last."

"But how's ther gang? How's Harry Kennedy an' Gus Williams? How's Tony Pastor an' all ther fakes? I'm hungry ter see 'em. See all ther gang, an' set 'em up for 'em, an' charge it ter me."

"By the way, how's that oleomargarine rooster—'Ed'? Does he use bandoline ter make up his hair now? Does he part it in the center now as he used ter? Does he get broke up if one hair is astray? Did he follow my recommendation an' rub his ears with alum ter try ter get 'em down smaller than an elephant's? How is his cutwater? Big as ever? Does he work it same as he used ter? Will he ever pull himself together, an' strike something else ter write about except Peter Pad's farm? Soy, ther *Boys* might be a pretty nice sort of a paper if he didn't work his stale ole 'chestnuts' in it so much. Pete, I'll tell yer

what's ther best thing yer can do with that maple syrup bantam; lay him up for ten years, an' use him ter clean gas-pipes with. Or perhaps he would be good as a boardin'-house lieutenant—for he can work over more ole stuff, an' pass it around for original hash, than any rooster I ever knowed."

"But I s'pose he's necessary ter a newspaper office. They say they have ter have a stealer or liar in every one of them in order ter make good. Tell him I'll see him (with a club) when I get back, an' make life gilded for him. But I'm done. Ther racket here in London is big, but I want ter get back ter New York. I've seen it all, but New York is good enough for me. London is big, but Paris is bigger; but give me New York for an ole-fashion' one! Good-bye; see yer soon."

"Yer ole-timer,

"SHORTY."

The readers of the WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY can most likely understand this letter just as well as I do.

They know "Ed" almost as well as they do our old friend Shorty.

But to return to our narrative.

We left the Shortys in London, where they had enjoyed so much fun and seen so many objects of interest, and we know that they were about ready to return to the United States, and thus complete their tour of the world.

Shorty was rather uneasy, and wanted to get away from London. He had enough of it; but the old man still wanted to stay and see some more of it.

This set Shorty to thinking, and finally he made up his mind that something must be done as hard as the kick of a mule to choke the old fellow off and make him homesick.

But what should it be?

He figured the whole ground over, and at length concluded that money matters was the only thing which would stir him up enough to choke him off.

And the way things had been arranged was this: From the very start the old man had managed the finances of all three of them, and by the time they reached London their letters of credit had been reduced to one, which was on Brown & Co., London, bankers, for one thousand dollars.

Shorty thought the matter over and held a consultation with the Kid, and finally he concluded what he would do, provided he could work it.

But the first thing to do was to see the banker, and Shorty at once made arrangements for making the acquaintance of the head clerk of the house.

Owing to certain little rackets, this was not a hard thing to do, and Shorty at once made himself solid with the head clerk of the banking establishment, and together they worked up the racket which he was trying to play on the old man.

The little game was this, as it developed itself the very next day.

The old man went down to the bank to draw some money for current expenses, and was met by the very clerk with whom Shorty had arranged the job, and with a long face he told him that the bank had failed; that they were not honoring any more drafts, and that it would probably be a year or two before matters would be settled so that those having accounts or money on deposit could realize anything from them.

This made the old man wild, and he came back to the boys with the story, which of course they knew all about.

"I shall be obliged to telegraph to New York for money," said he, sadly.

This put a new notion into Shorty's head.

Of course he knew that the old man could get all the money he wanted simply by telegraphing to his New York bankers for it, and that little game had to be blocked.

In course of an hour or so he telegraphed to New York for the money he wanted, but Shorty arranged it so as to intercept the dispatch before it left England, and getting possession of one of the official blanks, he arranged a reply as follows:

"MR. G. W. BURWICK—Sir: I am sorry to inform you that, owing to the failure of the firm of Brown & Co., of London, we have been obliged to suspend, and your deposits go in with the assets."

"SMITH & Co."

And when the old man got this, he was completely broken up. His whole fortune was in the hands of these bankers, whose stability he regarded as equal to that of the government itself; and now, if this was true, he was a pauper.

Wild were his lamentations, deep his anguish, as he reported the matter to his children.

"What! all gone ter smash?" asked Shorty, acting his part with much ability.

"See that cable dispatch!"

The little rascal kept his face as he read it.

"Why, them duffers had all our soap, too."

"Am I a tramp, too?" asked the Kid.

"We are all tramps!" moaned the old man, as the tears came to his eyes.

"Haven't yer got any spones at all?"

"No; I allowed my cash to get down so low before drawing any more that I haven't got five dollars in the world. Oh—oh! what shall we do?" and his sorrow was so real that it was hard to look upon him.

"All right," said Shorty, sullenly.

"What is all right, my son?"

"All right for you."

"What do you mean?"

"Arn't yer ther boss?"

"How so?"

"Didn't yer have charge of all three cash boxes? If yer hadn't had so much ancient history on yer mind, yer might have looked after it more carefully."

"Dat's so," moaned the Kid.

"And it serves yer right. Don't yer know a sucker somewhere?"

"What do you mean by a sucker?"



"Why, somebody that'll lend yer money enough ter get back ter New York."

"Of course not. How should I know anybody here that would loan me money, especially when it becomes known, as it soon will, that I am not worth a dollar in the world? Oh-oh! that ever I should be left in poverty in my old age! Whatever shall we do?"

"I don't care what yer do," said Shorty.

"You don't?"

"No, but I know what we will do."

"You do! What?"

"Bange," said he, pointing to his banjo.

"An' tumb," put in the Kid, catching up and shaking his tambourine.

"Yes, I suppose your old profession will enable you to earn money enough. But what is to become of your old father?" he asked, sadly.

"What ther deuce der we care what becomes of yer? Yer may go ter blue blazes for what we care," replied Shorty.

"Can it be possible that you entertain such feelings as that toward me; me, your own flesh and blood?"

"I don't know whether yer are or not," said the little rascal, adding to the old man's torment.

"Heavens above us!"

"Didn't yer lose us our shug?" demanded the Kid, abruptly.

"But I could not help that. Do you suppose I knew what was going on in New York when I was on the other side of the globe? And haven't I lost my fortune, too?"

"Oh, give us a rest! Yer undertook ter do ther grand and lofty financial business, an' yer did it, didn't yer?"

"Boys, you are very unkind to me. But I hope you will not desert me when you have a means of earning money and I have not."

"What do we want to keep you for? You're no good, anyway."

"And so you cast me off in my old age and helplessness?"

"But yer won't chip in."

"In what way?"

"We're goin' on ter ther town," said Shorty.

"Going on to the town! What in the world do you mean?" asked the astonished old man.

"Why, we got ter do some sort of biz right away, haven't we?"

"Certainly—certainly."

"I couldn't get an openin' for a month, an' by that time we might starve; so the Kid an' I are goin' on ter ther street with our tools and rake in some cash."

"Gracious! What an idea!"

"But she's a good one, though."

"But how can I chip in on that business?"

"Will yer do it if I'll show yer how?"

"Why, I am willing to do anything, of course, to make an honest living. But do you propose to go out as street minstrels?"

"Cert. Why not? That's a good way to get a start, an' when we get the shug, we can either go home, or start biz here."

"Oh, by all means, let us remain on this side of the Atlantic, for I could never endure to go back home again—a pauper."

"Oh, we'll never go back again paups. We'll make soap enough ter wash us over home again in good style, bet on that. An' when we do get back well-fixed, we'll start a band of hamfatters and take ther States again."

The old man smiled a little at the prospect, for he knew that Shorty could quickly make another fortune if he started out to do it.

"But what can I do?" he asked, finally, and after Shorty and the Kid had swapped winks together.

"I'll tell yer how we'll work it. We'll all black up; ther Kid an' I in our ole biz, an' you make up as a poor ole coon, blind, an' got two poor little half orphans on yer hands."

All three of them laughed heartily at this.

"Yer can pass ther cady around an' let the suckers chip in their pennies an' sixpences. Don't yer see ther point?"

"Yes, I see it," mused the old man, "but—"

"Der yer weaken?"

"But can't we contrive some other way?"

"Yes, if yer've got five hundred pounds in ready money," replied Shorty.

This knocked the old man again.

"Well, soy, will yer chip in that way?"

"Yes, if there is no other way."

"Of course there isn't. Besides nobody knows us here, an' if they did, they couldn't see through our make-up."

"That is so," said the old man, reflectively, and the expression on his face showed plainly that he did not now regard the proposition with so much aversion as before.

"Then that settles it. Now ter get yer up an' ole gray wig an' fix up yer togs," said Shorty, and at it they went, determined to make their debut on the town the very next day.

The old man sighed deeply several times as he went on with the preparations. It was a fearful come down for him.

But yesterday he was worth at least one hundred thousand dollars; to-day he was about to become a wandering minstrel.

It was a fearful come down for him.

Wasn't it a fearful tumble?

He had faith in his children, though, and that faith awoke a hope in his heart which buoyed him up in his tribulations a little.

Shorty, however, had another difficulty to get over before his joke on the old man could be worked out fully.

They had lodgings in one of the most respectable quarters in London, and it would never do to go out of the house, dressed as colored wandering minstrels,

without first having an understanding with the lady who kept the house, or the probabilities would certainly be that they would be all fired out.

This, however, the old man had never thought about. His mind was too full for him to notice trifling matters.

But the little joker had some difficulty in bringing this about, for the old gal had taken quite a fancy to the old man, whom she insisted was one of the nicest little men she had ever seen in her life.

Shorty, however, had as smooth a tongue as ever was given a rascal, and, as the son of his dad, he also held a high place in the landlady's esteem; so after assuring her that it was only a joke, and that no harm would come of it, she finally consented to remain in the background and let the fun go on.

Very little sleep attended the couches of either of them that night; not that of Shorty and the Kid on account of laughter; not the old man on account of the flood of thought which came over him as he tossed uneasily upon his pillow.

Shorty and the Kid perfected their plans after they had retired to their chamber and did all their laughing, so that they could appear the next day sober and all in earnest.

Meantime their landlady, Mrs. Hanscom, had thought the matter over, and regretted almost that she had given her consent to the business. She felt that it was too bad to place the nice old man in such a position—even for so short a time.

But as she had given her word to Shorty, she felt that it would be as much beneath her dignity now to withdraw it as it was to consent to the arrangement.

Yet she made up her mind to see them as they went out in the morning, for her woman's curiosity could not nor would not be satisfied with anything less, although she was careful not to let any of her other lodgers know anything about what was going on.

Morning finally came, and she had previously arranged it with Shorty that they were to get out early before the neighbors were astir, and not return until after dark, so as not to be seen entering the house.

The old man was astir betimes, and was made up and ready for business even before Shorty and the Kid were. They had bought a very frugal meal the night before, and were eating—at least the old man was—with sadness and sorrow, made up sandwich like.

Mrs. Hanscom, in order to carry out the programme of not allowing anybody in her house to know what was going on, told her servant that she would serve Mr. Burwick with his coffee in the morning, and while he was partaking of the frugal meal before spoken of (being all blacked and fixed up), she opened the door, and appeared before him.

The old man felt like sinking through the floor, and was so paralyzed that he could scarcely speak, and sat there with a herring sticking out of his mouth.

"Why, Mr. Burwick!" she exclaimed, in well-feigned astonishment. "What is the meaning of this disguise?"

It never occurred to him that in was strange that she should know him under any circumstances, or it might have been a give away.

But as she spoke, he let his lower jaw drop, and the smoked herring fell to the poor.

"What does it mean, Mr. Burwick?" she asked, again, continuing to assume that she knew nothing at all about what was going on.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"So I see; but how about it?"

"I—I—that is to say—I—"

"I should think you had made yourself up for a masquerade of some kind," said she.

"Ah! that is it. You have hit upon it exactly. I—that is, we are going over to Middlesex to a—masquerade. Ha, ha, ha! we shall have a very jolly time, I am sure," and the old man laughed at the thought of the difficulty he had gotten out of, although there was but little merriment in it.

"Ah! Well, here is your coffee, Mr. Burwick, and I am sure I hope you will have a jolly time," said she, setting it upon the table.

"Thank you. I'm sure I do—ah, good-morning—thank you," said he, as the landlady left the room, with her curiosity satisfied, and her lodger to resume his breakfast and his breath again.

"This will never do," he mused. "We must get out of this at once. What an escape I had. Whew! Wonder if she believes that ghost story about the masquerade? Oh, we can't stay here any longer, for we are only tramps now," and he groaned down his coffee and manched the remains of his bread and smoked herring.

In a few moments Shorty and the Kid entered his room, all blacked and togged for business, and again the poor old victim sighed as he beheld them.

"Are you all ready, dad?" asked Shorty.

"Oh, Lord, yes!" he groaned. "Who do you think was just in here?"

"Give it up."

"The landlady. I told her we were going to a masquerade."

"Well, so we are. Come along," and Shorty led the way down into the street.

Colored people are not so numerous in London as they are here, and colored musicians are quite a rarity. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that a crowd of people were following them before they had gone a dozen rods.

This delighted Shorty and the Kid, but the old man looked sorrowful enough to be indeed the father of two half-orphans. He had a red handkerchief tied around his head and carried an old hat in one hand and a big cane in the other. Yes, he looked sick enough to be the father of at least fifty half-orphans and two old goats.

Finally the crowd got large enough and the two minstrels stopped long enough to give it a taste of themselves, the old man looking sicker than ever. He

groaned aloud in spite of himself, but the crowd mistook it for the bubbling up of his sorrow, and, of course, became more interested in the company.

Shorty gave a few preliminary chords on his banjo, which instantly attracted attention, while the Kid gave a rattle and bang to his tambourine.

Then they began, and it is safe to tell the reader, for they know it, that that crowd never heard such music on a banjo before. They crowded around and struggled for places to look over the heads of those in front of them, while the clanging of the banjo rang out upon the morning air as clear as a silver bell.

The crowd increased every moment, and when they had finished their little duo it applauded vociferously and asked each other who they were.

Then Shorty caught them again on a comic song which knocked anything they had ever heard before, after which a collection was in order.

"Go for 'em dad!" said Shorty.

"Don't take anythin' less than a farthin', pop, an' don't give back any change!" cried the Kid.

This created a laugh, and with a heavy heart the old man proceeded through the crowd with his hat. It responded liberally for an English miscellaneous company, and at least two dollars was showered into the cady.

Meanwhile Shorty was playing a rollicking piece to hold the crowd together, and there is no knowing how much there might have been taken up in the collection, had not a "bobby" come along and scattered the crowd and ordered the musicians to move on.

Shorty and the Kid didn't mind this, of course, but it was the most humiliating part of the business to the old man. He felt like a mangy, vagrant cur, and wished he was dead.

They walked along a few blocks further, followed by the crowd, and finally they stopped and played again, and again the old man's hat was well-filled with coin, although the police would not let them remain long in a place, and finally one of them threatened to arrest the old man if he did not take his company off the street.

## CHAPTER XL.

THE farce which Shorty and the Kid had played as street minstrels in London, and in which the old man was the victim as usual, will be remembered.

The boys kept at it, Shorty with his banjo, and the Kid on his tambourine, attracting crowds, and gathering in quite large sums of money so long as the policemen didn't keep them moving, which was a source of great torment to the old man, although, of course, the other two liked it.

Finally a policeman threatened to take them all in if they didn't stop, and this made the old man fairly shake in his coots.

"Don't let us do it any more," moaned the old chap.

"I'm sick of it."

"All right; let's go in here and have some refreshments," said Shorty, laughing, and darting into a tavern, followed by the Kid.

The old man hardly knew what to make of this transaction, but he was glad to get out of sight almost anywhere, so he also went into the tap-room of the tavern.

A servant met him at the door, and conducted him into a private room, where he left him without saying a word.

Tired out, he took a seat, and wondered where the boys were; but expecting that they would soon join him, he sat still and rested, while he could hear laughter and good-natured remarks without.

In fact, those remarks and that laughter grew loud and joyous enough to attract his attention.

What were the people laughing about?

And it somehow seemed as though some of those voices sounded familiar to him.

In fact, this impressed him so much that he fell to listening, but hearing approaching foot steps he sat down again.

The door opened, and in came Shorty and the Kid, washed and dressed up, followed by half a dozen men, every one of whom he was well acquainted with.

He started up in astonishment as they filed into the room, laughing boisterously.

"Halloo, dad!" cried Shorty.

"Halloo, pop!" chirruped the Kid.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the others.

"W—w—what is the meaning of this?" the old man finally stammered, as he gazed wonderingly from one to another.

"What are you doing here?" asked Shanks, who was one of the party, and then there was a fresh outburst of laughter.

"Soy, what's yer racket, dad?"

"What is your racket? What does this mean?"

"Where've yer been?"

"Yes, what yer been doin'?"

"What have you been doing? What I want to know is, what all this means? Explain if you do not wish me to explode," said he, savagely, at which there was another laugh.

The old fellow was standing up now and glaring with rage, but a more comical picture than he was it would be impossible to find, and how they did laugh!

"Explain!" he demanded.

"Soy, hadn't yer better explain yerself?" called Shorty, and then another laugh.

"Why have you washed and dressed?"

"We got done," and another laugh.

"Soy, don't yer tumble?" asked the Kid.

"Tumble?"

"Drop."

"Drop?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"A big sell," said Shanks.

"A what?"



"S—e—ll, sell," said another, and once more a shout rang through the room.

The old man looked from one to another in a most bewildered manner.

He was gradually tumbling. In fact, he began to understand that he had been the victim of a stupendous practical joke.

But how could it be? And while the laugh was going on he began to see that it was too heavy for him to oppose, and so he kept quiet.

Then they all shook hands with him, laughing and asking him how he liked the wandering minstrel business.

"Confound you all, what are you driving at? I'll be hanged if I don't know what this is all about, and don't you forget it. Here, you young rascal, said he, grabbing Shorty, "what in thunder is the meaning of all this? what is it?"

"Why, yer been off on a little toot, arn't yer?" asked Shorty.

"Toot—toot! I'll toot you if you don't explain this matter."

"How much did yer take in, pop?" asked the Kid, laughing with the others.

"None of your business. Give me some water and let me wash up," said he, pulling off his old wig and throwing it at Shorty.

"No, you can't have any water, Mr. Burwick, until we first have some wine," said Shanks. "Here, waiter, bring us some extra dry."

"Come around ther table, gents, ther ole man insists on settin' 'em up for ther gang."

"No, I'll be hanged if I insist upon any such thing. But I insist upon having some water to wash away the evidences of this wretched farce," said he.

"Wretched farce? Why, I think it one of the best I ever knew of," said one of the party.

"Bah! give me some water."

"Not till you have some wine," said Shanks, handing him a glass.

"No, sir; I'll be hanged if I do."

"Yes, yer will."

"No wine, no water."

"That's what's ther matter."

"Take it, Bob, take it, Bob!"

"Confound you and your wine."

"All right; yer can't have no water till yer take yer wine," said Shorty.

"What! is this a part of the racket?"

"Of course it is," he replied; and then there was a fresh outburst of laughter, while the company sat around the table with their ready wine glasses in their hands.

"But what about our losing all of our money?" he asked of Shorty.

"I haven't lost any; have you?"

"I don't know what to think."

"Well, go down an' see yer banker, an' see what he says," said he, laughing.

"Has this only been a racket, after all? Is it one of your games, Shorty?" he asked; and again they all laughed.

"Soy, here's ter they old wandering minstrel," cried Shorty, standing upon a chair and holding his glass of champagne aloft.

"Hi, hi, hi!" was the response; and the toast was drank by a dozen thirsty throats.

This was more than the old man could stand, and seizing his glass, he drank with the rest.

"Speech! speech!" they cried; and in spite of his natural inclination to make speeches whenever an opportunity presented itself, he felt more like fighting than speaking.

"Speech! speech!"

"Gentlemen," said he, finally, after the noise had subsided, "I don't know what there is for me to speak about in this connection, unless I tell you what a bad boy I am the unfortunate possessor of. I had a few hairs once, but he has not only turned them white, by his conduct, but he has, as you see, worn them entirely off, leaving my head as smooth as a billiard ball. But I acknowledge this as the greatest of a long series of sells that he has worked up on me and others, and I here give public notice that I am going to shake him forever, and cut him off without so poor a thing as my blessing, even. Now, gentlemen, if you will allow me to wash up, I will gladly spread the glassware before you again."

He was laughingly cheered as he finished, and the waiter conducted him to the wash-room, where he not only found every convenience for washing, but his clothes neatly arranged, ready for him to get into again, and once more appear in his proper character.

"How in thunder did this happen?" he mused, as he looked over his clothes. "Oh, it was a terrible job. I know that little cuss will be the death of me yet if I don't give him the shake. He undoubtedly worked the whole racket—that yarn about the failure of the bankers; this minstrel business; the gathering of our acquaintances, just to play the joke on me. Oh, it is dreadful!" he added, as he proceeded, with soap and water, to remove the black masquerade from his face.

And all the while he was making himself look a trifle more like himself, he heard the merry voices of his friends without still laughing over the great sell.

But he could scarcely find it in his heart to get as mad as he thought he ought to. Shorty could no more help his pranks than a duck could help taking to the water.

And yet he set his two or three remaining teeth together, and swore a bushel full that he would have no more to do with him as long as he lived; that he would live apart from the boys, and see if he could not get some peace in his remaining years.

Well, he finally got dressed, and once more presented himself to his friends in his proper person. They received him with a shout, and he motioned them to the bar.

"That's all right. Say what you will have, and

then say no more about it," said he, striking the bar with his hand.

"All right. Cham's mine," said Shorty.

"Dat'll do for me," said the Kid, getting up into a chair so as to be on a level with the bar.

"Oh, I guess champagne will do for us all," said Shanks.

"Gentlemen, I begin to understand the enormity of this thing. As I said before, it is undoubtedly a great sell, and I am, as usual, the victim; so take your tipple. But if ever that young rascal gets a chance at me again, he may make the most of it. Gentlemen, I am going home to the United States, and the fondest hope that I have is that Shorty will not go along with me, or that if he does, he will get drowned."

"Well, here's to you, old man," said they all, lifting their glasses.

And thus the sell was ended.

It was a crusher on the old man, of course, but he did the best he could to seem happy under it.

A fine dinner followed, and with the good things which greeted their stomachs, they got decidedly merry, the old man among the rest, so that before darkness set in he had forgotten the bad—bad joke that had been played upon him, and felt happy.

The Shortys returned to their lodgings that evening in their proper character, and the landlady was made happy, not only because her best lodgers had not disgraced her house, but on account of a lively little supper which followed.

The old man was gracious enough to acknowledge that he had been made the victim of a stupendous racket, and so the occasion passed off most pleasantly.

But they had enjoyed enough of old London. They had partaken of old England all they wanted to, and the next day preparations were made for taking the steamer at Liverpool for New York.

To tell the truth, the three of them had had all they wanted. They were no hogs. They knew when they had got enough.

Nearly a year had passed since they had set out to make the tour of the world. They had seen it all; that is, the best portion of it, and they felt homesick. They began to feel that there was no place like home, more especially when that home happened to be in the United States, and in New York.

And bidding a square good-bye to the many friends they had made in the various cities of England, they boarded the steamer *City of Berlin*, for passage from Liverpool to New York, this being the last three thousand miles of the great stretch which would complete their circumnavigation of the globe.

But to tell all that Shorty and the Kid did on this trip, would be but repeating what has been told before. I will skip over the whole ocean voyage from Liverpool to New York, and land them in their native place without further comment.

But, mind you, Shorty had all this while been furnished with the paper, *The Boys of New York*, in which the whole history of this trip around the world had been given, and as the most of the rackets had been shown to be against one or the other of them, as, of course, they really were, they all felt a trifle sore, and from what I have since learned, they concluded that "Peter Pad" had made many scenes and adventures a trifle more ridiculous than they really were; an author's license, of course.

I had been down to my farm, on Long Island, and although knowing that the Shortys would return before long, I did not expect them so soon by a month or two, and was much surprised on getting my morning paper on the cars to see their arrival announced on the *City of Berlin*.

I felt certain that they would go at once to their old hotel where they had lived so long, and so they did; but they scarcely gave themselves breathing time before they sought my residence, evidently in no peaceful frame of mind.

At all events, this was true of the old man, for when he set out for that trip around the world, he never thought for a moment that everything was to be given away and published, although, of course, Shorty and I had an understanding about the matter, as he is always anxious to do all he can for his favorite paper—*The Boys of New York*.

The old man was indignant, and Shorty led him to believe that he was also mad. In fact, as I afterward learned, he worked the old chap up to such a degree while on the voyage from Liverpool to New York, that he insisted upon going at once to my residence, and giving me a portion of what Paddy gave the drum. In truth, both Shorty and the Kid worked upon him so earnestly that he felt it to be a part of his life work to mop up a whole New York street with my body.

They visited my house for this express purpose, or rather, the old man did and the boys pretended to, and being admitted by a male curly-haired Ham, who demands a portion of my income every month, they insisted upon seeing me at once.

"Gemmens," said Piper Hidesic (that's my Ham's cognomen), "Mister Pad am not at home. He hab gone down to he's farm."

"Git out!" exclaimed Shorty. "Produce his nibs or we'll break down his house."

"Gemmens, I's a member ob de church an' neber tell a lie."

"How long have you lived with Mr. Pad?" asked the old man, sneeringly.

"I hab been wid Mr. Pad for seberal yea's, sah."

"And never tell lies?"

"No, sah."

"What congenial company you must be for him."

"I don't unnerstan' you, sah," said Piper.

"You don't! Did it ever occur to you that Mr. Pad is the boss liar of the universe?"

"No, sah, Mr. Pad am an hones', truful man, an' I don't want nobody to inshinorate de contrary," he replied, bristling up.

"Oh, get out! He's a duff," said Shorty, who was

bound to keep the thing up until he got the old man into trouble.

"Yes, sir, a regular duffer, and if he will only dare show himself, I will tell him so to his face," said the old man, shaking his fist.

"Sah, Mr. Pad amn't heah fo' ter took his own part, but I'se heah."

"You!"

"Yes, sah, I'se heah, an' dar's de do'," he said, opening it.

"Oh, you can't choke us off that way. We are not afraid of either you or your master. Trot him out and let me have some fun with him."

"I'se heah fo' all de fun ob dat kind, sah!" saying which he went for them, and a lively tussle was the immediate result.

I was just nearing my house when it began, and what startled me was the sight of the Kid, Shorty, and then the old man, flying down my front stoop as though just leaving the hind legs of a "mule."

The boys landed all right, and I reached the steps just in time to catch the old man and save him from a damaging fall.

Shorty and the Kid were the first to recognize me.

"Halloo, Pete, is that you?" exclaimed Shorty.

"Halloo, Paddy!" chipped the Kid.

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" I asked.

"Oh, only havin' some fun," said Shorty, laughing.

"Fun! Well, I should say so. How do you all do?"

I asked, extending my hands.

"Bully, Pete, bully. How yer was yerself?"

"Fine. How are you, Mr. Burwick?" I asked, turning to the old man, who had left my redeeming embrace to recover his hat.

"What! Peter Pad?" he asked, recognizing me, for the first time, on account of the excitement.

"The same; your good servant ever. How do you do?"

"None of your business, sir!" said he, straightening up and looking daggers at me.

I looked at Shorty and he gave me the wink. Then I tumbled. The old man was mad because his escapades had been published through my means.

"Come in—come in," said I. "I am really glad to see you all. Come in and have a glass of wine and tell me all about yourselves."

"Cert," said both Shorty and the Kid, whereat the old man looked confounded. He evidently thought from what they had said that they would pitch into me at first sight.

"Come on, dad. We'll drink up all his wine an' get hunk with him in that way," said Shorty, in a coaxing way. "Dat's all right."

"But he is a monster! No—no. He has published all our doings to the world and we shall be the laugh of everybody in the land," he protested.

"Never mind; dat's all right, dad; come in."

By this time I had entered my house and received an explanation from my servant. The old man finally saw that the boys were not half so mad with me as they had pretended to be, and so accompanied them into my reception-room, while Piper put a bottle of his namesake on the ice; in fact, three of them, for I had made up my mind to telegraph down to the office and have some of the authors come up so as to institute a reception to their honor.

A lively conversation followed, and when their throats got parched from talking I had them moistened with wine. At first the old man did little else than glower at me, but he gradually warmed up, the more so after he had partaken of the wine, and by the time the half dozen authors, who responded to my telegram, arrived, he was feeling almost as good as either Shorty or myself.

Hand-shaking was in order, for nearly every one of the writers for *The Boys of New York* are acquainted with the celebrated trio, and were of course glad to see them safely back from their extended tour of the world.

Shorty shook hands with Howard De Vere, George G. Small, Harry Kennedy, Gus Williams, J. G. Bradley, and when he came to "Ed" he looked up at him with a broad grin, while "Ed" reached down to grasp his hand.

"Soy, it's a lie, arn't it?" he asked, as he shook hands.

"What?" asked our elongated young funny man.

"I heard that Chang, ther Chinese giant, had bought yer an' starched yer for a walkin'-stick," replied Shorty.

"A poor cane he'd make with all these ears on him," said Harry Kennedy, and then the young "legacy receiver" smiled in a sickly way and blushed, and tried to blend himself with the general laugh.

"Ed" didn't attempt to make a speech. He simply continued to blush and think of something new to say about "Peter Pad's" farm and feet.

Yes, it was a jolly gathering, and Shorty kept us laughing for two hours with his snaps, jokes, and the comical adventures he had had since leaving us for his trip around the world more than a year before.

A night or two afterward he held a formal reception at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he met not only the writers connected with this paper, but many representatives of the daily press and a large number of actors.

A splendid "feed" was provided, and I wish I could give the speech that Shorty made when I proposed his health. But there were so many personal compliments in it that I forbear.

But it was a success, as everything always is which he undertakes, and after the affair was all over and only a few of his particular friends remained behind, he grasped my hand.

"Peter," said he, "come an' see us often, for now yer done with *THE SHORTYS' TRIP AROUND THE WORLD!*"

[THE END.]



# "THE BOYS OF NEW YORK"

## POCKET LIBRARY

Is the Largest, and Contains the most Interesting Stories ever Published.

**PRICE 5 CENTS.**

**PRICE 5 CENTS.**

We intend to make the stories contained in this Library the best ever published from the pens of our most popular and interesting authors. *These Libraries contain 32 pages, and each Number is complete, and contains a beautiful Illustration.*

### THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE NUMBERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

- |   |                                   |   |                            |
|---|-----------------------------------|---|----------------------------|
| 1 THE PEARL DIVER                         | By J. G. BRADLEY                  | 33 MOCCASIN MOSE                          | By PAUL BRADDON            |
| 2 HE DIDN'T GET LEFT                      | By PETER PAD                      | 34 THE OURANG-OUTANG HUNTERS              | By GEO. G. SMALL           |
| 3 THE WOLF-MEN OF MINNESOTA               | By HOWARD DE VERE                 | 35 SIMPLE SILAS, THE IDIOT DETECTIVE      | By HARRY ROCKWOOD          |
| 4 BLACK-HILLS BILL                        | By H. K. SHACKLEFORD              | 36 YARNS AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE             | By H. K. SHACKLEFORD       |
| 5 THE LOST FINGER                         | By BERTON BERTREW                 | 37 SENTENCED FOR LIFE                     | By A U. S. DETECTIVE       |
| 6 THE THUGS OF PARIS                      | By PAUL BRADDON                   | 38 INNER CIRCLE                           | By ALLAN ARNOLD            |
| 7 PEEPING PETER                           | By ROGER STARBUCK                 | 39 THE SECRET GLEN                        | By DON JENARDO             |
| 8 THE SHARK-HUNTERS                       | By HORACE APPLETON                | 40 GRAYBEARD, THE TERROR OF THE SEAS      | By A. F. HILL              |
| 9 TIM FINNIGAN, THE YOUNG IRISH DETECTIVE | WRITTEN BY HIMSELF                | 41 THE COMIC ADVENTURES OF MIKE MULLIGAN  | By TOM TEASER              |
| 10 FOX-CAP, THE FRIEND OF DANIEL BOONE    | By KIT CLYDE                      | 42 CORNEY OF THE CLIFF                    | By CORPORAL MORGAN RATTLER |
| 11 THE AMERICAN ROBINSON CRUSOE           | By GUS WILLIAMS                   | 43 THE FIRE RIDER                         | By GASTON GARNE            |
| 12 TIM WOODRUFF                           | By PERCY B. ST. JOHN              | 44 ABANDONED AT SEA                       | By FRANK FORREST           |
| 13 JOLLY JACK, THE ROVER                  | By ALLYN DRAPER                   | 45 THE MASKED SAFE-BLOWERS OF CHICAGO     | By WALTER FENTON           |
| 14 HOOK AND LADDER, No. 6                 | By HOWARD DE VERE                 | 46 NIGHT-EXPRESS NED                      | By FRANK FORREST           |
| 15 LOST IN THE PACIFIC                    | By LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG           | 47 PETE WALSH, THE WESTERN DETECTIVE      | By R. T. EMMET             |
| 16 NED NEWTON                             | By ALBERT J. BOOTH                | 48 BRAVE CAPTAIN KELLY                    | By CORPORAL MORGAN RATTLER |
| 17 THE YOUNG LIFE-SAVING CREW             | By COL. RALPH FENTON              | 49 THE CAFFRE KING                        | By BERTON BERTREW          |
| 18 CRUISE OF THE "SILVERWING"             | By GEORGE W. GOODE                | 50 DARING ZACH                            | By LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG    |
| 19 YANKEE JACK                            | By CAPT. GEO. GRANVILLE, U. S. A. | 51 NAN AND NAT                            | By HORACE APPLETON         |
| 20 ON BOARD THE SCHOOL-SHIP "NORFOLK"     | By HAL STANDISH                   | 52 DAN HAYES, THE DETECTIVE               | By GEORGE W. GOODE         |
| 21 OLD INVINCIBLE                         | By POLICE CAPTAIN HOWARD          | 53 FIGURE FOUR                            | By HARRY ROCKWOOD          |
| 22 ROY, THE WESTERN TELEGRAPH MESSENGER   | By ROBERT LENNOX                  | 54 THE GIPSY'S CURSE                      | By C. LITTLE               |
| 23 WINE AND CARDS                         | By H. K. SHACKLEFORD              | 55 VIRGINIA DICK                          | By ALBERT J. BOOTH         |
| 24 OUR SOCIAL CLUB                        | By "ED"                           | 56 OGRES OF THE OCEAN                     | By ALBERT J. BOOTH         |
| 25 MAIL TRAIN MAT                         | By FRANK FORREST                  | 57 WAR EAGLE                              | By H. K. SHACKLEFORD       |
| 26 BIG BECK                               | By RICHARD R. MONTGOMERY          | 58 A SECRET FOE                           | By FRANK FORREST           |
| 27 SKELETON SAUL                          | By MARLINE MANLY                  | 59 MONTE, THE MYSTERY OF CULPEPPER VALLEY | By PAUL BRADDON            |
| 28 LIONTINE, THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER        | By LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG           | 60 THE GHOST OF THE SAW MILL              | By ROBERT MAYNARD          |
| 29 SWIFT-FOOT                             | By RALPH MORTON                   | 61 YOUNG PHENIX                           | By GASTON GARNE            |
| 30 BILLY BUNCE, THE BOY ACTOR             | By JOHN SHERMAN                   | 62 DICK DESMOND                           | By A. F. HILL              |
| 31 McDONALD THE MAN TRACKER               | By WALTER FENTON                  | 63 THE WRECKERS OF THE WALLKILL           | By ALLAN ARNOLD            |
| 32 A DEAD WITNESS                         | By ALLAN ARNOLD                   |   |                            |

Do not fail to purchase one from your newsdealers, as they all have them on hand; or they will be sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address

**FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER,**

Box 2730.

34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, N. Y.



# "DENVER DAN"



## SERIES.



The Most Successful Series of Novels ever issued in this Country,  
ARE PUBLISHED IN THE

## Wide Awake Library.

Read the following List already published:

- No. 433. Denver Dan and his Mystic Band.
- No. 436. Denver Dan and the Road Agents.
- No. 439. Denver Dan and the Counterfeiters.
- No. 442. Denver Dan Outwitted.
- No. 445. Denver Dan the Sheriff.
- No. 450. Denver Dan's Peril.
- No. 455. Denver Dan to the Rescue.

Every number is a complete book in itself, but the different exploits of the hero are published in separate numbers, thus forming an entirely different story in each book.

These Celebrated Stories are written by the ever Popular Author,

## "NONAME."

Boys if you want a treat read the "DENVER DAN" SERIES, now ready.

You can obtain any of the above Books from your Newsdealer, or they will be sent to your address, postpaid, by sending the price, 5 Cents each, to

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

P. O. Box 2730.

No. 20 Rose St., New York.



# Useful and Instructive Books.

**HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple and almost costless. Read this book, and be convinced. "How to Become Beautiful." Price ten cents. For sale by book and newsdealers, or send ten cents to Frank Tousey, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and it will be mailed to your address, post paid.

**HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.**—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book. It is for sale by all newsdealers. Price 10 cents, or sent from this office on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the GREATEST BOOK ever published, and there's MILLIONS (of fun) in it. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.** For sale by all newsdealers, price 10 cents; or send price to the office of THE BOYS OF NEW YORK, and receive a copy by return mail. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**ON THE STAGE; OR, HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—A valuable book for amateurs, containing all the information desired by beginners in the profession, also NEGRO ACTS, IRISH ACTS, DUTCH ACTS, DIALOGUES, SPEECHES, SONGS, JOKES, ETC., ETC. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent from this office on receipt of price, 15 cents. Address Frank Tousey, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**SHORTY'S JOKES.**—The funniest book ever published is now for sale at 10 cents per copy. Contains all the latest gags and sayings, combined with a complete list of jokes originated by "Shorty," the famous "funny man," and "Peter Pad." It will make the gravest of people shake with laughter. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**IRELAND'S STRUGGLES FOR LAND AND LIBERTY.**—A new book just issued. Contains biographical sketches of Robert Emmet, Charles Stewart Parnell, Grattan, O'Brien, O'Mahony, Wolfe Tone, and every prominent Irish patriot. Also interesting and instructive incidents in the history of Erin's Isle. Price of book by mail, 10 cents. Postage paid by us. Everybody should have one. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO DO IT.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. Frank Tousey publishes a book that tells you all about it. Send 10 cents and get it. There's happiness in it. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME RICH.**—This wonderful book, "How to Become Rich," presents you with the example and life experience of some of the most noted and wealthy men in the world, including the self-made men of our country. The book is edited by one of the most successful men of the present age, whose own example is in itself guide enough for those who aspire to fame and money. The book will give you the secret. Price 10 cents. For sale by newsmen and booksellers, or send price to Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and it will be mailed to you, post paid.

**SOMETHING NEW! SOMETHING NEW!**—"The Boys of New York Minstrel Guide and Joke Book." Every boy should have one. One dime—one dime—one dime. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States, or send 10 cents to Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, or P. O. Box 2730, and receive one by return mail.

**NOW LAUGH!**—"THE LIFE OF 'ED.'"—Every subscriber to our paper is charmed with the humorous sketches published weekly on the fourth page of THE BOYS OF NEW YORK. Now is your chance to obtain a portrait of "Ed." Don't write and ask where you can get it, but send 10 cents, and book and portrait will be yours. "The Life of 'Ed,'" with portrait, price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**THE SHORTYS' SNAPS** only 10 cents. The funniest book of its kind ever published. Containing side-splitting jokes from the Shortys. Do not fail to buy it! For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all the popular square dances. The price is 10 cents, for sale by newsdealers, or sent from this office on receipt of price, postage free. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**POPULAR SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE EMERALD ISLE.**—The grandest collection of poems and songs ever offered to the public. The most popular effusions of Moore, T. Davis, Griffin, Lover, Mangin, Walsh, Callanan, Banim, Kickham, F. Davis, Goldsmith, Lever, Duffy, Casey, Meagher, Sullivan, O'Reilly, Locke, Meany, McCarthy, Mulchinock, Savage, Doheny, with sketches of their lives. The book is beautifully bound, and should be in the parlor of every family. For sale by all newsdealers. Price 25 cents. Sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**THE LIFE OF TOM TEASER.**—A new and elegant book has just been published on the life of the above well-known comic author. Those who have read his laughable stories in the YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA will be pleased to have a look into his private life. The book is large (containing sixty-four pages), and prettily bound, having a portrait of the author on the cover. Everybody wants one. Don't fail to ask your newsdealer for a copy. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**THE LIFE OF CORPORAL MORGAN RATTLER.**—The latest out. We now comply with the request of many of our readers, and publish the life of the above well-known author. His stories have been universally acknowledged inferior to none, and to the boys in particular Corporal Rattler has consented to give a history of his adventures. No boy should be without one. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and is brim full of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist and practical jok of the day. We offer this amusing book, together with the picture of "Muldoon," for the small sum of 10 cents. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately. All newsdealers have it for sale, or you can obtain it by sending 10 cents to Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and you will receive it by return mail, post paid.

**THE LIFE OF PETE K. PAD.**—A new and interesting book on the life and funny adventures of the above popular author. Everybody should have one. All the fun, wit, and humor of Peter Pad is displayed in this wonderful little book. Those who have read his popular stories are entranced with them, and should not fail to obtain a copy of his life. Book and portrait 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**THE LIFE OF POLICE CAPTAIN HOWARD.**—Portrait with each book. To those who have read "Old Crafty," "Young Sleuth," "The American Vidocq," "Harry Hawk," etc., etc., we offer the life of the above famous police-officer and author. The Life of Police Captain Howard, with portrait, price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY** is the title of a very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Sold by all newsdealers, or send 10 cents to Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and receive it by return mail, post paid.

**HOW TO DO TRICKS.**—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instructions of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy, as it will both amuse and instruct. For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent, postage free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BOX.**—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Only 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, P. O. Box 2730.



# THE GREAT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY.

ONLY 5 CENTS.

ONLY 5 CENTS.

DON'T FAIL TO READ THE LIST.

- |                                       |                                |                              |                               |                                |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 Tom Brown's Schooldays              | 104 Claude and the Lady        | 202 Bound to be an Actor     | 300 Bob Short; or, One of     | 399 Rob Racket                 |
| 2 The Pirate                          | 105 Duval on Hand              | 203 One of the Boys          | Our Boys comic                | 400 Gipsy Dick                 |
| 3 Robinson Crusoe                     | 106 Claude and the Spy         | 204 The Mystery of the Red   | Percy of the Strong Arm       | 401 The Red River Pilot        |
| 4 Jack Sheppard                       | 107 Duval in Chains            | River                        | Jack Manly                    | 402 Catana; or the Robber's    |
| 5 Sinbad, the Sailor                  | 108 Claude's Bride             | 205 The Mashed Messenger     | Freebooters of California     | Daughter                       |
| 6 Peter Simple                        | 109 Duval on the Road          | 206 The Prairie Phantom      | Captain Merrit and His        | 403 Detective Sketches         |
| 7 Pantomime Joe                       | 110 Claude's Duel              | 207 The Young Engineer       | Rangers                       | 404 The Boy Scouts of the      |
| 8 Snarleyow, the Dog Fiend            | 111 Duval and the Maiden       | 208 Fighting Against Odds    | Nero the Hunchback            | Sierras                        |
| 9 Aladdin and the Wonder-<br>ful Lamp | 112 Claude in the Toils        | 209 Harry Halsey             | Bell-Ringer of Trinity        | 405 The Heir of Longworth      |
| 10 Poor Jack                          | 113 Duval and the Casket       | 210 Donnell O'Gig            | Harry Harley                  | 406 A Ghost in the Mirror and  |
| 11 Tommy Bounce comic                 | 114 Claude and His Chum        | 211 The Burglars of New York | The Arctic Queen              | Other Stories                  |
| 12 Shorty; or, Kicked into            | 115 Duval in Peril             | 212 Jerry O'Keefe's Crimes   | Harry Fitzroy                 | 407 Strange Stories of Mani-   |
| Good Luck comic                       | 116 Claude at Bay              | 213 Dare Devil Detective     | The Heart of Oak              | acs                            |
| 13 The Devil's Diamond                | 117 Duval and Luke             | 214 Game to the Death        | 311 The School on the Sea     | 408 A Skeleton's Legacy        |
| 14 Shorty in Luck comic               | 118 Death of Claude Duval      | 215 Kickapoo Jack            | 312 The Golden Island         | 409 The Pirate's Son           |
| 15 Dick Dauntless                     | 119 Jack Harkaway and His      | 216 The Struggle for a Mine  | 313 Among the Savages         | 410 The Young Revenue De-      |
| 16 Skinny, the Tin Pedler             | Son's Adventures               | 217 Stump comic              | 314 The Specter Schoolboy     | tective                        |
| comic                                 | Around the World               | 218 Stump at School comic    | 315 Headman of Old London     | 411 Little Hal, the Boy En-    |
| 17 Dick Turpin                        | 120 Harkaway and His Son       | 219 Stump at Sea comic       | Bridge                        | gineer                         |
| 18 Gulliver's Travels                 | Homeward Bound                 | 220 Stump and Jack Hawser    | 316 Harold Forrester          | 412 Captain Hurricane; or,     |
| 19 Ali Baba and the Forty             | 121 Jack Rushton               | comic                        | 317 Mat o' the Mist           | the Waif of the Wreck          |
| Thieves                               | 122 On and Off the Stage       | 221 Stump's Racket Below     | 318 Eveline Duke              | 413 Tow-path Ted               |
| 20 The Mulcahy Twins comic            | 123 The Bush Boys              | Decks comic                  | 319 Mark Bradley              | 414 The Ghost of Paul Priestly |
| 21 Jacob Faithful                     | 124 The Rival Schools          | 222 Stump and His Chums      | 320 Driven to Sea             | 415 The Cruise of the          |
| 22 Oliver Optic's Engineer            | 125 Frank, the Fisher Boy      | Homeward Bound               | 321 Rounting the Redskins     | "Beauty"                       |
| Stories                               | 126 Young Tom Rodman           | 223 Three of a Kind comic    | 322 Tom Fox                   | 416 Joe Jordan                 |
| 23 Oliver Twist                       | 127 Shorty, Jr., on His Ear    | 224 Charlie, Mike and Don    | 323 Adventures of a Phila.    | 417 Ebenezer Crow comic        |
| 24 The Image of His Father            | comic                          | comic                        | Detective                     | 418 Charlie Charlton           |
| 25 Gentleman George                   | 128 Fred Spangle               | 225 Thirteen                 | 324 Richard Savage            | 419 Gorilla George             |
| 26 Gentleman George and               | 129 The Young Tragedian        | 226 The Brotherhood of       | 325 Mystery of a Mis-spent    | 420 Stuttering Mose            |
| His Pal                               | 130 Clarence Rhett             | Death                        | Life                          | 421 The Kingdom in the Sea     |
| 27 The Dead Boxer                     | 131 Paddy McGroarty            | 227 Tricks                   | 326 Double-Six                | 422 Lighthouse Lem             |
| 28 Harry Hale                         | 132 Brian the Brave            | 228 Under the Gallows        | 327 Dominoes of Death         | 423 The Search for the "Mi-    |
| 29 One of the Boys of New             | 133 Yank, Shank & Co.          | 229 Adrift on a Floating     | 328 Gipsy Bess                | das"                           |
| York comic                            | 134 Master of Himself          | Island                       | 329 The Queen of the High-    | 424 The Young Explorers        |
| 30 The King of Diamonds               | 135 Jim Jams; or, Jack of all  | 230 Fred Hazle               | way                           | 425 Little Nugget, the Pride   |
| 31 The Four Knaves                    | Trades comic                   | 231 Shot in the Dark         | 330 Rudolph the Traitor       | of Leadville                   |
| 32 The Pirate Doctor                  | 136 The Boy Bohemian           | 232 Doonie Crandall          | 331 The Boy Cavaliers         | 426 The Young Aeronaut         |
| 33 Jonathan Wild                      | 137 The Mysterious Messen-     | 233 Meta, the Girl Crusoe    | 332 Young Captain Kidd        | 427 The Boy Trapezist          |
| 34 The Pirate Chief                   | ger                            | 234 Teddy Doyle              | 333 The Secret of Wizard      | 428 Prairie Phil               |
| 35 The Smuggler of St. Malo           | 138 Burt, the Detective        | 235 A Trip to the Center of  | Lake                          | 429 The Green Caps             |
| 36 Dick Clinton, the Masked           | 139 "12;" or, Tracked to Death | the Earth                    | 334 The Prairie Witch         | 430 Hollow Roost               |
| Highwayman                            | 140 The Young Ventriloquist    | 236 Drifting Harry           | 335 The Hunters of the Silver | 431 The Grimdsle Ghost and     |
| 37 Josephine; or the Maid             | 141 Denver Dick                | 237 Rory the Smasher         | Trail                         | Other Stories                  |
| of the Gulf                           | 142 Dick Daring                | 238 An Irish Boy's Luck      | 336 Traveling With Barnum     | 432 Lost in Africa             |
| 38 Ned Scarlet, the Daring            | 143 Gipsy Blanche              | 239 Behind the Bars          | 337 Three Dashing Hussars     | 433 Denver Dan and His Mys-    |
| Highwayman                            | 144 The Boy Clown              | 240 The Boy Convict          | 338 Pat O'Corke               | tic Band, by "Noname"          |
| 39 Paul Jones                         | 145 Three Yankee Chums         | 241 Tornado Tim              | 339 The Diamond Eye           | 434 Shorty in Search of His    |
| 40 The Hangman of Newgate             | 146 Unlucky Tom comic          | 242 The Boy Avenger          | 40 Jack of the Naval Brigade  | Dad (comic)                    |
| 41 The Black Mask                     | 147 Lathy comic                | 243 Jack the Joker           | 341 The Zulu's Daughter       | 435 The Blasted Pine; or,      |
| 42 Det Boy Fritz comic                | 148 The Sea Fiends             | 244 The Irish Robber's Ap-   | 342 The Haunted House of      | The Three Boy Scouts           |
| 43 Demon of the Deep                  | 149 Under the Ocean            | prentice                     | Deadman's Corner              | 436 Denver Dan and the Road    |
| 44 Mark Graham                        | 150 Andy Handy                 | 245 Fighting His Way         | 343 Sir Guy's Secret          | Agents, by "Noname."           |
| 45 Starboard Jack                     | 151 Red Leary                  | 246 A Knight of the Brush    | 344 Fortunes of an Acrobat    | 437 The Freebooter's Secret    |
| 46 San Francisco Bob                  | 152 Daniel Boone               | 247 Fritz, the Tumbler       | 345 For the Green Flag of     | 438 Sawdust Charlie            |
| 47 Tom, Dick and the                  | 153 Hale and Hearty            | 248 Iron-Knuckled Ted        | Old Ireland                   | 439 Denver Dan and the         |
| comic                                 | 154 Tim of the Mail Train      | 249 Dare-Devil Dick          | 346 Kathleen O'Shaughnessy    | Counterfeiters, by "No-        |
| 48 Yankee Privateer                   | 155 Out With Stanley           | 250 The Dock Boy of New      | 347 Tom, the Midshipman       | name."                         |
| 49 The Rover's Oath                   | 156 Mad Maurice                | York                         | 348 Out With Captain Cook     | 440 "The Train Robbers; or, a  |
| 50 Corkey comic                       | 157 Shorty and the Count       | 251 Captain Cartouche        | 349 Every Inch a Sailor       | Story of the James Boys        |
| 51 Dick Lighthouse                    | comic                          | 252 The Gipsy Boy's Venge-   | 350 Ralph the Light Dragoon   | 441 Red Owen; or, the Mys-     |
| 52 Dick Lighthouse's Trials           | 158 The Wharf Boys             | ance                         | 351 The Brothers in Arms      | tery of a Missing Ship         |
| 53 Dick Lighthouse's                  | 159 Big Silas                  | 253 The Boy Miners           | 352 Jack of Cheapside         | 442 Denver Dan Outwitted,      |
| Triumph                               | 160 Nip and Flip               | 254 Water-Duck Jim           | 353 The Green Banner of Is-   | by "Noname."                   |
| 54 Captain Hawke                      | 161 The Four Jacks             | 255 The King of the Swim-    | lam                           | 443 The Girdle of Gold         |
| 55 The Boss Boy                       | 162 The Miser of Harlem        | ming Gang                    | 354 The Colonel's Daughter    | 444 The Treasure Cave          |
| 56 Shorty, Jr.; or, the Son of        | 163 Young Harkaway and the     | 256 The Flying Ship of the   | 355 Walter's Secret           | 445 Denver Dan the Sheriff,    |
| His Dad comic                         | Pirates                        | Pacific                      | 356 The Outlaws of Berkeley   | by "Noname."                   |
| 57 The Pirate Schooner                | 164 Harkaway's Triumph         | 257 The Adventures of Harry  | Forest                        | 446 Long Paw                   |
| 58 The Gold Hunters                   | 165 Harkaway on Magic Is-      | Franco                       | 357 Red Spear the Outlaw      | 447 A Yankee Boy in Africa     |
| 59 The Pirates of America             | land                           | 258 Cripple Charley          | 358 The House of a Hundred    | 448 Black and Blue             |
| 60 The Pirate Cutter                  | 166 Ferret, the Little Detect- | 259 The Adventures of Two    | Terrors                       | 449 Ivan and Ismail            |
| 61 The Black Pirate                   | ive                            | Tramps                       | 359 Oswald the Unknown        | 450 Denver Dan's Peril, by     |
| 62 Captain Kyd; or, the Pi-           | 167 The Man of Many Faces      | 260 Plucky Jimmy             | 360 Adventures of a Free      | "Noname."                      |
| rate of Hell Gate                     | 168 Harkaway's Peril           | 261 The Blacksmith's Ap-     | Lance                         | 451 The True Life of Billy the |
| 63 Will Waffles                       | 169 Harkaway to the Rescue     | prentice                     | 361 The Treacherous Knight    | Kid                            |
| 64 Three Finger Jack                  | 170 Harkaway, the Magician     | 262 Jumping Joe              | 362 Young Harkaway and His    | 452 The Russian Spy            |
| 65 The Sea King                       | 171 Reckless Bob               | 263 Jack Gordon              | Boy Tinker                    | 453 The Creole Brothers        |
| 66 Life in the Red Brigade            | 172 Luke Lander, the Lion      | 264 Mat McCarthy's Fortune   | 363 Tinker's Man Bogey        | 454 The Castaways              |
| 67 Billy Bo'swain                     | Hunter                         | 265 London Bob comic         | 364 Young Harkaway in Spain   | 455 Denver Dan to the Res-     |
| 68 The Devil on Two Sticks            | 173 Rob Rattler, the Scape-    | 266 An English Boy in Amer-  | cue, by "Noname"              | 456 Condemned; or, Num-        |
| 69 The Wild Robber                    | grace                          | ica comic                    | 457 The James Boys as Guer-   | ber 709                        |
| 70 The Highwayman's Fate              | 174 The Dwarf King             | 267 Scotty the Terrier       | rillas                        | 458 Billy Bangs' Schooldays    |
| 71 The Lighthouse Murder              | 175 The Gallant Middy          | 268 Philadelphia Dave        | 459 The Mad Doctor            | 460 Zola, the Old Trapper's    |
| 72 The Assassin's Doom                | 176 Harkaway the Avenger       | 269 Billy the Boxer          | Daughter                      | 461 The Shortys' Trip Around   |
| 73 The Pirate of the Shoals           | 177 The Rival Crusoes          | 270 Cadger Con               | 462 The James Boys and the    | the World, by "Peter           |
| 74 The Robbers of the Rhine           | 178 Harkaway in Australia      | 271 The False Detective      | Vigilantes                    | Pad." Handsomely il-           |
| 75 Jack Harkaway's School             | 179 Harkaway and the Con-      | 272 High Falutin' Jim        | 463 Buffalo Bill's Chum       | lustrated by Thomas            |
| Days                                  | vikts                          | 273 Charley Lance            | 464 Denver Dan and His        | Worth                          |
| 76 Harkaway Afloat                    | 180 Harkaway and the Bush-     | 274 A Search for a Missing   | Chums, by "Noname"            | 465 The Old Magician           |
| 77 Harkaway among the                 | Rangers                        | Man                          | 466 The James Boys and the    | Ku Klux                        |
| Savages                               | 181 Chased Around the World    | 275 Commodore Rip-Rap        | 467 The Brother's Crime       | 468 Molly Bland, the Detec-    |
| 78 Harkaway's Escape                  | 182 The Detective's Mistake    | 276 Teddy O'Lynn             | 469 The James Boys in Cali-   | tive                           |
| 79 Harkaway at Oxford                 | 183 Chips and Chin Chin        | 277 The Shadow Ship          | ifornia                       | 470 Tumbling Tim comic         |
| 80 Harkaway and the Black             | comic                          | 278 Lone Jack                | 471 Mat of the Mountain       | 472 The Picador of Chapui-     |
| Band                                  | 184 Chips and Chin Chin        | 279 Blue Grass Bob           | tepec                         | 473 The Lost Island            |
| 81 Harkaway and the Bri-              | Among the Mormons              | 280 The Wild Rider of Old    | 474 The James Boys as Train   | Wreckers                       |
| gangs                                 | 185 Chips and Chin Chin's      | Kentuck                      | 475 The Maxwell Brothers      | 476 Stuttering Sam comic       |
| 82 Harkaway and the Spy               | Adventures with Indi-          | 281 Shoo-Fly; or, Nobody's   | 477 The Mad Hunter            | 478 Persimmon Bill             |
| 83 Harkaway Trapped                   | ans comic                      | Moke comic                   | 479 The James Boys in Min-    | nesota                         |
| 84 Harkaway and the Ital-             | 186 Chips and Chin Chin in     | 282 Shoo-Fly at School comic | 480 Buck Bidwell              | 481 Toby the Spy               |
| ians                                  | Omaha comic                    | 283 Shoo-Fly in Love comic   | 482 The James Boys as High-   | waymen.                        |
| 85 Dick Lighthouse at Sea             | 187 Chips and Chin Chin in     | 284 Shoo-Fly the Gymnast     |                               |                                |
| 86 Dick Lighthouse Around             | St. Louis comic                | 285 Sharkey, the Young Rob-  |                               |                                |
| the World                             | 188 Chips and Chin Chin in     | ber of the West              |                               |                                |
| 87 Dick Lighthouse in Lon-            | New York comic                 | 286 Dashing Bob              |                               |                                |
| don                                   | 189 Jack Hawley                | 287 Johnnie Burgoo           |                               |                                |
| 88 Dick Lighthouse's Victory          | 190 Two Boston Boys            | 288 Reliable Joe             |                               |                                |
| 89 The Island of Mystery              | 191 Frank Martin the Young     | 289 The Yankee Claude Du-    |                               |                                |
| 90 Detective Dan                      | Rajah                          | val                          |                               |                                |
| 91 Claude Duval                       | 192 The Locksmith's Appren-    | 290 Midshipman Ned           |                               |                                |
| 92 Claude and His Pal                 | tice                           | 291 The Cruise of the Old    |                               |                                |
| 93 Duval and Dick                     | 193 The Charmers and the       | Ironsides                    |                               |                                |
| 94 Claude in a Fix                    | Charmed                        | 292 Jack Fenny               |                               |                                |
| 95 Duval Betrayed                     | 194 The Red Circle             | 293 The Young Irish Brigand  |                               |                                |
| 96 On the Scaffold                    | 195 The Nemesis; or, Tracked   | Lance, the Lion              |                               |                                |
| 97 The Highwayman's Ride              | to Their Doom                  | 294 Lance, the Lion          |                               |                                |
| 98 Claude Duval's Dead Shot           |                                | 295 Tipton Blue              |                               |                                |
| 99 Bonnie Black Bess                  | 196 Tom Trump                  | 296 Free-and-Easy Ned        |                               |                                |
| 100 Claude in Jail                    | 197 The Boy Pilot              | 297 True-Blue; or, Righted   |                               |                                |
| 101 Duval's Life Struggle             | 198 Satan's Tree               | at Last                      |                               |                                |
| 102 Claude and the Nuns               | 199 The School on Wheels       | 298 That Boy of Ours comic   |                               |                                |
| 103 Duval in the Cloister             | 200 A Lightning Flash          | 299 Tom on His Muscle        |                               |                                |
|                                       | 201 The Mystery of a Minute    |                              |                               |                                |

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore St., N. Y.